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THE

Washington Amateur

MAGAZINE.

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. I.]

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OCTOBER, 1872.

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Washington, D. C.

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THE YOUNG

AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

VOL. 1. FLEMINGTON, N. J., MARCH, 1872. No. 1.

OUR HISTORY.

Mary had a little lamb,
That traveled much about,
When it saw this paper of ours,
It said, "'Twas the best out."

In February, 1871, C. A. Higgins. of Flemington, having seen several boys papers, resolved to start one.

He started a little paper called the "Flemington Journal" at 10cts a year.

He published one number, when the Editor of this paper went in with him and called the number for March, THE YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY, with L. S. Mott as Editor and C. A. Higgins as Publisher. It ren on this way until Sept., 1871, when C. A. Higgins went out of the firm and the present editor took sole charge. It was printed until January of this year, by L. P. Kuhl, of Copper Hill, N. J. who has now gone to New York, and who was the Publisher of the "Monthly Bulletin."

Our paper is now printed by Mereness Brothers Martinsburgh, N. Y., who print it to our satisfaction as we hope they do to that of our subscribers. When the "YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY" was first started, it was the size of the "Boy's GEM," and was 20 cts. a year. The first exchange which we got after starting the MONTHLY was the "JOLLY YOUNG AMERICAN," of Ohio, though C. A. Wiggins had received the "BOSTONIAN" before that. This is our brief but eventful history. We now commence our second volume, which we hope will be even more successful than the first.

Yours Respectfully,
L. S. MOTT.

LOCKED UP.

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY FRANK SEDLEY.

PART III.

Oh the dreadful suspense of waiting for the explosion. I took Will's hand and with tears in both our eyes we bid each other good bye. About the time we thought the explosion would take place, we heard a noise, pistol shots, &c. but before we could make out what was the matter, the terrible explosion took place. I suddenly felt myself lifted away up and I felt a dreadful load on one of my legs and then there was a long blank.

* * * * *

When I came to, I found myself lying on a soft bed. I had not strength to open my eyes for some time. When I did open them I saw the Cashier and the Doctor by my bed. I tried to raise myself in the bed, and then I found that one of my legs were bound up and that I had not strength to raise myself. The doctor saw I was conscious and he put some chloroform to my nose. I soon went asleep and when I awoke I felt very queer.

Well I wont bother the reader with my tedious recovery, suffice it to say that in about two months I was able to get up. My leg had been amputated and so I had to use crutches. My first inquiry was if Will was hurt much. They then told me, horror of horrors that he had been killed! I asked what had saved me; they replied that I had been blown on one of the top shelves and that a piece of iron had gone into my leg, but that Will had been crushed by the door. They also told me that the two men who had slept in the building, had heard the robbers and had given chase to them, firing at them, they had wounded Paul Benton, and after several hours chase had caught the others. After hearing all this, I could not be too thankful to him who doeth all things well. And now reader comes the sequel; I had fallen in love with the Cashier's daughter and she had fallen in love with me! When she heard I had been so badly hurt, she had hastened from where she had been on a visit and now that I was well, many were the rambles we took.

Not long after my recovery the directors of the bank presented me with a check for One Thousand Dollars, though I told them I had been very little service to them, but they said I should let them attend to that. Not so very long after that the reader might have seen the following in a certain paper,

MARRIED.

WILLIAMS—HAMILTON.—At the house of the bride's father, on Thursday Nov. 18th, 186- Mr. Henry Williams to Miss Clara H[illegible]ilton, both of C[illegible], Illinois. To papers please c[illegible]

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THE YOUNG
AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

VOL 2. FLEMINGTON, N. J.. APRIL, 1872. No. 2.

THE NEWSBOY'S RETURN.

OR,

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

BY FRANK SEDLEY.

Author of Locked Up, Life on the Border, etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH NED MEETS HIS GREAT BENEFACTOR.

"Oh that I had some money to buy something to eat," so sighed Ned Brown a poor but honest boy. A gentleman who was passing by noticed the expression of cold and hunger in his face, and also that he was nearly barefooted.

He stopped, for he was a kind hearted gentleman, whose business was a banker, but was very wealthy. He says to the boy, "My boy, have you had anything to eat to day?" (It was then 11 o'clock.)

"No, sir," the boy replied, "I have had nothing since yesterday noon."

"Come into this Restaurant," said the Gentleman."

They went in, and as it was not very crowded, being early for persons to get their dinner, they were soon waited on. Mr. Harrison, (for that was the gentleman's name,) ordered a plain, but bountiful meal.

The boy eat and eat for about half an hour, and then seemed to be through.

The gentleman then took Ned to a clothing store, and got him a plain but substantial suit of clothes. He then took him to a shoe store and got him a pair of shoes, and also a hat.

Having thus equipped Ned, Mr. Harrison laid his hands on Ned's shoulders and said to him, "Now that I have done this for you, I hope you will take care of yourself; have you any parents?"

"No, sir," replied Ned, "I have an aunt who keeps a little boarding house, and she is cross to me, and I have concluded to go on my own hook. Mr. Harrison then gave him a dollar and told him to buy the evening papers.

He also gave him his card and told him if he ever got in trouble to come to him.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH OUR HERO TAKES A NEW START IN LIFE.

Ned hardly knew what to think of the scenes of the morning.

Was it true that he was Ned Brown, dressed up in such a style? He started off, resolved to "make his mark" in the world. He started for down town to get the evening papers. He first went and got twenty *Evening Mails* for 30 cents, which he sold for two cents each. He bought twenty-five *News*, which he got for 20 cents, and sold for one cent each. He sold them all and had left $1.15. He bought a few rolls, which cost him five cents. He concluded to go to the "Newsboy's Lodging House," but it was so late he went to a warehouse where a man was shutting up the doors. He asked permission to lay in a box just outside the door; the box was full of straw. The man gave him permission. He soon jumped in and went to sleep. He had not been asleep so very long when he was shaken rudely; on opening his eyes, he discovered two wretched-looking men standing over him with pistols in their hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A JERSEY-MAN IN 'YORK.'

BY "LEON."

Being a roaming character, I decided to take a trip to what might be called the city of New York. I suppose New York was named after Mr. York, and if any body knows Mr. York, they know more about Mr. York, than your humble servant. New York was founded when the first frame hut was built, and this fact alone would lead one to infer that prior to that time, there were no houses on that desolate island, and if any unfortunate wretch *did* "erect for him a dwelling-place," it must have been built either of brick or the new-fangled building paper that was patented for building purposes in 1868. I hear New York is noted for pretty girls, plenty of money and muddy streets, but whether this report can be relied on, I know not.

We arrived at this great metropolis in the evening; my friend accompanied me, (you see I was going to lead the way, and he told me where to go,) on the most elegant ship it had ever been my luck to sail in, or rather, as my friend afterward informed me, "steamed in," and it only cost "The small sum of three cents" a ride. I remarked, "I'd like to have that 'ere thing for to take to the County Fair to put up in opposition to the "flying circus," straighway, (not the circus;) my friend took a pinch of snuff under his great coat, very modest, he is. As soon as we stepped off of the

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THE YOUNG

AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

VOL. 2. FLEMINGTON, N. J., MAY, 1872. No. 3.

Original Poetry.

Written for Y. A. Monthly.

NELLIE.

BY MARY MCKINNEY.

Oh! my little darling
With the golden hair;
Oh! my little Nellie,
With the face so fair.

Ah! I mourn thee Nellie,
Miss thy patt'ring feet
That now walk in Heaven,
On the golden street.

But I'll stop my mourning,
For you're happy ever,
As you walk in Heaven,
By the crystal river.

PIQUA, O., Feb. 18, 1872.

Original Stories.

THE NEWSBOY'S RETURN.

OR,

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

BY FRANK SEDLEY.

Author of Locked Up, Life on the Border, etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH NED KEEPS WATCH.

"Git out o' here, you young rascal you," said one of the villains. Ned was not long in doing as the wretch bid. Ned was surprised to see that they had forced the door open and were going to enter the building. "Now, you scamp, you stand here," (placing him in front of the door,) and if any one comes along, jump in that box and pull this string, (tying a string to his finger, and then to Ned's.) If you don't do as I say, when I come back, you will feel this ere cold steel, do yer see?

Ned did see it, and he felt the force of the man's remarks. We're going into this 'ere building, boy, and we are going to get plenty of chiuk.

Remember, do just as I told yer, for if yer don't, it won't be well with yer, do you hear?

Ned reckoned he did hear. The men went into the building, and Ned was left to shiver in the cold. He did not relish the idea of having a dagger thrust into his side, but he knew he ought to prevent the men from robbing the building.

His mind was very busy trying to conjure up some plan of making his escape and letting some of the police men know of the affair. But he could not, for he would have to slip the string off of his finger, and the man would find that the string was loose, and would come to see what the matter was.

While he was thinking how to get away, he heard the tramp of a policeman.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH THE ROBBERS ARE PLACED AT BAY.

When Ned heard the policeman, an idea flashed through his mind. Instead of hiding in the box, he waited till the policeman was close to him, and then he whispered, "Please come here, Mr. Policeman." The policeman came up to him, making a great deal of noise Ned thought. "Sir" said Ned, "there are robbers in here, they made me stay here to watch, won't you go and get several other policemen and come and catch the men?" The policeman said he would do so, and went on.

He had just got out of hearing, when the man who had the string tied on his finger came out, and said to Ned, "Who was that yer was a talkin' to?" A policeman, "replied Ned." "Did not I tell you to jump in the box when any one came?" Yes sir, but I told the policeman something that made him move on. The man was satisfied and went into the building again.

Not long after this, the policeman came softly back with two other policemen with him. Ned did not pull the string, so the men inside thought all was right, and were taken completely by surprise. The policemen captured the men and "toted" them off to jail.

As it was so near morning, Ned concluded to go down and get the first edition of the morning papers.

The policeman patted him on the head as he started, and told him he would see that he was rewarded.

How he was rewarded and his fight will be related in our next.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Written for Y. A. Monthly.

A LOVER'S VICTORY.

BY HARRY WEST.

'Twas a bitter, cold night in December, 186— when a man knocked at the door of the widow Mason's dwelling and craved a shelter for the night. The widow and her charming daughter Ada, were the sole occupants of the lonely dwelling, the nearest house being a mile distant. Mrs. Mason was undecided whether to admit the stranger or not; but after

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THE YOUNG

AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

VOL. 2. FLEMINGTON, N. J., JUNE, 1872. No. 4.

Original Stories.

Written for Y. A. Monthly.

THE NEWSBOY'S RETURN.

OR,

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

By FRANK SEDLEY.

Author of Locked Up, Life on the Border, etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH NED GETS READY FOR A SCRAPE.

Ned wended his way down town, and reached the Herald office at half past five. He only had to wait a few minutes before he had a bundle of papers. He went into the street, and all through the morning passers by heard the cry, "Here you are, Heralds, Times, Tribunes, and Worlds, and Suns, and Standards."

He had sold nearly all the papers by eleven o'clock. Near noon he went into a cheap restaurant and bought his dinner, (if it could be called a dinner.) He felt greatly refreshed after his meagre meal, and counting his money found that he had nearly $1.25. He concluded to lay in a stock of Daily News, which sell for one cent each. He bought 25 for twenty cents. Thus equipped he sallied forth, little knowing what was going to happen in a few hours.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIGHT AND ITS RESULTS.

The fact must now be made known to the reader that Ned's Aunt had a son, a bully, who had always teased Ned and punched him. If Ned resented the injuries his Aunt would make him go without his dinner or supper, (whichever meal happened to be nearest.)

When Ned had gone off in the morning and did not return at night, she felt at first frightened, and then became angry. So the next morning she said to her son, "Johnny, my dear, go out and hunt up that rascal of a Ned; good for nothing he is."

"Shall I lick him if I catch him, mother," said Johnny.

"Yes my son," said his mother.

So Johnny started off about noon, and after looking around for several hours, concluded to turn back home.

As he was wending his way along, who should he meet but Ned, who was sitting on a doorstep, resting after his day's work.

"Hallos, yon, you come home, right off."

Ned said nothing and Johnny thinking that enough cause for a fight, struck Ned. This made Ned very mad. So he sprang at Johnny, and with a few well directed blows, brought him to the ground. As all bullys are cowards, Johnny cried "Murder!" help! and soon a policeman heard the cry and came and took Ned by the neck to lead him to jail. Ned said that the boy had struck him, but Johnny denied it, so Ned was led off to jail.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for Y. A. Monthly.

Ned Norton.

A Romance of Springwood School.

BY "ALEX."

CHAP. 1.

"Hallo, Harry, have you seen the new cove? He looks like a regular brick," and the speaker, Thomas Crosby, regarded his companion, Henry Jackson, with an enquiring glance.

"No; where does he hail from, and what's his name?" was the somewhat boyish rejoinder.

"Over across the water somewhere —New York, I believe, and his name? Let me see,—oh, Norton, I think," and the two boys strolled on over the play-ground. Now, watching, and now taking part in some boyish pastime.

Both were members of the Springwood School, situated in the little town of Dorset, England, and both were members of the senior class.

Springwood School had a peculiarity; it had no principal; at least, he took no part in the school discipline, nor did he take any interest in the boys. In fact, what Mr. Boynton did with his time was a mystery which nobody had yet explained.

Norton, the new comer alluded to, was neither remarkable for his strength or beauty, and yet he had a fair share of both. His face was bronzed by exposure to the sun, and his muscles tough and hardened. What characterized him was a certain firm and determined look: a look that showed a bold and fearless spirit within.

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 2. FLEMINGTON, N. J., JULY, 1872. No. 5.

Original Stories.

UPS AND DOWNS;

OR,

The Fortunes of a Bootblack.

BY FRANK SEDLEY.

Author of "Locked Up, Newsboy's Return, A Noble Act, Amateur Writing, etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER ONE.

A bootblack stood on a street corner in New York. He was tired and hungry, as he had earned very little that morning. "Well, I might as well proceed to business, so here goes; with these words, the bootblack stepped up to the first person who passed by, and accosted him with:

"Mister, do you want a shine?"

"How much?"

"One dime, sir."

"Well, go ahead and give me a shine."

The boy proceeded to black the man's boots, silence reigned for a few minutes. Suddenly the man said:

"Boy how old are you?"

"Fifteen, sir!"

"Have you any friends?"

"None that I knows on!"

"Do you want to make some money?"

"Sartinly, sir, allers ready!"

"Come with me then."

So off the two started, at the first restaurant they came to, the man entered and beckoned to the boy to come.

"You look hungry, boy."

"You are right there, judge, replied the boy."

After a good and abundant meal they started forward again, the boy wondering where they were going. They went down one of the streets near the battery, and entered a small house, the man rapped on a door which was immediately opened and the two entered a room in which three or four men were laying on old sofas, mattresses, etc.,

"Who have you there?" asked one of them as the two entered.

"Just the chap we want," replied the man.

"What is his name?"

"Oh! I forgot to ask him, what is it bub?"

"Will Hardy, sir, most all the fellers call me "Tough & Hardy," "case I am allers ready for a rumpus."

At this reply the man laughed heartily and said he was just the fellow they wanted.

"Now Will, you may go out and stay until about nine o'clock this evening, then come back here, but don't you tell where you have been. He promised and went out.

CHAPTER TWO.

At the appointed time Will Hardy came back to the room.

As he entered he found the men all asleep, but they awoke soon after.

"Well, my fine fellow, you had better go to sleep, and pointing to a lounge he told the boy to lie down.

Will did so, and was soon fast asleep. He had been asleep several hours when the men all got up and prepared to go out. "Wake up the boy," said one of the men, so he was somewhat rudely shaken; he started up and was ordered to come with them. They all proceeded up Broadway as far as Twenty-ninth street where they turned down and entered Fifth Avenue. As they entered the avenue the clock on one of the churches struck one. It was very dark, and Will noticed that the men were armed and that one of them had a dark lantern. The thought struck him, are they going to enter a house? Before he could collect his thoughts enough to know what to do, they went down an alley at the side of one of the fine houses. One of the men told Will to crawl into the basement through a small window. "Oh, I don't want to," said Will. "You go in there or I will shoot you," said one of them. Will had to enter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Written for Y. A. Monthly.

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A Romance of Springwood School.

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CHAP. 1.

The days and weeks passed quickly to the boys at Springwood, engaged as they were with their studies and sports. Harry had returned the *portmanie* to Ned as if nothing had occurred to rouse his curiosity and neither he or Tom had mentioned the matter to any of the rest of the boys.

Ned was as reticent as ever, indeed no boy, except perhaps Harry, was at all intimate with him.

He used after school was out,

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 2. FLEMINGTON, N. J., JULY, 1872. No. 5.

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Mrs Wm Hill 9
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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 2. FLEMINGTON, N. J., SEPTEMBER, 1872. No. 7.

J. B. A. P. A.!

The Jersey Boys in Line.

THEY FORM A BRANCH.

HURRAH FOR JERSEY!

(Presidential Report.)

The Amateurs of New Jersey were organized into an association called the "New Jersey Juvenile Press Association," by Messrs. Mott and Bonsall, who sent invitations to all the amateurs of the state to be present at the first convention at Flemington, August 29th, 1872.

On the appointed day, after a dinner at the house of Mr. Mott, the members proceeded to the hall procured for the purpose.

At 2 o'clock P. M. Mr. L. P. Kuhl formerly of the "Monthly Bulletin" called the convention to order.

The first thing was to elect officers. After several ballotings Larry S. Mott was elected President, Bonsall and Bigelow being his opponents. The following is the list of officers:

President,
LARRY S. MOTT.
1st Vice President,
BART. L. BONSALL.
2d Vice President,
CHAS. A. BRAY.
Secretary,
H. C. ROSS.
Treasurer,
C. A. RYDER.

The "Youths' Monthly" of Camden, Messrs. Harned & Felton, Editors, was elected Official Organ.

Mr. Ryder moved the Association be called "The Jersey Blue Amateur Press Association," which was carried. The government and constitution of the E. A. P. A. was adopted with a few alterations.

Mr. Ryder moved that Wm. L. Terhune, the fraud, be elected an honorary member of the association. This was carried. He then moved that the association "ignominiously" expel him! Amidst a storm of applause, and shouts of laughter, it was *unanimously* carried!

The dues and initiation fees were then fixed, 50 cents to join and 50 cents semi-annual dues.

The next meeting was then balloted for as follows: Camden 1, Elizabeth, 7. The President appointed Mr. R. A. Bigelow of Cranford, Orator for next time. The next meeting will be held six months from the time of this meeting. The following is the list of members: Bart. L. Bonsall of "Camden Spy," R. A. Bigelow of "Cranford Comet," F. R. Adams, Jr., of "Cranford Times," Larry S. Mott of "Young Americans' Monthly," Chas. A. Bray of "Amateur," C. A. Ryder of "Our Jersey Friend," C. A. Higgins and Arch. M. Campbell of "The Album" and H. C. Ross of "The Excelsior."

Honorary member, Leon P. Kuhl, Esq. of "Bulletin" fame.

AMATEUR STORIES NO. 2.

UPS AND DOWNS;

OR,

The Fortunes of a Bootblack.

BY FRANK SEDLEY,

Author of "Locked Up," "Newsboy's "Return," "A Noble Act," "Amateur Writing," etc., etc.

CHAPTER FIVE.

The man, whoever he was, stood in front of Will half awake. "Well, what do you want," said he, "I want to tell you that there are a couple of robbers in your back yard," said he. "Well, what if there is," said the gentleman, who was half suspicious that Will was only trying to "pull the wool over his eyes." "Well sir," said our hero, "I will tell you the story."

So Will related to the gentleman the particulars, with which our readers are already familiar. After he had finished, Mr. Brown, (for that was the gentlemans name) grasping Wills hand, said "My boy, if this is so what you say you shall never want as long as I have a crust of bread to give you."

They then proceeded cautiously down stairs, and Mr. Brown, unlocking the front door, called forth a policeman. One soon made his appearance, and what was the matter was told by Mr. Brown. "They have probably fled," said the policeman, "but I will look." He then went around the house and returning quickly said, "They are there." Then taking his whistle from his pocket and putting it to his lips, blew the well known whistle, in an instant the distinct footsteps of at least one person was heard, and in less time than it takes to write this two more policemen made their appearance.

"It was just in the nick of time:" for as they reached the front of the house, the robbers came running out, and seeing the policemen made tracks for down town. The policemen started in pursuit.

After a while they returned, and said, "the robbers had got away from them."

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 4. FLEMINGTON, N. J., NOVEMBER, 1872. No. 3.

Original Stories.

AMATEUR STORIES NO 3.

SURVIVE OR PERISH;

OR,

The Adventures of a Runaway.

By FRANK SEDLEY,

Author of "Locked Up," "Ups and Downs," "Newsboy's Return," "A Noble Act," "In a Fix," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

STARTING OUT.

"Live or die, Sink or Swim, Survive or Perish, I will not stand this no longer," so said Bob Linkton to himself as he was sawing wood in his Uncle's wood house.

And while he is sawing, we will look over his past life, and see why Bob determined to stand "this" no longer.

Bob Linkton was the son of wealthy parents, who while they were living did all that loving parents could do, for their son. But at the age of twelve, Bob had been left an orphan, and he was left to the guardianship of his Uncle Samuel Briggs. Bob's father also left the property in the hand of his uncle who was to keep it for Bob until he became of age. But alas for Bob, his Uncle had no intention of giving Bob the money, and had accordingly made a new will, forging Mr. Linkton's name, in which it was declared that the property should go to Mr. S. Briggs, and he should take care of Boh until that young man became eighteen. Then he was to apprentice him to some one. But alas, fortunately for Boh, Mr. Briggs had neglected burning up the first and TRUE will. So that if Bob could obtain possession of it, he could claim the property at the age of twenty one. Now, when our story opens, Bob was fifteen years old, but his Uncle had never sent him to School, since his father's death. But, had kept him to work altogether too hard for him. So now, Boh had come to the conclusion to take "french leave." He determined however to secure the TRUE will, before he left, so that evening after tea, which was very meagre, Bob went up stairs, but instead of going to bed, he went cautiously into his uncle's room, in which the safe was. He knew where the key was, so quickly opening the safe, he examined the safe, and soon found the will. Then quickly going to his room, he collected his cloths (of which he had a scant supply,) and making them into a little hundle, went cautiously out the back door.

His Uncle however heard the noise, and started to the door.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

CENT and DOLLAR;

OR,

NEWSBOY AND EDITOR.

A Tale of New York City Life.

By "HUMPTY DUMPTY,"

Author of "The Bootblack's Inheritance," "The Curse of Gold," "The Boy Patent Solicitor," "Right is Might," "The Boy Fireman," "The Trail of Death," "The Printer's Devil," "Skunk Cap," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

CHEAP BOARDING.

It was ever Tom's ambition to become a public man, and the editorial position seemed to be the goal of mortal striving.

No man seemed greater in his eyes than Horace Greeley or James Gorden Bennett.

He was once audacions enough to offer the former an evening paper and said:

"How are you, Horace Greeley; does your mother know you're out," but was saluted with a number 18 farmer's boot, which left the "philosopher" victor of the field. (Printing House Square)

The next morning, when he had his papers under his arm and looked to see the news in order to be able to cry it out, the following notice met his eye:

"Found dead in his house this morning, Patrick Stanton; probable cause, delirium tremens Coroner notified.

Tom didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

But he didn't do either, as was proved by the fact of his having sold out within an hour. The profits went for a new cheap hat, and then, happy as a King, he wended his way toward 'Shin-bone-alley.'

Arrived at the house, he got out the casket from under a plank and after some vain attempts to find his way into the inside, burst it open.

There was nothing in it but a letter, which, after due deliberation was opened.

"MY DEAR SON:

By the tim this meats your eye, i will be ded, I guess and free from yur farther. Wen we wer mareed, he robbed my farther whithout me knowin it and took the monee. I got it agin afterwerds and put it in this box. then I thot that yur farther wood find it and so i took it out and

Mrs Wm Hall. 14

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., DECEMBER, 1872. No. 4.

iginal Stories.

EUR STORIES NO 3.

VIVE OR PERISH;

OR,

ventures of a Runaway.

By FRANK SEDLEY,

"*Locked Up*," "*Cps and* ," "*Nosebag's Natures*," l *Noble Act*," "*In a Fix*," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST ADVENTURE.

cle heard the noise, and it of the door, but saw

guess its only Tom," said as the fellow who worked Briggs, and was a firm Bob's.

naturally went first to the ise in which Tom lived, him of his determinatinn. boy," said Tom. "I kent laine yer, yer Uncle is ther st mean man I hev ever

d him if would keep the plied, "sartinly an' of gs ever gits it from me, ghty smart thing, and leve thee is smothin' in

e."

en bid him good by, and it, Tom slipped something , and said to Bob's re- "take it boy, you will

t as he could to sville Valley go to the city o——, and it he could not get work he would go on to New York.

As he reached the depot he heard the two o'clock train. So he went to the ticket office and purchased a ticket with a dollar which he had earned. He then looked at the bill which Tom had given to him. He found it was a ten dollar bill.

How good Tom was, he muttered to himself as he stepped aboard the train.

He found the seats all occupied, but one contained a fellow stretched full length.

"Will you please let me sit in one half of this seat?" said Bob.

The fellow opened his eyes, threw his legs off the seat and said, "Oh, I suppose so."

Bob sat down on the seat, and although the excitement had been great, he fell asleep, for tired nature demanded it.

He heard or saw nothing, until he heard the conductor shout out "B——."

Bob jumped up, and snatching up his bundle started. He noticed that his companion had departed, but thought nothing of it.

It was about two o'clock in the morning, and knowing he could do nothing, he concluded to go to a hotel.

He asked a person passing if he could direct him to a hotel, the stranger did so, and Bob "went on his way rejoicing."

He stepped into the office of the hotel and asked for a room.

"Yes sir," said the clerk, "but we want the money in advance."

Bob put his hand into his pocket to pay bill, when behold the money was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How the Wolf was Captured.

By "JAR."

The peaceful farmers of a quiet little town in New Hampshire were terribly annoyed by the ravages of a great wolf, which lived somewhere in the neighboring forests. Sheep were killed, lambs were stolen, calves disappeared, and the children were in terror lest their turn won'l come next. After nightfall, at every strange [illegible] around the house, "The w[illegible]olf!" cried the people within, hu[illegible]g together in a fright. Nobody wanted to go to the well after dark; The young men scoured the woods with their rifles, but never got a shot at her, and the dogs tracked her, but after a while lost the scent.

At last the people, altogether out of patience with her voracious appetite and nightly robberies, determined on a grand hunt. They assembled with their dogs and guns to give her full chase. Divided in parties, they made for the forest.

The wolf heard them coming, and left her open posts for a den, her strong-hold in times of extreme danger, I suppose. The dogs tracked her; the hunters followed, and reaching the den, there she was indeed; but who dare go in? The dogs were sent in, but they came out bitten and bloody. They got straw and burned at the mouth of the den, hoping to smoke her out, but the wolf would not budge. They tried

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Peace on Earth, Good-will to Boys; Our best Wishes for the Fairer Sex.

A Happy New Year.

Another year has come—and gone. All the joys and sorrows, all the resolutions, kept or broken, in fact all the events of 1872, have passed. And now, with Christmas carols on our lips and the gifts of kind friends in our hands, we enter upon the new year. And how many of us have made new resolutions, or pledged ourselves anew to be better, truer, more christian like, the coming year? Those of us who have not, should: Those who have should endeavor to keep them.

We know that of ourselves we are weak, but that having asked and received help from one "who the new year it is no more than right, both to our readers and ourselves, than to say "what we are going to do about it." It of course refers to this paper—and ourselves. Well, we will say this, in it the "Monthly" will continue for six months more at least. Our readers we think understand that a paper in its fourth volume is worthy of being thought not perishable. If any of our friends think enough of us to solicit subscriptions, we will endeavor to merit their kindness.

The three Stumbling Blocks to the Advancement of Amateurdom.

1. Sensational Stories.—We mean by sensational stories, those tales which have no other aim, than that of interesting the reader. No moral. Improbable. Revengeful. Exciting the baser passions of the reader. We are sorry to see this class of stories creeping into amateur journals. "It is one of the greatest enemies of amateurdom." We believe in stories, in stories that interest, and amuse. In stories that are probable, that have moral. But we do not beleive in stories only are exciting, stories of a "blood and thunder kind." Keep them out of your papers boys'. If such authors as "Humpty Dumpty" or "Weldon J. Cobb, Jr." send you stories of the "Skunk Cap" order, don't accept them.

2. Consolidating—This is a common, and we fear a growing evil in Amateurdom—we will illustrate: A paper runs for seven months, and then the editor tires of his paper, or else finds himself "hard up" for the means of running his paper. He negotiates with a paper of some repute, with a somewhat larger circulation. But really not much better off than the one who wishes to consolidate with him. They consolidate. The editor of the subscriber feels a heavier sense of his duties. He has to print an extra edition, and does not get the pay, he would from entirely new subscribers. So after keeping up for a month or two, he gives up the ghost.

We have not exaggerated one bit. If you wish to advance the cause of amateur papers, don't consolidate. Don't stop your paper until the time of your subscriptions is out. If you lose a little, never mind, better lose a little and end up the career of your paper honorably, that consolidating, and in all probability, ruin yourself, and wipe out the paper with which you consolidated.

3. Want of original matter—Some editors make a plea for not having original matter, by claiming that they cannot pay for articles. Well then, give us original editorials. New papers are all the time making their appearance, and the majority of these, either have no editorials at all, or they run out a long linge, about themselves. One month they fill up their editorial columns with, "How do you like our looks this month?" "We look better than we did before." Away with such stuff, give us an article on anything, rather than that. If you should shock grammarians, or make the spelling books recoil in horror, never mind.

"If you don't at first succeed
try, try again."

And certainly in time improvement in spelling, grammar and logic will appear.

We hope the above article will be taken by our amateur brethren, as it is intended to be taken, namely: as the scene appears to one who earnestly desires the true advancement of amateurdom.

Mrs William Weill. 4

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 4. FLEMINGTON, N. J., JANUARY, 1873. No. 5.

Original Stories.

THE CHIMNEY SWEEP.

OR,

Determined to Win.

BY BARON LEPPARD.

Author of "Country Enoch," "The Union Dreamers," "Knowledge is Power," "Poesy and Poets," "Moonlight Excursion," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"Oh! Robert, it is so cold; when will this gloomy, cheerless life end; I feel as though it were but yesterday when we were all seated so comfortably around our own bright hearthstone, I—"

But the poor weary girl could say no more. Weary and exhausted, tired, cold and depressed, she sank into the snow, which now covered the ground, the housetops, and the trees with its robe of whiteness and purity.

"Mary, look! we are almost there. See, its only a little below Alaska Street, and here we are to Broad. Come, come, oh, Mary, look," and the fearless, brave lad, caught hold of his sister's hand, and soon had her standing erect. "We'll soon be there, now," and he placed his hand in hers and helped her over the crossings and other wet places.

Ah! Bobby Dorman, yours is indeed a true heart? It was but nine months ago—and what a change. Nine months ago; *nine short months.* Then were seated around the bright, blazing fire in the kitchen. Mrs. Mary Dorman and her reckless husband John, by her side might be found two remarkably bright children, little Alice and Bobby playing with their building blocks, and over in one corner could be seen a beautiful, yet reserved girl, scarce in her fifteenth year, reading some sound book. That was the same lady—or perhaps girl would sound better—whom stately Bobby Dorman had just picked up from the snow-bank.

Yes, 'twas but nine short months ago, and to-day, mark the change. "Bobby and Mary Dorman are orphans"—at least they are parentless, and little Alice, where is she?

Mr. Isaac Dorman, while under the influence of liquor—oh, hellish destroyer of human souls! signed a document, which, though not entirely ruining him at once, allowed his business to fail. This so disheartened his poor frail wife, that she soon died, praying for her poor unprotected family—for what protection can a drunken father afford to helpless children.

Numerous parties immediately pressed Dorman for their claims, and in a few days, he was ruined. Yes, ruined both financially, and as a man.

Betwixt rum and trouble, Isaac Dorman was soon laid beside the dead body of his wife. But where is poor, little innocent Alice? She hasn't been seen since the day of her father's burial. Lost can it be. No one knows but him who knows *all* things.

Misfortunes never come singly is an old but true saying. After repeated advertisements in all the papers, and days of fruitless searching, the little pride of former days was given up for "lost."

Mary Dorman though beautiful and recently comparatively rich, was not proud. Bobby and Mary had no relations nor money. The house was sold to pay their father's debts, and having but recently removed from the South to the great city, they possessed no acquaintances.

What a dreary trio! No friends, no relatives, no money, and alone in the crowded streets of an Eastern city.

The first night after their house was sold, they managed to sleep well in a dirty, dingy room which they had rented in the southern portion of the city, and for which they were not obliged to pay until the end of the month—and here it was that the following conversation ensued:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AMATEUR STORIES NO. 3.

SURVIVE OR PERISH;

OR,

The Adventures of a Runaway.

BY FRANK SEDLEY,

Author of "Locked Up," "Ups and Downs," "Newsboy's Returns," "A Noble Act," "In a Fix," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

BOB RUNS ON TWO ERRANDS AND HEARS THE CRY OF "HELP!"

Bob was indeed dumfounded in every sense of the word. His companion of the railway car was evidently a slumper, and had appropriated his funds.

But what was he to do? He determined however to tell the clerk that he had been robbed.

The clerk heard the story patiently, and then said, "Well, I am sorry for you, but we cannot possibly keep you.

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

Vol. 4. FLEMINGTON, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1873. No. 6.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP:

OR,

Determined to Win.

BY BARON LIPPARD,

Author of "County Enoch," "The Union Drummer," "Knowledge is Power," "Poetry and Poets," "Moonlight Excursion," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

"Mary, I have struck upon an idea which I think will benefit us both," said Bobby.—"Why can't I act in the capacity of a chimney-sweep for a few months?"

"I'm afraid it will not pay; and, Bobby, it seems hard for you to thus be brought down from a schoolboy to a sweep."

"Oh, that don't matter at all. I'm small and well fitted for the task. The rent is to pay; there is food to buy and clothes to wear. Money we must have, and the way to get it must be devised immediately.—Never fear but that we shall get along grandly," said the brave boy, who never lost an opportunity to say a few encouraging words to his sister; "and, besides, it don't take much capital to set up in that business."

"Well, Bobby, you 're a queer one; but have it your own way. Perhaps 'tis best. You can sweep, and I shall sew."

So it was planned. Bobby lost no time, but immediately entered heart and soul into his new avocation. He would come home, sometimes, with but a few pennies, and say:

"Why, Mollie, it ain't every boy who can set up business for himself; but business has been dull to-day."

But let us return to where we left off in the opening chapter. For several, aye, *nine* months, they had struggled on together, Bobby vainly endeavoring to get a situation in a store. Mary had not succeeded in getting much sewing to do, but Bobby had been successful as a sweep. It did not take him long to learn the "trade," and there were but few worked at it; consequently, he "monopolized the market," and made many a hard-earned penny.

Mary had seen an advertisement which she was going to apply for, and having become tired and cold, had sunk into the snow, her strength completely exhausted. But what is Bobby looking at? Having turned the corner of Broad Street, his quick eyes were attracted by the following placard in a store window:

"WANTED!—A smart, active lad, to wait on store."

Quick as a flash Bobby was in the store, with Mary by hi side.

"Good morning, sir. I came to apply for the situation which you offer for a smart, active lad."

"Well, my boy, do you think you are smart, active and honest?"

"I am at least the two last named, sir.—I've been a chimney-sweep for several months, but would prefer to be in a store."

The gentleman seemed to be pleased with Bobby's looks, and requested him to come back of the counter. Here he examined Bobby's arithmetical powers, and was so well pleased with his straightforward answers that he gave him the situation with pleasure.

"And is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir, it is;" and after being told when to come, Bobby bowed himself out.

He was to get three dollars a week at first, and he "determined to win" from his employer a good opinion of his work.

Bobby stoutly refused to let Mary answer her advertisement, saying they could live "somehow or other," without her working so hard, and she must be his little housekeeper.

They returned home thankful in their hearts for the day's blessings.

"'A bad beginning and a good ending' to that journey," exclaimed Bobby, as he entered their room, which was none other than the loft of a large manufacturing establishment; and he soon sat down to a bowl of bread and milk," which Mary had prepared for him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AMATEUR SERIES, No. 3.

SURVIVE OR PERISH;

OR,

The Adventures of a Runaway.

BY FRANK SEDLEY,

Author of "Looked Up," "Ups and Downs, "Newsboy's Return," "A Noble Act," "In a Fix," "The Wrong Man," "At Last," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV—AND LAST.

As soon as Bob heard the cry of "help!" he proceeded in the direction from whence the cry came. He saw one man on the ground, and another one in the act of striking him with a dagger. What must be done, must be done quickly. So he quietly crept up behind the man who had the dagger in his hand, and giving him a sudden and violent push, sent him to the ground. As soon as the man on the ground saw that he had received assistance, and that defeat might be turned into victory, he sprang upon his assailant, and with a few well aimed and skillful blows stunned him.

Meanwhile, Bob had called loudly, and in consequence brought a policeman to the spot, who seeing that the man was harmless, proceeded to inquire the why and wherefore. The gentleman whom Bob had so well aided said that the man on the ground was in all probability a robber, who, knowing that he had quite a large sum of money upon his person, concluded to procure the same.

The policeman, having summoned aid conducted the semi-conscious robber to the station-house.

The gentleman told Bob to come with him. Taking him by the hand, the gentleman walked along with him until they

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 5. FLEMINGTON, N. J., MARCH, 1873. No. 1.

AMATEUR SERIES, No. 4.

THE YOUNG CONDUCTOR;

OR,

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

BY FRANK SEDLEY.

Author of "Locked Up," "Newsboy's Return," "Ups and Downs," "Survive or Perish," "In a Fix," "Caught Napping," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

"ALL ABOARD!"

The last passenger jumped on the train; the engineer pulled the string leading to the whistle; the train started. As the last car left the depot, the conductor jumped aboard. Our readers would hardly know the conductor, unless they closely scrutinized his countenance. If they do this, they will soon perceive that he is none other than our old friend Bobby Linkum, familiar to all who read "Survive or Perish."

He is neatly, we might almost say handsomely, dressed. As he passed through the cars, he received many encomiums of praise from the passengers, and many nodded to him and smiled as he passed by. Bob was very happy in his capacity of conductor.—If he did sometimes wish for a higher and more prominent position in society, it was speedily thrust aside as he thought what he had been, and what he still might be but for kind-hearted Mr. Henry. In the second car he noticed Lulu Henry, traveling alone. So after clipping all the passengers' tickets, he came and sat down beside Lulu. She was exceedingly glad to see him, and I venture the assertion that Bob never enjoyed himself more in the same space of time than he did then. But this is not a love story yet.

At Laurel Grove a man, brutish in appearance, with an unshaven face and bloodshot eyes, got aboard. When Bob came to him and asked him for his ticket, he roughly replied:

"Haven't got any, nor don't want any."

"Where do you wish to go to?" said Bob.

"New York," replied his surly passenger.

"A dollar and a half, please," said Bob.

The man, with a wild and derisive laugh, said, "Say, bub, I don't pay on this road; I allers ride free."

"Come, come," said Bob, "I'm in a hurry. Give me the money, or, according to our regulations, I will put you off."

"Like ter see yer," said the man, springing to his feet.

Summoning the two brakemen on the train, the three started for the platform, bearing the struggling man with them.

As Bob passed Lulu, she said, smiling, "Be careful, dear Bob."

Bob replied, "I will, Lulu."

They soon put the man off, having stopped the train. After he was off, unpulled the rope, and the train slowly started.—One of the brakemen went forward, and the other went to the opposite side of the platform, ready to put on the brake for the next station. While they were in this position, and just as Bob was getting ready to go in the car, the man who was put off jumped on, and grabbing Bob, threw him violently off the train, and then jumped after him! Bob was partially stunned by the fall, but still he could see the train receding from him. In a minute the man, chuckling and chattering to himself, drew a long dagger from his breast and slowly drew it across his finger.

Bob was alone with a maniac!

TO BE CONTINUED.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP:

OR,

Determined to Win.

BY BARON LIPPARD,

Author of "Country Enoch," "The Union Drummer," "Knowledge is Power," "Poetry and Poets," "Moonlight Excursion," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

Bobby entered upon a new life. Gradually he arose from "store tender" to clerk, and from clerk to clerk, until he became chief book keeper for the firm of Wharton & Lytle.

They now lived in a comfortable, cozy house on Washington Avenue.

Mary was happy; yet one thought seemed to mar her happiness for some portion of each day. That was her infant sister Alice. She could scarce believe her dead, and yet so many years had passed since she had lovingly carried the prattling child around the sitting-room in Greene Street. She sat one day thinking of the events which had transpired during the last ten years. How "her Bobby," resolute, daring and "Determined to Win" both fame and fortune, had struggled for nearly a year as a "Chimney Sweep," going thro' the streets covered with soot, and earning a meagre living for their "garret home;" how he had finally succeeded in getting a situation, and had thrown away his sooty broom, brush and rag; how he had worked his way up from a store-boy to the various degrees of clerks for the large dry goods house of Wharton & Lytle, and how he had at last been given the position of head book-keeper; how he had moved from house to house until he had bought their present snug little home.

It was Christmas eve, and as she sat pensively waiting for "her Bobby" and "her husband" to come home (for "our sewing girl" has been married to Mr. Wharton himself), and wondering and thinking of the pleasures of the morrow, a knock was heard at the door. She opened it, and in came Mr. Wharton and Robert Dormon.

"Sister, I have brought you one of the prettiest Christmas presents you ever saw," said Bobby, as he kissed his Mary."

To the reader—"Fortunes and misfortunes never come singly."

This was all planned.

She looked at him in surprise, for he never ventured to "pull out that pretty Christmas present," but went straight to the bureau drawer and took therefrom a

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 5. FLEMINGTON, N. J., APRIL, 1873. NO. 2.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

TOM TRACY;
OR,
A Poor Boy's Fortunes.

BY PAUL KENDALL.

CHAPTER I.

Tom was a poor boy, whose father was dead, and he was left alone to support a feeble mother. He had an aunt, and a cousin whose name was Roswell Trafton, or Mr. Trafton, as he preferred to be called. He was a lazy, idle boy, and never lifted his finger to support his mother, but let her support them both. Roswell was able to work and support himself and his mother, but when, at her earnest request, he was admitted into a dry goods store, he was discharged in a week, because he refused to go on errands and sweep the store out. He thought he was above such work. It is needless to say that he hated Tom with all his heart. Tom was down town in the grocery establishment of Clare & Jones, and was getting five dollars a week. He, unlike his cousin, was not afraid to work. Roswell, now that he was thrown out of employment, tried to look more like a gentleman than ever. He dressed as extravagantly as his mother's slender purse would allow. Not long before, a secret society had been started in the little village of Brookville, consisting of fast young men of about the same stamp as Roswell, and without much trouble he became a member of this society, which met every Friday night, and was called the "Night-Owls." Now the object of this society (if it had any) was to sit up till 11 or 12 o'clock and drink beer, and sometimes brandy, and smoke cheap cigars; or some dark nights to commit depredations on neighboring gardens and orchards.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH TOM IS CAUGHT.

One morning early, as Tom was trudging along the road to the store (for he lived a little way out of town), he heard two voices, talking low and excitedly, behind a high hedge. Supposing they were stragglers, he cautiously looked over, and beheld two suspicious-looking men, talking very earnestly together. Tom meant to be no eaves-dropper, but hearing the words Clare and grocery store, he thought he would be justified in listening to the rest. But to understand this it is necessary to state that Mr. Clare kept something else besides groceries and provisions. He always had a little of the "ardent" for some customers who were not strictly temperate. It so happened that a rough-looking man a few days before came in and asked for rum when Tom was out. They gave him a glass and saw he had been drinking freely already, so when he asked for another glass they refused it. This only angered him the more. He said he was bound to have it, and what was more, he would have it. He was put out of the store, swearing vengeance; and this was one of the men whom Tom now saw, and this is what he heard:

"I say, Bill, I've got it all planned. We'll break in old Clare's (with an oath) between 11 and 12 o'clock at night (through a back window I saw when I was kicked out), and arter we've got all the traps we want we'll set fire to her and"—

Just then the other man looked up and saw Tom. "By George! we're seen!" he cried, and jumping up he seized Tom just as he was about making his escape, when the other one pointed a revolver at him, and he submitted himself to be caught.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Fillupographs.

Our paper will be exhibited at the Vienna Exposition this year.

For President N. A. P. A., Charles Diehl, of "Our Boys."

Lives there a man with soul so dead
Who ever thought himself a cabbage head?

April appears apparently awaiting approaching ah—May.

AMATEUR SERIES, No. 5.

THE YOUNG CONDUCTOR;
OR,
WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

BY FRANK SEDLEY.

Author of "Locked Up," "Newsboy's Return," "Ups and Downs," "Survive or Perish, "In a Fix," "Caught Napping," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.

Let us briefly review the incidents that were transpiring, meanwhile, in the cars.

As soon as it was found that the conductor was gone, and that, too, suddenly and mysteriously, there was a certain degree of consternation among the employes on the train, but none whatever on the part of the passengers with but two exceptions. One was an old lady, whom Bob was going to give twenty-five cents in change for her traveling expenses, the other was Lulu Henry. She was truly frightened to think of what appeared to her to be an appalling disaster. Her inquiries of the brakemen were many and very searching. She greatly feared that Bob was badly hurt, perhaps killed.

As soon as they reached the terminus of the road, she went to the President's office, in the fine marble building belonging to the road, and repeated to her father all the particulars with which she was acquainted. Mr. Henry immediately connected the fierce man and Bob's accident together. He therefore was not far behind Lulu in his fears for Bob. Just as he was about telegraphing to Laurel Grove to find whether any information could be obtained of Bob, Bob himself entered the office!

If out of the blue sky, which was so brilliant, a sudden and very heavy dash of rain had fallen upon them, they could not have been more astonished than were Lulu and Mr. Henry at Bob's appearance. Of course, after congratulations on all sides, Bob must tell how he came there and how he escaped the hand of the maniac, which he did as follows:

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 5. FLEMINGTON, N. J., MAY, 1873. No. 3.

AMATEUR SERIES, No. 4.

THE YOUNG CONDUCTOR;

OR,

WHERE THERE'S A WILL, THERE'S A WAY.

BY FRANK SEDLEY,

Anthor of "Locked Up," "Newsboy's Return," "Ups and Downs," "Survive or Perish, "In a Fix," "Caught Napping," etc., etc.

CONCLUSION.

The following is a copy of the letter Bob received shortly after the events narrated in the last chapter:

OAKDALE, June 17th, 186—

Mister Roberte Linkton:

Youre uncle is ded. He dyed—He died last wensday a week. He wuz stingy ter the last. He left a will, leavin all his propertea to Mr. Harrison, ther lawyer.—After ther funeral i fetched ther tother will to Lawyer Isakbone, and he haz arranged it so that you hev bekum sole possesore of ther house, lands and moni. It is worth a 100 thousand dollers. So cum rite up hear, Mr. Linkton, permejetly. The old wumman and children is well as useual.—Hopin to saw yer pretti soon, I remain in the state of Maine.

Yours veri trull,

TOM (lost tother name).

When Bob read this, spite of all Tom's bad grammar and worse spelling, he felt truly thankful to the kind-hearted fellow for his trouble and care in his behalf.

The next day Bob resigned his position as conductor, and went to Oakdale. Tom was overjoyed to meet him; but when Tom's wife saw Bob she could hardly express her pleasure and joy at seeing him.

"You're ther handsomest critter I ever laid eyes on," she said—which sentiment Tom cheerfully re-echoed.

Bob settled affairs to his satisfaction at Oakdale, and then went back to New York, for he had promised Lulu he would not stay long.

Why stretch this story longer? There is no need. We would therefore say Bob accepted a position in the office of the Railroad of which Lulu's father was President, although his own fortune was more than adequate to support him handsomely. After several years he led to the matrimonial altar Miss Lulu, and these two were made one.

Bob now stands at the head of a large railroad corporation, conducting himself uprightly, honestly, and in a christian-like manner. Perchance the reader asks about Tom. We would reply: Bob left a sufficient amount of almighty dollars to comfortably support Tom and his family.

Thus our readers see how honesty, perseverance and industry in the end bring an abundant harvest.

THE END.

NOTE.—The author, at the completion of this series, wishes to express his gratification to his readers for the kind expressions relative to his stories. Begun as this series was, he is deeply pleased with the cordial manner in which it has been received.

TOM TRACY;

OR,

A Poor Boy's Fortunes.

BY PAUL KENDALL.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, my fine bird," said one, "we've caught you listenin' to what was not intended for you to hear." (Of course the man did not know that Tom belonged to the store.) "Now will you promise never to hip to anybody what you've just now heard?" Tom kept silent. "You won't promise, eh? Well, we'll fix you. Bear a hand, Jim," and before Tom knew what he was about he was gagged and securely bound. "We'll take him to Black Dinah's," said one, "and I reckon he won't be so ready to listen to other people's affairs next time," said the other, with a significant wink.

During this time Tom was being carried across the fields to a low hut (which stood in an out of the way place), and left to the tender care of an ugly-looking black woman, with the injunction for Dinah not to let him go if she valued her life.

All this time Tom thought how he could let the firm know of the intended robbery. He thought to himself he would have given anything to be free at that time, and now what could he do? Even if the gag were removed, he was firmly bound hand and foot. But he determined to try and see what he could do. He was laid in one corner of the room, on a low couch. The old woman appeared to be washing the dishes, and occasionally Tom saw her taking a drink out of a suspicious-looking black bottle she had in her pocket. Looking toward him, she said, with a drunken leer, "Honey, got any baccy or rum?" Tom shook his head and pointed to his mouth to have the gag removed. The old woman seemed to understand him, for immediately she advanced towards him and said, "I guess Massa Jim won't car of I take em gag off fer a spell," and she removed the gag. Tom felt relieved immediately.—"Thank you," he said. "Oh, if you will only let me go, I will get you all the tobacco you want." The old woman grinned from ear to ear. "No, no, honey, not yet. Mass Jim kill me of I did. He, he, he, he."

Tom determined to feign sleep, and acted as if very sleepy. He noticed the old woman take her drink from the bottle more frequently, giving loud smacks after each draught. She had arrived at that state that she did not care what she did, so coming towards him she said, "How much rum will yer give me of I unloose yer hands, honey?" Tom, overjoyed, replied "as much as she could drink in a week."—"Wall, guess 't wouldn't do no hurt of I only unloosen yer hands." So she set to work and untied them, first extracting a promise from him to give her the rum within a week. After a few more drinks the old woman dropped down on a straw bed (if it could be called a bed), and soon snored vigorously.

Now Tom tried to untie the cords which bound his feet, but he found it all in vain.

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 5. FLEMINGTON, N. J., JUNE, 1873. NO. 4.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

TOM TRACY;

OR,

A Poor Boy's Fortunes.

BY PAUL KENDALL.

CHAPTER IV.

As soon as Tom was loose he ran at full speed for Mr. Clare's. He got there at 10 o'clock, and immediately asked to see Mr. Clare. Tom then told him all. He hastily summoned about twenty men, and going in the store waited for the robbers. Eleven; half-past eleven; no sound heard.—Quarter to twelve they heard the voices of men outside. The window in rear of store, and two men entered. After a brief struggle they were captured, and home off to jail. Tom went to bed.

The next morning the clerk told Tom that Mr. Clare wanted to see him in his office. Tom went in, and Mr. Clare, advancing towards him with a smile, caught him by the hand and said, "You have rendered us a great service, my lad, and we would like you to accept a small testimony of our gratitude," and he pressed into the hands of the astonished boy fifty dollars. "Mr. Clare," he said, "I only did my duty, and I ought not to accept it." But there was no refusal, and the money was crammed in his pocket. In a few days it was all over the village.

Now when Roswell Trafton heard of Tom's adventure and the money he got, he eated him worse than ever, and maliciously tried to plan his downfall. That evening at the club room of the Night Owls, of which he was Treasurer, he mentioned it. Nor was he the only envious person in the Society. Nearly all had some grudge against Tom, because he would not join them, or because they were jealous of his good fortune. "The best laid plans of mice and men gaog aft agles."

There was, at a little distance from where the Night Owls met, an old gentleman's orchard, in which were some of the finest peaches and pears. Now the Night Owls had committed frequent raids on the orchard of the honest old gentleman, but had never been discovered. So he, unknown to them, had a few days ago set a certain ingenious trap beneath some of his most terapting peaches, the virtue of which trap was that it could catch and hold a boy or man. Now the Night Owls thought of a plan to go in there some night with a handkerchief marked with Tom's name, and leave it there as if accidentally dropped.—So on a dark night the orchard was silently entered, and a single Night Owl was observed to steal round the corner of the orchard and approach the peach trees. The night was dark, and he did not see the trap. Stepping forward to drop the handkerchief, clap! bang! Roswell Trafton was caught. The old gentleman, hearing the noise, rushed out with a lantern and seized him. Next morning he was brought before the Judge and sentenced to three months in the House of Correction, for petty larceny. As for Tom, he came out all right, and on the death of the senior partner, Mr. Jones, about ten years later, he was made the junior partner of the firm, and a little later a sign was put up on the store that read thus:

CLARE & TRACY.
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Soon after that Tom married Mr. Clare's daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, and it is to be hoped they lived in peace.

THE END.

CONQUERING A COQUETTE.

A TALE AFTER THE MODERN STYLE.

BY LARRY S. MOTT.

"Such a horrid novel."

Madge Knowlton stamped her pretty feet and pouted with those tempting lips, which needed no Venetian Red to make them more bewitching. Flung to the further side of the drawing-room was the latest addition to "Somebody & Co.'s Choice Library of Novels." Its cover bore a decidedly yellowish appearance. It was this book that now sprawled out on the floor, with leaves every way imaginable, that drew from Madge's lips the ejaculation which opens our tale.

"Such a horrid novel," she repeated, "nothing but lovers and those loved, murders and miraculous escapes;" and again the pretty feet struck the floor, and Miss Madge looked the very picture of beautiful anger (if there is such a thing outside the covers of the modern novel).

Just as she was about repeating these entirely unbecoming actions, for a young lady of Miss Madge's age and dignity, the door opened and Mr. Frank Nelden entered. Some of my readers say that Mr. Nelden took very great liberty in thus intruding into the presence of Miss Knowlton: but we would reply that he considered himself warranted in doing so, for he was accustomed at sundry (and Sunday) times and in different ways to thus step over the threshold of the Knowlton mansion.

"What is the matter with my little Madge this morning?" said Frank, as he noticed the indignant manner of the one dear to him as the apple of his eye.

"*Your* little Madge, indeed!" said that horrified young lady, "and pray, sir, where can when have you assumed the privilege of calling *me* by such a title?"

"Madge," said Frank, "why do you thus talk, when you know—"

"Enough, Mr. Nelden, enough."

"All right, Miss Knowlton, enough it is," said Frank, just as coldly as she addressed him.

Just then Madge perceived some one at the window, and exclaiming, "Oh, there is *dear* Mr. Brownlow, I am going riding on the Derby road with him this afternoon," ran to the window to wave her handkerchief to him.

Frank left by a private entrance, and slowly walked down the street. He was convinced that Madge was playing the coquette with him. She was acting like a

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

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VOL. 5. FLEMINGTON, N. J., JULY, 1873. NO. 5.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

[For the Young American's Monthly.]

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY IAGO.

During the long winter evenings the boys of ——, a small village in one of the New England States, were accustomed to assemble alternately at each other's houses, to relate stories and pass away the time pleasantly. On a stormy night we were all assembled at Jack Shorn's house, around a nice, brisk fire, and just as we were comparing the difference between the snug and warm interior of the room with the snow storm which was raging outside, we were interrupted by a feeble knock at the front door. Jack went to see who it was, and we all followed him with eager eyes to see who the intruder might be.

"Excuse me, gentlemen; I am a poor, lame soldier, and having been overtaken by the snow storm, I would like to know if you can find a place for me around your fire, and in compensation I will relate to you the story of my life, which is not entirely wanting in interest, as you will see." Thus spoke the person at the door.

Jack having kindly bid him enter and partake of our good cheer, we made place for him in our midst, near the fire, to enable him to recover from the effects of the snow storm. He was an old, gray-haired man, with a very jovial and open countenance, and we remarked that he had a wooden leg. After he had warmed himself and had eaten and drank, we asked him to fulfill the promise of relating his life to us, which he did as follows:

"I was born near Belfast, Ireland, of poor parents. They possessed a small shanty and a patch of ground which yielded them enough potatoes to subsist on during the year; in addition to which they were also owners of a couple of pigs, that would generally give them three or four small ones each season, from the proceeds of which they were enabled, at least once or twice a year, to have a piece of fresh meat in addition to their every day potatoes. My childhood was passed poorly but pleasantly until I reached the age of about fifteen, when my father became addicted to strong drink and became a drunkard. He would often come in late at night, after having spent his day's wages at the rum shop, and then, being drunk, he would seize either my mother or myself and beat us most unmercifully, declaring that we were the cause of his being so poor. We suffered patiently all his outrages, and were at last obliged to seek shelter under some other roof, as the shanty was seized by my father's creditors for debts which he had contracted and was unable to pay otherwise. Soon after he died, and it really was a relief to us, for we could by dint of work support ourselves tolerably without being subject to unkind treatment. Slowly my mother sank at my side from a broken heart at our present situation and at my own future prospects. It was about three years after my father's death that I remained on earth a desolate orphan.

Oh, may you never be brought to feel the want of food, and what is still harder, not to find a person to speak unto you a single kind word of encouragement or help.

I resolved not to remain any longer in Ireland, whose soil seemed to be so unprofitable to me, and therefore, having made an agreement to work for my passage as a sailor, I embarked on board of one of the numerous ships bound to the port of New York. I shall not detain you with an account of the hardships I endured during the voyage, but will simply state that I arrived safely in New York about three months after my departure from Ireland.

During a couple of years I passed my time in doing whatever labor I could obtain. Sometimes a news dealer, another day a circular distributor or else a living bill-post; in a word, I did by turns every one of those disagreeable jobs which abound in all large cities, and thereby I was enabled to keep my miserable body from actual starvation, although many a night I took rest under some old shed, with my stomach craving for food it had not tasted for the whole day.

In the meantime, war was declared with Mexico. Pushed by despair, I enlisted as a volunteer to serve in the Mexican war, for I was at least sure that in the army I would not want food, and if I were killed no one would be the loser but myself. I fought in several engagements and came out unwounded, although I was constantly in the thickest part of the fight; but at the battle of Buena Vista I was not to come forth as happily as before, for it was there I lost my leg. Our regiment was the foremost in the battle, and fought bravely for victory.—Suddenly, in looking around me, I saw Lieutenant B—— surrounded by three Mexicans, who were on the point of overpowering him. Swiftly I jumped forward, struck my bayonet through one of the Mexicans, and released the Lieutenant, who was already badly wounded. I tried to regain the regiment with him, and might have done so had he been able to retreat quickly without being supported; but before we could do so we were surrounded by a troop of about a dozen whooping and yelling Mexican rascals, who commenced discharging their guns, and then rushing on us with their lances and machetas, struck down the Lieutenant dead at my side. I received a couple of bullets in my leg and a lance thrust in my body, which also brought me senseless to the ground, where I was left as dead by the Mexicans. On recovering my senses, some hours later, I was astonished to find myself alone on a battle-field, but I was much helped by the pain in my side and leg to remember the circumstances which left me there. I set up a cry for water, as my lips were parched; but no one was near, and I had to endure all the agonies of thirst under a scorching sun until evening, when I was picked up by some of our soldiers and brought back to the camp hospital, where I lay many days delirious with fever.

When I recovered entirely from the effects of my wounds I had only one leg, and

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YOUNG AMERICAN'S MONTHLY.

A BOY'S & GIRL'S PAPER.

VOL. 5. FLEMINGTON, N. J., AUGUST, 1873. No. 6.

FAREWELL!

BY THE EDITOR.

How sad it is to part!
Indeed how sad is this,
To grasp the hand, imprint the kiss,
Once and forever.

Dear friends, we now must part:
The Monthly bids adieu
To every one of you,
Its friends.

For two years and a-half
We have traveled together,
Through fair and foul weather,
Toward the end.

The Monthly now is "non est."
It has had a short career,
[illegible] days
Because short.

May none of us prove false,
But may we happy be.
In peace and unity,
Forever.

And when this life is o'er,
May we in heaven dwell,
And the great chorus swell
Of the angels.

ORIGINAL STORIES.

PLAYING FALSE.

BY LARRY S. MOTT,

Author of "Conquering a Coquette," "My Grievous Affliction," "Nellie's Plan," "Survive or Perish," "Young Conductor," "Ups and Downs," "Newsboy's Return," "Locked Up," "Life on the Border," "My Last Fear," "A Real Girl," "Unexpected," "The Result of an Omnibus Ride," "In a Fix," "Caught Napping," "A Noble Act," "False or True," "The Wrong Man," "A Freak Frustrated," etc., etc., etc.

"Excuse me, sir."

"You are entirely excusable, sir."

And yet there was such marked haughtiness and coldness in the tone of the last speaker that Clarence Holbrook, the first speaker, turned and gave the other a searching glance. They had been on the stairs of the counting-house of Warren, Knapp & Co.—the one ascending, the other descending. Clarence, in ascending, accidentally trod on one of the feet of the stranger descending. This called forth the conversation which opens our narrative.

Clarence Holbrook was a clerk in the firm above mentioned, and was striving his best to mount to a higher position. At present there was a chance of his becoming book-keeper—in fact, we may say he almost felt certain that the position would be his. Through the three years during which Clarence had been employed in the firm of Warren & Co. he had conducted himself in a manner that would bear the severest criticism. He had been faithful, upright and attentive. The secret of his steadiness lay not in his own firmness of mind, but in his having the spirit of his Savior within his breast. He was a christian, and more than that, was not ashamed of being such.

This was the day when the position of book-keeper would be given to some one deemed worthy of it. As Clarence entered the room, he saw that already the momentous question had been decided. Clarence was in a feverish anxiety. Was he chosen? Had he been appointed to the long sought position? He knew not; but he soon learned, and it was with a heavy heart that he went to his work. A man by the name of Thomson had been chosen—Harold Thomson. He (Harold) came with the very highest recommendations—unexceptionable, the firm said.

The next day the new book-keeper came. Clarence recognized him at once. It was the man whom he had met on the stairs.—He was fine looking, prepossessing in appearance, and yet Clarence felt certain that beneath that agreeable exterior there was lurking a mind as evil as can be imagined.

Clarence gave very little thought to the stranger, until about a week after, when he met him walking with Emily Warren, the daughter of the head of the firm. He bowed. Emily smiled, but Harold never so much as noticed him. Clarence loved Emily with all the devotion a man can love. His was that pure, unselfish love that it seems to us the angels in heaven must bear toward each other and their Father. To say that Clarence was jealous would not be treating him right, or begin to express the feelings that shot through his mind with the rapidity of a thunderbolt. He felt assured Emily had never before shown any degree of attention to any one other than himself. He felt miserable. That night he called. While he was enjoying himself with Emily, Harold entered. Emily immediately arose to meet him, and after that devoted herself more to Harold than to Clarence. Clarence noticed the brow of Harold contract into an ominous frown when he entered, but still he thought it might have been the effect of the strong light from the chandelier upon his eyes, he having just emerged from the darkness of the street. Clarence stayed only a few minutes after Harold entered.

* * * * *

Only a dim light was seen in the counting house of Warren & Co. That light was in the book-keeper's office. Its dim light made fitful shadows on the wall, which a less sensitive mind than Clarence Holbrook's might have construed into goblins, ghosts, and everything ghastly. But Clarence heeded not the dancing sprites on the wall. He was intent upon the form of Harold Thomson, who was coolly deducting dollar after dollar from the safe, and then cancelling it from the book. Clarence was stupefied with amazement. As much as he had suspected the book-keeper, his suspicions had never gone as far as this. Softly and cautiously he entered the presence of Harold, and before the book-keeper was aware of his intrusion, spoke:

"Harold Thomson, unless you wish to have your name and honor destroyed by one blow, replace that money and alter those books."

Harold jumped as if shot; but he was an old hand at this work, so he soon recovered himself and said:

"Well, sir, and what if I don't replace this money? What will you do, sir?"

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THE YOUTH'S MONTHLY.
AN AMATEUR JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE YOUNG.

JOHN F. HARNED, 1776 "PERSEVERANCE." 1876 616 WEST STREET.

VOL. 3, No. 2. CAMDEN, N. J., AUGUST, 1873. Terms: 25 cts. a year. Single copies 3 cts.

The First Flowers.

BY FRANK A. EVANS.

I remember long ago,
Where the flowers used to grow
By the brook;
How, beneath the swinging vine
I have sat many a time
With a book.

In the water I would toss
A little tuft of moss,
To see it float,
When, amid a merry cry,
The breeze would waft it by
Like a boat.

Ah, the flowers they grow there now,
By that old way-worn bough,
Where I read;
But to me they're not as dear
As the old ones—but I fear
They are dead!

ON BOARD THE IRENE.

OR THE

REBEL SMUGGLERS.

BY PICKWICK.

Author of "Secret Cave", "Foiled" etc., etc.

About thirty miles from New York bordering the Hudson, is a large, white school house known as the Hudson Institute.

It is a pleasant edifice, containing about seventy-five scholars, most of them boarders. In front of the building a well kept lawn slopes down to the water edge where there stood a boat house containing several skiffs and a four oared gig, while a beautiful sloop yacht about thirty feet in length rode at anchor near the house.

Of the school management we have little to speak, sufficient to say that it was a firm and healthy school both physically and mentally. Our tale principally concerns the boat house.

Every term an election was held for the purpose of appointing boat men from among the boys, and without their consent no boat was allowed to be used. It frequently happened that unruly boys were chosen for this office, but by degrees they began to have pride in their behavior and tried to give general satisfaction.

Some people may think the government of this school singular and injudicious. It certainly was the former but instead of boys being brought up under the supervision of their teachers, and being always dependant on them in their emergencies they were fearless and self-reliant, and got out of their numerous scrapes without the assistance or even knowledge of the teachers.

At the begining of the fourth term, Mr. Markland told the boys that he placed the boats entirely in the hands of the boatmen and at the same time candidly informed them that a good deal of danger attended the use of them and cautioned the boatmen to be careful to whom they gave the sail boat, and the boys who managed it. Having done this he ceased to have any more to do with them. It is true that many boys had unfortunate upsets and duckings, but by degrees they learnt to be careful and a better regulated set of young sailors was hard to be found.

At the beginning of the fall term of 1863 Frank Russel and Walter Madden, held the much coveted office. These boys were popular, generous and pleasant, but were slightly unruly. However the principal hoped in time they would be cured of their faults.

At twelve o'clock one night in the middle of September, the boys were awakened in their chamber over the boat room by the rattling of chains and the sound of footsteps in the room beneath them. Hastily springing out of bed they looked through a small trap in the floor which commanded a view of the room beneath and to their alarm they discovered four men in the act of taking out the gig.

The boys were strictly informed that they should never call upon the authorities except in extreme and difficult cases so Frank determined to prevent the robbery with no other help than Walter's.

"Quick! Don't be all night about it," growled the leader, lighting a pipe. By pulling, pushing and shoving, the boat was deposited in the canal which was in the centre of the room. "There, now, get some oars and pile in," said the man with the pipe. In a few minutes the boat was noiselessly pushed out and the men disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

"Quick! Come down and help me launch a skiff," exclaimed Frank.

"Going to tell Markland?" inquired Madden.

"Markland! no, I'am going to manage the thing myself. I hope they hav'nt taken the "Bull Frog." Madden descended the steps not quite so confident in his companion.

"No, she's all right!" exclaimed Frank, as he caught sight of the tapers through the window.

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YOUNG DEMOCRAT.

S. L. C. MORRIS, EDITOR] *Frank, Fearless & Democratic.* [ONLY TEN CENTS A YEAR.

VOL. 2.---NO. 9. MARCH, 1878. Whole No. 20.

NEWS FROM THE WAR.

Gaily the paper man
Touched his guitar,
While he was reading the
News from the war,
Singing, 'You bet your boots
Now here'll be fun;
We don't care who it shoots,
War has begun.
He sang as how he knew,
Six months before,
There'd have to be a Eu-
Ropean war.
Now he was glad enough
That it had come,
And his heart laughed at the
Roll of the drum.
But, when the Czar at last
Arming his youth,
Sent Petrovlerskichravst
Over to Pruth;
When Ibraimrustchukus
Met Stchobiclefst,
Sighed the newspaper man,
"Give us a rest."
No rest—for Khalifat-
Irtshuskcamos-
Dairpistefoalmat-
Phrstchigolos
Met in the field where
Guiguervenogrih-
Wallahnoskwapchtinere-
Prstch, etc.

OH, HUSH!

Hearts were made to break;
Hands were made to squeeze;
Eyes were made to rove about,
And make men do as you please.
Ears were made to burn;
Feet were made to show;
Girls were made to flirt with men,
But men with the girls—oh, no!
Waists were made to hug;
Tongues were made to tune;
Arms were made to circle the girls,
And lovers were made to 'spoon.'
Eye-lids were made to droop;
Cheeks were made to blush;
Hair was made to curl and friz,
And lips were made—Oh, hush!

An advertisement in this paper pay well. Try it.

ARTISIAN WELL.

Near Ligonier is a natural curiosity which greatly interests all the visitors to this vicinity. It is a spring from which there continually gushes a stream of cold water. We understand that at one time the water would rise to the height of 60 feet; but of late years, owing to nuisances perpetrated by some mischevious persons, it comes only two feet above the surface. In the year 1844 this enterprise was commenced by Wm. Boyd, of Philadelphia. for the purpose of obtaining salt water, and was managed by Philip Miller. After arriving at a depth of 700 or more feet, the undertaking was found to be fruitless. The water, however, is of a very decided mineral taste. When disturbed it is effervescent. At present we can fairly estimate the volume of water issuing from the well to be about 50 gallons per minute. Doubtless the manner in which this well was dug or bored would interest our readers. A long pole (generally called a spring pole,) resting upon another upright piece of timber, was the means of making the descent. If we look at the wonderful improvements in sinking wells since then, we find the oil regions, in some of our northern counties, thickly settled with "derricks." Steam has materially taken the place of mans more slavish work. 'Tis true a great deal of well-boring in these days, is done by the hand of man. In many cases the "portable engine" has taken the place admirably. To resume our story, we can say that it is a beautiful sight, well calculated to delight the numerous Pittsburghers who spend one or more months of the hot season in our romantic and inviting town and surroundings.

A MINISTER'S JOKE.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father which stated that he "had married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected at home in a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there was weeping and wailing and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things said. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came the home was anything but inviting. At last the Rev. Mr. —— came, but he was alone. He greeted his daughters as usual, and as he viewed the neglected apartments there was a merry twinkle in his eye. The daughters were nervous and evidently anxious. At length the eldest mustered courage and asked, "Where is our mother?" "In heaven," said the good man. "But where is the widow with six children whom you wrote you had married?" Why, I married her to another man, my dears."

THIS conundrum is respectfully submitted to the best speller: If S-i-o-u-x spells su, and e-y-e spells eye, and s-i-g-h-e-d spells side, why d o n' t s-i-o-u-x-e-y-e-s-i-g-h-e-d spell suicide?

AN exchange says that the girls declares that there is too much shirt collar and too little young man in the present fashions to suit their tastes.

AN exchange says women have adopted the suspender as part of their costume. Well, what of it, if they will wear the trowsers, let 'em wear the suspenders too.

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THE WESTERN WORLD.

ECLECTIC MONTHLY.

VOL. II. ST. LOUIS, MO. SEPT.-OCT., 1886. NO. 1-2.

Queen of Evening.

By CAXTON STANLEY.

Crimson flushes turn to gray
In the western sky;
Twilight, deepening, fades away;
Darkness draweth nigh:
One fair planet, softly bright,
Bathed in limpid silver light,
Leads the starry hosts of night
In their march on high.

Myriads of twinkling spheres
In that mighty band
Dim their light when she appears,
As by her command.
All the worlds that heaven fill,
Loving, yet revering still,
Follow, proud to do her will—
Lead as by her hand.

Marvel not that distant suns
In her train are seen;
Marvel not the proudest ones
Bows to her, their queen.
Stars and planets, great and small,
Suns and satellites and all
Heaven's hosts obey her call
With a lowly mien.

Slowly gliding toward the west,
Soon to pass from view—
Stars, when she has gone to rest,
Who will think of you?
When the grim horizon's bar
Hides her in the dark afar,
All your light will only mar
Heaven's beclouded blue.

—*Our Free Lance, 1877.*

Midnight Music.

By HARRY S. BARLER.

Yes, we did it, We had reached that advanced stage of lunacy—the walking stick and paper collar era—and we actually did this thing—we went serenading.

Tom carried a dashing little violin, a high-strung, wheezing instrument that cracked and squeaked in a most demoralizing manner throughout every mortal note and every mortal tune, and let loose some of the most mournful vibrations that ever ascended from heaven or earth. Mine was of a wholly different make, and howled out, far-stilling the sound of Tom's, many a loud screech, like the last dying shriek of some supremely tortured being.

Tom had a deep bass voice; mine was a tenor, and together with our instruments and ourselves, what heavenly strains we could create.

It was midnight. We had reached the scene of action. It was a fine looking, large brick house, and within its walls dwelth———

They were sisters. Tom claimed one and I the other, you know. Tom's was sweet sixteen; mine was nearly two years younger. We seated ourselves on the veranda in front. There was the muffled sound of vibrating chords as the instruments were tuned—a slight grating discord as the rosin scraped the bow. And then——

"We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

Long drawn, loud and harsh. Again once,

(*Continued on fourth page.*)

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#23

Western Review

Harrell Publishing Company

50c Per Year — **4418 Worth St., Dallas, Texas** — **Copy 5c**

Vol. 1 — *APRIL, 1931* — *No. 2*

APR 29 1944

WITH THE EDITOR

"Time and Tide" they say "waits for no man," so we have awakened from our dreams to catch a mere glimpse of father time winging his way to parts unknown while we are ingulfed by the tide, the rythmic flow of this thing called work has us almost snowed under and we find ourselves bringing up the rear with not even the ranks of a good soldier. We are on our way however, and though much later than we anticipated, we will try to keep the ball rolling.

We feel greatly encouraged, and indebted to the many readers who have written us letters of encouragement and congratulations. All this we appreciate very much as it helps us along the way and makes us want to give you a better paper. We did not realize our dreams of a larger paper for this issue, but we believe in being sure even though slow.

Keep up your encouragement, if you believe in the little paper say so, if not keep it to yourself, may be we can fool the rest. You know editors are human after all in spite of their reputation, and when they find they are pleasing others they work their silly heads off.

There were a few mistakes in the first issue, and you may find a few in this one, if so, please excuse them then forget them and we will all get along fine.

We are publishing the preface of "Service Days" by Louis A. Kurtz, in this issue. This story will deal more with the intimate side of conditions over there, and will be published in book form at a later date.

We have the promise of several articles when the little paper gets large enough to carry them, which we hope will not be long, in the mean time we will do the best we can with what we have.

SPRING TIME

Spring is here, clothed in all its beauty, robes of purple, green and gold combined with every tint of the rain bow, gorgeous blossoms from the faintest hue to the deepest dye, the air pregnant with its prefume, the soft yellow sunlight shining through this setting to reveal a tempting carpet of green and the whole world in love.

Why shouldn't we be in love with all nature bursting forth in a new gown, new life, new zeal, a new determination to do its best once more, soft breezes sighing, song birds twiting their love song, mating, building, planing, why should we not get a thrill out of all that and join the happy throng, sing songs, build homes, make love and dance with the sunbeams.

Live a life that others seeing your great happiness will want to climb to the hilltops where the sun shines eternally and spread the glad tidings to their fellow man.

Life in a great measure is what we make it, we invite trouble by being to hasty, we invite sickness by neglect and poverty by living to fast and to high for our means. Love life, love your neighbor, love your wife, or husband, remember spring time is love time, the greatest commandment was to love, there are to many lovely things in this old world not to find something to live for and be happy in the living.

Get out of the grouch, if you feel one coming on go fishing, go to the park, the country, get out in the great open spaces and take stock, count your blessings, you will be surprised at the great wealth you posess.

Make a garden, plant flowers, raise chickens, make yourself a paradise, sing that song you may be run out of town but you will at least get some exercise by it any way.

Count the stars, count the blossoms on the trees, weigh the fragrance in the air, you can do that just as well as you can change this old world and run it to suit yourself, so quit trying and be content and happy, give to the world the best that is within you.

You could not hurt me when you threw me hate
For you found steel you could not penetrate
But when you hurl your love against my shield
I am defenseless it is good to yield.

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The
WESTERN WRITER
The United Amateur Press Association of America

Vol. I. Winter, 1932 No. 1

Using the Author's Ladder

¶ Just A Word of Friendly Advice About Trying To Leap A Wall That Is Too High For You

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

Melvin H. Gibson

EVERY amateur writer has the hope of breaking into the *Saturday Evening Post* with a story, poem, or article, that will make the world sit up and take notice of a new star in the firmament. *Collier's, The Atlantic Monthly, The Ladies' Home Journal*—he reads them all with care and slants his material accordingly. A new story is written, revised carefully, rewritten again, and finally mailed away in its finished form. In two weeks it returns with a neatly engraved card warning him not to be discouraged but that the manuscript was not suited to their needs. Too frequently the amateur writer and the beginning professional becomes discouraged over these repeated failures —if they consider them as such. I want to give you another angle to the writing game—to point out a ladder which leads over the wall you may be trying to leap at a single bound, when that wall is too high for your strength to scale without aid.

I am not a success as a writer. Far be it from me to pose as a successful author. In fact, this year is the first year I have made expenses at writing. Heretofore my money for paper, stamps, ribbons, and envelopes came from the daily wage. It was only this summer that I came alive to opportunity's knocking and let her wake me up with a resounding whack. Since that time I have made my evenings' work and my Sunday's labor pay their expenses. My fund has swelled until I have hopes of buying myself a new typewriter for a Christmas present. In the beginning I made a mistake I hope you have not made. If you have, then perhaps my advice will help you to help yourself. If you have not encountered the usual obstacles, then I can help you find the right detour to that paved highway to success.

From the time I finished high school up to date, my ambition to be a writer has not changed. I have modified it, however. My first stories for professional consumption were airy things about far-away lands, wars, and feuds of which I knew less than nothing at

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An Editorial

CHRIST OR CIGARETTES
By HAROLD D. BEARCE

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Frank Bailey

MOUNTAIN AND MAN
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BACKSTAGE
With Arthur Brooks

X-PR 4527

WORLD CONTACT

A NATIONAL AND UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PAPER

Vol. II JUNE, 1933 No. 3

APR 29 1944

THE LITTLE BUDDHAS

By *ALEXANDER L. OSTROW*

There's Not An Idle Word In This Story Of Action.

"THE incense burners from the Orient, I would like to purchase them. What is the price?" The sloe eyed Oriental was obviously used to being obeyed.

Lawrence York smiled, as though recalling an old joke from which he hadn't yet recovered. "Incense burners are not in my regular line," he said. "I can get them for you only when an advance order is placed."

"Come, we must hasten this affair," Chang Fu admonished. "Persons in my employ saw them delivered here, made certain the little Buddhas were here. I must have them, and have little time to bargain."



"What is this?" Larry interjected. "Are you trying to kid me about a spy system?"

The customer's almond eyes flashed. "Enough nonsense," he stated imperiously. "I am here to buy. You are here to sell. Let us do business."

"The incense burners that were delivered here were pre-ordered," Larry stated. They were paid for, and are not for sale. I can have exactly the same variety for you, imported direct from China, within one month, at the extremely low price of one dollar per piece."

"To the devil with your nonsense!" the Oriental cursed. "Where are the little Buddhas?"

"They are not here."

"It's a lie! They were not seen to leave this store." The Chinaman leaned menacingly over the counter. "I warn you," he muttered in an un-

(Continued on page four.)

CHOOSE
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA
FOR THE 1934 NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CONVENTION

#31

The

WESTERN WRITER

The United Amateur Press Association of America

Vol. I Spring, 1933. No. 2.

PR 29 1944

VIEWPOINT IN WRITING

By Eardley F. Atkinson
Editor
Now & Then

THOUGH still at the foot of the hill of the upward climb of being a successful writer, I have learned a great many of the secrets. Gladly I pass a little of that knowledge on to my fellow workers.

In writing the modern short story, it seems quite essential that the author strive for a single unit of effect and viewpoint. In the novel it is permissable to leave the hero in a mess at the end of one chapter and show the heroine getting out of one in some other part of the country in the next. Not so with the short story. The writer should select a viewpoint through which he is to tell the story. This viewpoint should by one that can be used in telling all necessary action to make the story plausible.

As an example, let us say we are writing a story about John and Mary. Supposing John is with us throughout the story and we see only occasional glimpses of Mary. That leaves but one choice. The viewpoint must be that of John or a companion who is with him at all times and in whom John confides his thoughts and feelings.

All right--now let's have John and Mary fight. That is a common thing between man and woman--especially if they are married.

And the story goes on--

John controlled the hot words that were hurrying to his lips. He wanted to say them--still, he knew that would only make matters worse. He watched Mary's face and wondered what she was thinking. The sparkle of fire in her eyes told him the less he said the better off he would be.

So much for John. Here we have a paragraph of his viewpoint. The reader sees what he thinks and does The reader observes how John feels. But we cannot go on in the next paragraph and say--

Mary saw John bite his lip and she knew he was holding back things he would like to say. This was like heaping coals on the fire of her anger and she fought to control herself.

To say this, we would lose the unity and would be giving Mary's viewpoint. To continue the story in the original strain, we must have John guess what Mary is thinking, or have him form a conclusion by watching her expressions and actions. Better still, she can tell him what she thinks something like this--

"Yes--you'd better bite your lip. You'd better not say those things. You have said too much already and for two cents I'd leave this place and you'd never see me again!"

Thus we keep the single viewpoint which will go a long way in producing unity and a single effect in writing. And I hope John has a couple of pennies in change!

Practice this little exercise. It comes easy and natural with experience.

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THE

WESTERN WRITER

The United Amateur Press Association of America

Vol. I. Summer, 1933. No. 3.

Is the United getting childish? Are the Writers and Editors lacking originality and fostering stagnatiton? A new member,

Tom Maynard

writes of

APR 29 1944

Re-Inoculation

AS a newcomer into the ranks of the United, through the recent membership drive, I find a condition which causes me to question whether amateur journalism can rise to the success expected of it. If ever an organization needed constructive criticism, and a bit of revolutionary idealism injested into it, the UAPA is in first place.

Passing over what may have been the history of the organization, I am aware there is a strong sentiment among old members, that amateur journalism has fallen short of the position and success it should have attained. It is still a lazy brook; seemingly content in its own sluggishness when it should be a rapid current. Perhaps amateur journalism should move so slowly-albeit a contrast to everything else in our modern age-but I doubt it. Amateur journalism seems to hover on the brink of stagnation-to become a fossil in the museum of memory.

First, to stimulate and hold the interest of new members, the editors must change their editorial requirements. It is akin to childish pettiness to print such clap-trap mss, as have been put into type in recent months. Only two papers have appeared to stand above this practice; and I note in the exchange comments that those two papers are quickly praised and head the lists. Yet the followers can not take the hint.

Poetry is wonderful writing-in its place. It may be quite the thing to gaze at the heavens and report the spectrum in a sunset-or rave about the charm of mother nature. But star-gazing profits a. j. nought. You would expect to find such authorship in the magazines for the blind! In the name of tolerance for suffering humanity desist publishing these sonnets to the wind, these prayers to nature's beauty, and otherwise fostering such drab ego. Already, greater writers than our amateur pens can ever hope to be, have said all that is worthy about sunsets, love, nature, and pretty flowers. Me thinks a. j. readers are fed up on such empyreanism.

A mighty promising amateur journal came in a recent mail. I was prepared to find something different from the tone of its makeup and title. Before two pages, I had run amuck in a recount of an advanture in a snowstorm! Even if rhetorically a masterpiece, the text was about asstimulating as hunting cobwebs in the cellar. (Continued on Page 6.)

X-PN 4827

Western Breezes

VOL. 1 SPRING 1934 NO. 2

APR 29 1944

"OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS. . . ."

Many people talk about going "way out west" where they can enjoy the bountiful gifts of nature. "Bountiful gifts" cannot describe in full what the West has in store. We here in Humboldt County pride ourselves as being as far west as we please, and anyway if we went any further, we would drown in old father Pacific who has been drumming away for ages, and swallowing old man Sunshine who casts fantastic shadows among the age old Redwoods.

It is in this setting that we are, and the "Redwood" and "Western Breezes" quarterlies are being published. These two papers are the most westerly amateurs in the country. Besides possessing the above honor, we can say that we are proud of our loyalty to good old U. A P. A. which is making itself felt throughout the nation.

X-PN 4837

Western Breezes

VOL. 1 SUMMER 1934 NO. 3

APR 2 1934

KNOCKERS

During the last few months, little fanatics have tried their best to make the present Franklin D. Roosevelt administration appear as the citizens' worst enemy. They come forth with startling condemnations, which would make any Communist blush, they yell and scream shouting their best. These little fanatics call in a newspaper correspondent, and in the morning the "hot air" becomes a morning headline. At last you can see it is only a publicity stunt.

Up to the present time there have been no upheavals or revolutions caused by these wiry publicity hounds. It makes good reading matter, but what about the impression left on the foreigners?

The most recent to come in the limelight, was the educator at Gary, Indiana. In a clevarly pulled publicity stunt which showed up any Communist, he pulled a lot of "hooey" (not Huey) and almost got his foot in it. Such small trifles certainly do not help a democracy A good American citizen who upholds what is right will surely do his share and "blackeye" these "loudmouths" and aid our President and our country. This noise will die a natural death.

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
PHOTOPRINT
APR 29 1944

WESTERN BREEZES

VOL. 1 AUTUMN - WINTER 1934 NO. 4

Sea Foam

In soft white heaps the sea foam lay
Upon the sea beach smooth and grey.
The wind blew it along.
It lay like drifted snow banks white,
The shafts of falling golden light
Made countless rainbows throng.

A moment lovely, then to sea
The wind takes it so carelessly.
Its vast source shares.
Its changing beauty filled my heart
And carried me afar — apart
From fretful cares.

What more my life in times great space
Than sea foams dancing fairy grace,
In its brief course —
A moment here then wafted on,
So like the sea foam it is gone
Back to its source.

But one thing left behind —
Its living beauty in my mind.
God may my life leave some.

H. K. F. (Written for W.B.)

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WANDERINGS

VOL. 1 SPRING 1934 NO. 1

APR 29 1944

* OUTSET *

The initial issue of WANDERINGS is before you. The virgin setting of new press and type brings to you the first published wanderings of our feeble brain. In subsequent issues we will endeavor to continue to follow that wayward animal, on all the rocky paths, through all the dismal valleys, to all the dizzy heights, where it may lead us.

If we come to some abrupt, foolish, profitless conclusion, in an out of the way cul de sac, it will be because we have not followed the directions and advice of more experienced navigators. If, on the other hand, we should find a fairy garden in some supposedly barren land; if we should pierce some previously unpassable wall of thought; if we should, in our planless ventures, discover a new Garden of Eden; it will be from the same cause.

CONT. ON NEXT PAGE

LIBRARY OF

WANDERINGS

VOL. 1 SUMMER 1934 NO. 2

With Apologies to a Greater Name

The wind was a torrent of madness among the gusty trees,
The sun was a burning torture riding on cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of whiteness as far as their eyes descried,
And the bicyclers went riding,
Riding, riding,
The bicyclers went riding, up the old mountainside.

Clank-clank, clank-clank! Could you hear it? The chains and grinding gear;
Clank-clank, clank clank, in the distance? You were deaf if you could not hear.
Over the ribbon of whiteness, up to the brow of the hill,
The bicyclers went riding,
Riding, riding!
Panting and puffing and plugging! Yet pushing and riding still!

Grind-grind, in the burning silence! Rattle-rattle, up the echoing road!
Nearer they came and nearer! The sight was a wonderful goad!
Their eyes grew wide for a moment! They drew one great deep breath,
Then the bicycles stopped in the sunlight,
The bicycles dropped in the sunlight,
They looked around in the sunlight, and drew another breath.

* * * * *

And still of a summer's day, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the sun is a burning torture tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of whiteness; though all their friends deride
The bicyclers go riding,
Riding, riding,
The bicyclers go riding, up some old mountainside.

—BY THE EDITORS—THE BICYCLERS THEMSELVES

COMPLIMENTARY

"SAVE THIS ISSUE — IT'S HISTORY!"

Winchie Walters' Note Book

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE YOUNGER SET

Vol. I—No. I Belmont, Mass., Jan. 24, 1934 .02 cts. per copy

A WORD TO OUR FUTURE READERS

Through popular favoritism and demand, the gossip-writings of Winchie Walters are again brought to life in "Winchie Walters' Note-book"—a publication which will act as spokesman and official organ of the younger set. While we are in no way connected with any educational institution, we will, however, deal with the environment of the school youth. Our main aims are to give true facts, to give NEWS, and to be informative. We invite you to become a regular contributor to YOUR amateur Journal.

WINCHIE WALTERS.

AT THE KEYHOLE

Here's to you, a couple breaker—
Are you back, you trouble maker?
Snooping into our affairs
Always breaking up our pairs,
Making all of us so blue,
On account of you, yes you!
Minding business but your own
On a trolley, party, phone;
Turn a key-hole you will peek
Getting knowledge which you seek—
Belmont's dirt—but just the same,
We admire your funny game,
Even though you make us blue.
Writing facts we know are true.

HAROLD A. SANDSTROM.

THE STORY at present seems to be in regard to the strange anonymous phone call one J. F. received a fortnight or so ago. Facts have it the person at the end of the wire told him his girl friend C. M., had been missing for three days, further stating it was her mother speaking, and she wanted to know if he knew anything of the disappearance. Declining all knowledge of the affair, in determined gulps and gasps, the wide-eyed youth told the supposedly Mrs. M. he knew nothing what-so-ever of the mysterious happening, and at the click of the receiver sank his weary body in a chair, trying to clear his buzzing head. Startled by a shrill ring, he took up the ear piece for the second time that evening and the following message played upon his eardrums: "My dear C. has just come home.—Don't worry any more, J.—She was just down to Waverley Oaks, collecting water-blisters from Beaver Brook."

Who was the Belmont High athlete who recently passed up an offer of going to Andover, with all expenses paid?

The cause for blonde Gladys Bragg's heart to flutter is, no doubt, a Mr. G. B. of Melrose. She has three (at least) pictures of him and does she keep them with her all the time?—Well I guess!

Those of us who knew Miss Morton of junior high teaching fame, may be interested to know that she is now in the employ of Wilton, New Hampshire, schools.

FLASH!—FLASH!—Did you hear about Barbara Fisher's red-painted toe-nails?

"Noel" Calabro is a candidate for agricultural school.—Wants to raise chickens, I understand.

Marian Bresslin isn't going with Neil Powell any more. However, the couples who are rumored as going together are:

Lucille Montgomery	Dave Swisher
Eleanor Jackson	Sonnie Robinson
Louise Lapoen	Bob Holmes
Eleanor McMurdie	Bob Rideout
Betty Cowan	Hal Brown
Margarett Talbot	George Montville
Roberta MacMillan	Herbert Macurdy
Dot Andrews	Dave Donnelly
Carolyn Carleton	Walter Ayer
Nancy Cairns	Bob Franklin
Ruth Mentzer	Warren Tuttle
Louise Watson	Eddie Connihan
Jean Meehan	Francis Costello

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#39

THE YANKEE

FOR LITERARY INDEPENDENCE

SUMMER, 1935

APR 29 1944

PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

BY LAFAYETTE BOAL

WHEN we turn the leaves in the book of life, while traveling down the corridors of time, we realize that we live in an epoch of hypocrisy, puerile deception and superficiality.

As a modern among moderns, in a materialistic age, we deeply realize and feel the scientific, historical, and philosophical truth about life and man. Remember the adage—relative to mundane affairs—which I paraphrase: We are the arbiters of our destiny, the masters of our fate—to a certain extent, along the trail.

Shakespeare, the great peer and philsopher, voiced a truism when he said, "We are only actors on the stage of life." Really life is a great venture, the voyage on the sea of life.

On this great voyage through life harmony is essential to happiness. Harmony from within. Harmony from discord. Peace from confusion. Joy from sorrow. Love from hate. Cheerfulness from gloom. Optimism from pessimism. All nature is harmonious. It functions according to natural laws. Plant life is harmonious. There s harmony in animal life. The various planets of the universe function in perfect harmony. Only man is not harmonious, collectively, unless he discards hate, fear, greed, superstition and selfishness from his archaic concepts and social ideas on life, on society, on races, on government and civilization.

Man needs a reorientation of social concepts and a new philosophy of life. Then and then only will man achieve the very acme of human happiness—the supremacy of civilization.

X-PN 4927 F40

The Yankee

FOR LITERARY INDEPENDENCE

VOL. 1 FALL, 1935 NO. 2

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

by Wilbur W. Close

They say America will not live forever. They say that it will pass out of existence. When asked for proof of their astounding statements, they point with a certain amount of pride to the ruined civilizations of the past and say, "Take Peru, for instance. She had a civilization as high as that of ours. Tons of gold were dug from her mines and the people were learned. Rome had the highest type of civilization known to our world. Her armies are the envy of our modern generals. Her riches were unbounded. And Asia, especially Asia Minor, had a type of civilization that surpassed any of ours! In fact, they are always finding the remains of a ruined civilization. Is it not sheer folly, then, to believe that America will survive where other countries have failed? No, sir, America is going to go down just as the old countries have gone."

Correct, I admit, from the historical point, but not from the practical. There is a point that none of those prejudices have noticed. All of these civilizations were **pagan**. They didn't believe in a God as we do. Their protector was a stone or piece of wood. When the battle was lost, the God of War was at fault. When the crops failed, the God

(Continued on Page 3)

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Western Breezes

APR 29 1944

"Loyal to the United."

Vol. 2 Spring-Summer, 1935 No. 5

"FAIR LAMOILE."

A cottage stood on a river's bank
On dear New England's soil;
A little stranger came to stay--
And they named her "E. Lamoile."

Full many years have passed away;
They left their Green Mountain home,
And that little one, now old and gray,
To sunset land has come.

Through many changes of joy and grief,
And often through care and toil,
Her heart beats warm and her pulse throbs quick,
When she thinks of the river "Lamoile."

--E. L. D.

5c "TOWN-BOOK TALKS" 5c

Winchie Walters' Notebook

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE YOUNGER SET

Vol. II, No. IV. Belmont, Mass., March 20, 1935. 5 cents per copy

Facts gained from the latest edition of the "Reports of the Town Officers"

Town-Book Talks

In the report of the attendance officer we were surprised to learn of the increase in the number of truants over 1933. In 1933, the figures were: 773 cases investigated and 118 found to be truants. In 1934, of 1045 cases investigated, 132 were found guilty of playing hookey! . . . (The other 913 must have been good fibbers!)...From the high school Librarian's report, we learn of a decrease in the number of readers from 16,414 in 1933, to



WATCH OUT!

16,050 in 1934, or a total of 364 pupils, who have either given up, or have not as yet cultivated the reading

Continued on Page 7

Border Bomb-Bursts

Who is the reason for two Watertown wenches to be seen in Cushing sq. so very often?...The telephone number "Middlesex 7367," has suddenly become a meaning for one Eddie Chapin.....Another of our Watertown neighbors to appear in print is Jean Gynan, who has captured the interest of Jimmie Gately.... A few other Watertowners recently told the Cushing sq., "TRAMPS" to keep TRAMPING....And fabulous facts are that Watertown's G. Fitzgerald has become tremendously interested in a certain T. S.....

Facts and Fancies....

Wonder if the DARTMOUTH fellow with whom Jean Wardsworth had a recent date was GREEN? Or was he necessarily rooting for HARVARD when he turned a bit CRIMSON?.... After "painting the town RED" with his party of Feb. 22nd, Hal Brown has just finished painting the kitchen

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THE YANKEE



APR 29 1944

VOLUME 1 JANUARY, 1936 NUMBER 3

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THE YANKEE



VOLUME 1 FEBRUARY, 1936 NUMBER 4

THE YANKEE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944



VOLUME 1 MARCH, 1936 NUMBER 5

THE YANKEE



VOLUME 1 MAY, 1936 NUMBER 7

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WORLD NEWS

PHILLIP W. HARTZELL, Editor

VOL. VII. CARTHAGE, ILLINOIS, SPRING, 1936. NO. 2.

WINDY CITY ADOPTS EASTERN STANDARD TIME

Time Took Effect March 7

Chicago, the famous city of World's Fairs, night clubs, etc., moved a step eastward when they ushered in this spring, with Eastern Standard Time. This movement was voted by the City Council last fall. There were many complaints against this movement, but just the same it went into effect.

Chicago Third City to Adopt Movement

Long before Chicago, Detroit, Indianapolis and several other smaller cities adopted the Eastern Time movement. This has been of great value to all industrialized cities, as it makes an hour more of sunlight. It is expected that in a few years, many more rural and urban sections of the mid-west will move eastward.

THREE GREAT EXPOSITIONS TO BE HELD THIS YEAR

American tourists in whatever part of the country they live in, will have the advantage of a great exposition this summer. The famous San Diego Exposition, which was held with such great success last year, will be repeated this year. The Texas Centennial Exposition at Dallas will offer unlimited attractions to visitors, not only at Dallas, but all other cities of Texas.

The Great Lakes Exposition at Cleveland.

Cleveland, Ohio, will be the center of the famous Great Lakes Exposition, to be held this summer on the front of Lake Erie. Railroads, busses and highways will offer special privileges to tourists traveling to any of these expositions.

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WEEKLY TIMES TO ENLARGE ITS PUBLICATION

Alliance, Nebraska—Chenia Abegg, Editor and Publisher of The Weekly Times, and Secretary of the International Junior Journalists Association, returned from a trip to Denver, Colorado, where he purchased a new $160 8 x 12 printing press and a $30 casting box, which will enable him to make his own cuts and maps. This new equipment, Editor Abegg expects to have in operation by June 1. He is also starting a campaign to increase the circulation of his paper. We congratulate Chenia on his accomplishment and wish him success in his undertaking.

TOURISTS WILL HAVE ADVANTAGES BY TRAIN THIS YEAR

This year is a red letter year for most American railroads, with their new streamlined trains, air conditioning and reduced rates. The Burlington railroad is inaugurating the famous Denver Zephyrs, which will run between Chicago and Denver, giving passengers ad-

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THE Wolverine

No. 1 GRAND RAPIDS Vol. 2

G. R. Convention Will Be Assured Large Delegation

From East, West, Midwest will come amateur journalists, printers, editors to attend the 61st convention of the National Amateur Press Association at Grand Rapids, July 2, 3, 4.

Far West delegation: Hyman Bradofsky, president; Marion Morcom, Victor Moitoret, Robert Rolley, Donald Ellis, Benton Wetzel, Virginia Winkelman.

From the South: Helm Spink, Edward Suhre plan to come.

Eastern delegate possibilities include: Ralph Babcock, Earl Bonnell, Vincent Haggerty, Edna Hyde MacDonald, Harold Segal, George Anderson. Walter Stevenson. Edwin Hadley Smith, Nita Gerner Smith.

Midwestern delegates will probably do most to enlarge attendance lists. Some of those planning to attend are: E. A. Edkins, Robert Dunlap, Buster Hoefer, Maurice W. Moe. Mr. and Mrs. Plasier.

Michigan amateurs are counted on to swell midwestern attendance by about 40, according to the reception committee.

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24 Attend Irish Hills Conference as Michigan Amateurs Hold Summer Meet

Members of Michigan's Amateur Press Association gathered at the Irish Hills, Michigan resort, Saturday and Sunday, May 30-31, avowedly to lay plans for July's NAPA meeting, actually to have a good time.

Beginning with a picnic on Saturday noon, the convention proceeded through a short business meeting and disbanded for sightseeing and recreation that evening.

Second business meeting was held Sunday morning on the porch of the Irish Hills Inn. Clyde Townsend proposed a library board, the members decided to hold a meeting during the NAPA convention in Grand Rapids.

(Continued on last page)

Buster Hoefer to Attend NAPA Meet

Buster Hoefer, editor and publisher of "The World's Smallest Newspaper" and new NAPA member of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, plans to attend the convention here in July, according to a letter from him.

The Sheboygan Weekly is edited by Buster who gained national recognition this spring when he went to New York, talked with celebrities including Mayor La Guardia, Jimmy Durante, Paul Whiteman, was entertained by New York newspapermen. He was interviewed over the NBC and Columbia networks while there.

The Sheboygan Weekly is a 12-page 8½ x 6½ paper printed on a ditto machine. It carries full-page ads from Kohler of Kohler and local merchants. According to a recent article in *Time* magazine, the editor is boosting ex-Gov. Kohler of Wisconsin for the presidency.

Eye Witness Tells All

On page three will be found a complete play-by-play account of the convention as recorded by a participant and eye witness, Mrs. Margaret Nickerson Martin. This report is supposed to be as unbiased and as complete as possible under the circumstances.

Detroit Publisher Plans Attendance

E. D. Stair, oldtime amateur, now publisher of The Detroit Free Press, plans to attend the July NAPA meet, according to a letter from him received by the convention committee.

"One of the most joyful memories of my life," Mr. Stair states, "is the days when as an amateur in the attic of my parent's home in Morenci, Michigan, my brother Orin and I conducted an amateur printing business. We established a little monthly paper called *Our Boys and Girls*, put forth in the early 1870's."

Mr. Stair obtained his start in publishing through amateur printing and later putting out a weekly newspaper.

Rolley Plans 8,000- Mile Trip

Michigan may be the "Playground of a Nation," but the nation will be the playground of Robert Rolley, publisher of the *Tom-Tom*, this summer.

His itinerary to and from the Grand Rapids convention will include one of the longest trips an amateur ever took to attend a NAPA meeting, will delight those patriots who advise "See America First."

Portland, Winnepeg, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Grand Rapids, will constitute the first part of Rolley's 8000-mile trip; St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Dallas, Los Angeles, the second.

Victor Moitoret will accompany him on the first half of the trip, but will return straight to Oakland after the convention in order to attend Scout camp.

Beside the convention, Rolley plans to stop off at Haynesville to visit Eunice McKee; at Dallas, Texas, he will visit the Texas Centennial.

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THE Wolverine

Vol. 2. No. 2 | Grand Rapids, Mich. | July 2, 1936

TIEING THE LOOSE ENDS

An Editorial by R. B.

This past year has been a record-smasher in the field of recruiting. Over one hundred new members are reported to have joined the NAPA, more than ever before in any single twelve-month period.

But who are all these new members? What have they done? Are they going to do anything? How long will they stick — remain members of our association? In the words of one of our worthy contemporaries, "What the devil are they doing in a.j.?"

We regretfully confess that the majority of these newcomers are unknown to us. And why?

We tell recruits that the objectives of amateur journalism are writing and publishing. We accept their dollar dues, and leave them to sink or swim. If they take to the water, well and good; if not, what th' heck.

It is not our purpose nor intention to present arguments for or against discriminatory recruiting. What we desire to emphasize, though, is the belief that just as

Continued on pg. 2

School Honors Won By O. A. P. C.

Earning highest honors, seven members of the Oakland a.j. division: Helen Ackerly, Donald Ellis, Victor Moitoret, Marion Morcom, Jack Soens, Barrett Willson and Virginia Winkelman, graduated from Piedmont High School last month. Robert Rolley, also of the OAPC, received his diploma from Fremont High.

Marion Morcom, with a record of straight one's, was valedictorian of the class, while Virginia Winkelman, editor for three terms of the prize-winning school paper, Donald Ellis, and Jack Soens

continued on pg. 3

Representative Delegation Arrives for '36 Conclave



Prexy Bradotsky upon arrival at Hotel

NAPA Prexy Cites Impressions of G. R.

Pulling into the convention city early the morning of July 1, President Hyman Bradofsky was greeted at the station by a group of active amateurs and immediately taken to his suite in the Pantlind Hotel.

When questioned by a Wolverine reporter, the NAPA prexy expressed his admiration of the convention city. "It is certainly a beautiful city," Bradofsky exclaimed, "and is noticeable because of the lack of the great amount of noise that usually accompanies a city of this size. The absence of frequent traffic jams and the hospitality of the inhabitants are two qualities worthy of note."

Regarding the political situation, our president believes that Mrs. Martin will walk away with the presidency. He expressed no definite opinion concerning the other offices. Since Bradofsky himself is a candidate for the offi-

(Continued on last page)

First delegate to the 61st annual convention to arrive at the scene of the principal 1936 a.j. fireworks was ex-President Harold Segal. Telling his boss he was getting two weeks vacation or else he would be sick for two weeks, Segal boarded a train and established a Michigan residence at Hotel Macauley early Monday morning.

Busily at work in the Mayhew Press Tuesday evening, Printers Segal and Macauley were startled by a two-gun salute heralding the arrival of Miss Marion Morcom. "The Marionette" editress had come to deliver delegate Ralph Babcock, who two weeks previous had taken the wrong bus at Chicago and ended up in Oakland instead of Grand Rapids.

Close on their heels were three three California delegates: Robert Rolley, Vic Moitoret and President Hyman Bradofsky whose arrival Wednesday morning at 5:45 caused many a dark and scurrilous exclamation on the part of the receptioneers.

Surprised in her Hotel Pantlind room about noon was Edna Hyde McDonald, who opened her door expecting the plumber only to gaze upon the beaming countenances of a welcoming committee composed of all previous arrivals.

Virginia Winkleman and parents walked into the hotel lobby at 2:00 p.m., after completing the trip east from Oakland by auto.

Throughout the rest of the afternoon Reception Committee members continued anxiously scanning the sky, roads, and all incoming freight trains for signs of expected delegates, Edwin Hadley Smith and wife, George Andersen and Willard O. Wylie.

NAPA Secretary Margaret Martin and party, Mr. and Mrs.

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CANDID SNAPSHOTS

THE Wolverine

Vol. 2, No. 3 Grand Rapids, Mich. July 3, 1936

Martin Grabs Big Lead In Scanty Proxy Return

Meet Opens With Legal Wrangling

Bringing to a close the sixtieth year of the NAPA's existence, President Hyman Bradofsky opened the 61st annual convention at 11:25 yesterday morning in Hotel Pantlind.

Following an address of welcome by Sesta Matheison and the response by Maurice Moe, ex-President Townsend introduced the retiring executive, who then read his annual report.

Edward F. Fugre was appointed Vice President pro-tem, and his co-workers, the Proxy Committee, were named. The Auditing Committee consists of Vincent Haggerty, Harold Segal, Marion Morcom; the Resolutions Committee: E. H. Smith, Maurice Moe, Walter Goff.

When Custodian of Ballots, Lynn Pritchard, had turned over the 79 proxy ballots, Secretary Margaret Martin made her annual report. The membership now stands at 403. The recruits during the year total 112, and the Secretary reported receipts of $186.

As the convention turned to the question of accepting new members, Smith rose to protest the case of Walter J. Ellis, whose credential, he claimed, has never been submitted to the Secretary.

The assembly soon found itself involved in a heated tangle over the procedure of accepting new members. Messrs. Townsend, Spink, and Suhre spoke, Prexy Bradofsky bounced out of the chair in order to express himself, leaving Suhre to hold the parliamentary scales.

Mr. Haggerty jumped into the verbal fracas. Words went round and round and the convention came out nowhere. The gentleman of the Press at this point dis-

(Cont. on Page 2)

In spite of Suhre and earlier reports to the contrary, we are able to print the following:

FLASH! 12:05 A.M. Friday.

The following vote in the proxy balloting was learned early today by the Wolverine staff.

Presidential vote: Martin, 46; Spink, 14.

Vice-President: Coolidge, 41; Moitoret, 8.

Secretary: Stevenson, 45; Moitoret, 4; Bond, 3.

Treasurer: Morcom, 45; Stevenson, 3; Hinrichs, 2; Detrich, 2; Moitoret, 2.

Official Editor: Bradofsky, 40; Babcock, 12; Hinrichs, 4; Trainer, 5.

Judges: Suhre, 40; Spink, 42; Macauley, 46.

Convention Seat: Boston, 38; Cincinnati, 13; Reno, 3.

Amendments: Not carried.

SUHRE'S A LOUSE!

We regret that we cannot publish any news of the Report of the Proxy Committee because Mr. Ed. F. Suhre, probably for subversive reasons, absolutely refused to give the Wolverine this information.

This information has been given to the daily papers in recent conventions and it is wondered what political scheme Mr. Suhre has in mind. — THE STAFF.

Charged with determining the proxy vote in what will probably be one of the most contested and interest-fraught elections ever held, the 1936 Proxy Committee went into its huddle last night and emerged after several hours of (well, who knows what goes on in the Proxy meetings . . .)

After counting, recounting, and rechecking, the committee finally reached the results that may play a very important part in today's

(Cont. on Page 2)

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THE Wolverine

Vol. 2, No. 4 Grand Rapids, Mich. July 27, 1936

Martin Takes Over Reins of Office; Successful Banquet Caps Conclave

Townsend Toastmaster; Good Year is Fore Told

With the gay kaleidoscope of colorful dresses, white suits, silver gleaming on spotless napery, the banquet climax of the 61st annual NAPA convention came to a close. .

After a dinner of which the main course was stuffed roast duckling, Clyde Townsend assumed his duties as toastmaster. First speaker was George W. Macauley who told of the conception and planting of the presidents' field.

Following him was Willard O. Wylie who offered his benediction to Ralph Babcock and Marion Morcom. Next were Ex-president Bradofsky, Helm Spink, Vincent Haggerty told of the values of amateur journalism and Victor Moitoret was asked to introduce California delegates: Marion Morcom, who gave a toast to the National, Robert Roley who said that his 8000 mile trip had been

(Cont. on Page 4)

Morcom, Cantor Given Laureates

Included in the general order of business of yesterday's business session was the report of the laureate judges of the various fields. Most significant was the number of feminine amateurs who walks off with honors. A complete list of winners and those receiving honorable mention, respectively, follows: Editorial, Marion Morcom and Sesta T. Mathieson; Arthur Cantor, and Eugene B. Kuntz; Story, Edna Hyde MacDonald and William Haywood; History, Edwin Hadley Smith and Walter S. Goff; Essay, Howard T. Mitchell and R. H. Barlow.

Liz the Lizzard Here From Fla.

Library COPY APR 29 19 Florida State University

One of the latest arrivals at convention was "Orphelia" who was sent all the way from Pensacola, Fla., by Jack Bond. He first called on Robie Macauley who then accompanied him to the convention.

Orphelia was dressed in the latest creation, brown with a green stripe. He was a little out of sorts as he hadn't eaten since he left his home. He was presented to the assembled delegates by our "demon editor" Robie Macauley. Orphelia was received by much acclaim.

Wylie Dedicates Presidents' Field

The Presidents' Field at Macauley's Pine Springs Ranch was officially dedicated for posterity on the second day of the 61st annual convention. The inscription on the stone monument is inscribed: "To the memory of NAPA Presidents and the National Amateur Press Association."

Willard O. Wylie, 10th President of the NAPA, gave the opening address. This dedication, said he, was the most important event in the history of the NAPA.

President Bradofsky was then introduced and stated that the only other such memorial of amateur journalism was a plaque attached to a building in Philadelphia, the founding city, thirty years ago. When the building was torn down the plaque was removed to the City Institute Library.

Tributes to E. B. Swift and Will Murphy, ex-presidents who had died in the past year, were then paid by Willard O. Wylie

(Cont. on Page 4)

Proxies Rule Voting; Stevenson New Secretary

Margaret Nickerson Martin was overwhelmingly elected President Friday, July 3rd. She is the fifth woman to serve in this capacity.

A tidal wave of 105 votes swept "Maggie" into the presidency. She had no organized opposition.

The second day's session began at 10:30 with the reading of communications.

Following the election of Mrs. Martin, John T. Coolidge was voted into the vice-presidency. He was opposed by Victor Moitoret.

Walter F. Stevenson received a large preponderance of proxy votes and walked over his opponent, Jack Bond.

At this point the convention adjourned to the Macauley's Pine Springs ranch for the afternoon.

Business was resumed at eight in the evening when Marion

(Cont. on Page 3)

Visitors Cop Game With Slugging Spree

It was all Segal. His pitching was ragged at points, but he was deceptive enough to beat the Michigan team by the score of 7 to 1. The game was spirited and proved an interesting game both from the spectators and players views.

The game opened with a bang. Babcock hit the first ball for a home run. From then on the visitors controlled the lead.

The Michiganders are still muttering under their breath. The reason for this is that their pitcher, Robie Macauley's hand was injured. By gunpowder which as they pointed out was an uncommon accident in a base ball field.

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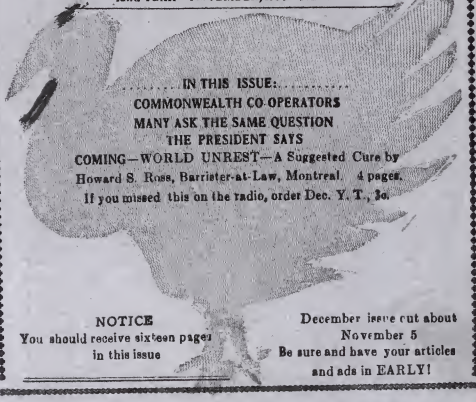
#52

For President:
NORMAN THOMAS
For Vice-President:
GEORGE NELSON

COMMUNIST PARTY
For President:
EARL BROWDER
For Vice-President:
JAMES W. FORD

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42nd YEAR NOVEMBER, 1936 NO 4



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VOLUME 7. NOVEMBER, 1937. NUMBER 2.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

We are thankful to be able to bring you this Paper a 2nd Thanksgiving and hope to bring it to you many more. We hope you are thankful to receive it, that it gives you much to be thankful for and brings more thankfulness into your home daily. Try and most of your desires are fulfilled. Think well of yourself and others and much to be thankful for will come unto you. Speak well of others and you will be thankful.

For lack of support we had to go back to 4 Pages and fill in 4 Pages from another Publisher. If you want us to continue The New Savior, Employment and fill 8 or more Pages for you, you must do your part. For a limited time Subscriptions will be filled for 25c a Year - no Ad included - same good anywhere in U. S., or everywhere One and One-Half Cent Stamp will take a Copy. As we have said before, we cannot get this Paper out alone and our present Advertisers help make it possible Why do not you do your part? We now have Twelve paid up Subscribers, the latest two are: one from Syracuse, New York and one from Evansville, Wisconsin - Seattle Public Library, Two Copies monthly - Three Seattle Men, One Seattle Woman - one Leavenworth, one Spokane, one Goodnoe Hills, one Issaquah, Washington, and one in Alabama; - shame on You Other Local People. You want Local Prosperity, yet You patronize ont of the State Industry. Buy all you can that is produced within your own State. Send 35c to this Paper for 12 Issues, Your FREE One Inch Ad run twice and other FREE Services, or 25c for Subscription without Free Ad Space, but other Free Service included. Help Your Own Industry by Subscribing to this Paper. This Paper has a National Circulation thru Our Advertisers and your Publisher, who Mail out Copies FREE to New Prospects, Those interested in New Publications, interested in other Parts of Our Country. Mail Order Business, New Ideas; Those interested in making Themselves known to You. Those trying to help You and distributed to Customers Free.

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VOLUME 8. DECEMBER, 1937. NUMBER 2.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU

We are glad to greet you a 2nd Christmas and hope to greet you many more.

For 1937 I have spent $18 54 on this Publication, my Hobby, and taken in $11.71, so I have paid out $6.83 more than I have taken in. Will you help me get out of the RED into the Black? To make it profitable for you to help me, I am continuing my Extra Special Offer, as follows: 1st, "Valuable Money-Making Opportunities" - 25c; 2nd, One Inch Ad Space in this Paper twice - 25c; 3rd, this Paper & Magazine, 12 Issues - 35c; 4th, Your Name, Business, Phone No. & Address in Our Big Mail Department for 12 Issues - 35c; 5th, Big Mails, with your Subscription, worth at least 25c. Total value, $1.45. You receive all 5 for just 35c by sending in Your Order before January 1, 1939. You save $1.10. Send your 35c to:

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Our New Year's Edition will be 8 Pages and take up much we have omitted since our 2nd Year Edition and much of what we have been promising you.

Now have a look at my Mail:

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Mr. Theo. W. Messick. Publisher & Bookseller, P. O. Box 217, Camden, New Jersey, publishes "$10.00 A DAY In Your Own Home, Valuable Money-Making Opportunities", which we send you in my Extra Special Offer and he says, in part of his letter, "I think the Ad you are planning to run in your Thanksgiving Issue, offering a $1.45 Special for ONLY 35c should b[illegible] in some very good results. Wishing you [illegible] of luck, and assuring you that I shall [illegible] glad to co-operate with you in every w[illegible]ANY, ble, and also hoping to have the pleasure [illegible]tucky. ing from you at an early date, I remain, [illegible] Inch truly, Theo. W. Messick."

"Read your advertisement in The Mail [illegible] 3c. Digest of an inch Display Ad for 25c, o[illegible]ule- with subscription. Enclosed you will find 35c [illegible] subscription and also my Ad. Aurelia Li[illegible] Evansville, Wisconsin."

We often hear from our Friend and Coope[illegible]ty ator, Mr. J. W. Capener, 849 Almaden Avenu[illegible] San Jose, California. He certainly puts ou[illegible] plenty for a Dime and a Dollar. Try him with a Dime and you'll go back with a Dollar.

TINY TOT, "The Little Magazine with the big Pull", World-Wide circulation - Amateur Publication, Edited and Published by a 12 year old schoolboy, Gordon A. Pihl. Published every month - last month's circulation 2,000 Copies, with an increase each issue. Size 6x8 inches, 20 or more Pages, printed on good book paper, it's a NEW Virgin Field for Advertisers, for it reaches a class of Readers which no other Magazine can or does reach. Display 50c an Inch. 4 times price of 3. Classified, 25 words or less, 25c Over 25 words, 1c each extra word. Swap Ads, 25 - 20c; 1c each extra word. All Cuts supplied by you, blocked at these prices. Address: TINY TOT, 130 William Street, Belleville, New Jersey. GOOD LUCK Son.

Mr. Charles C. Masi, Editor & Publisher, THE NEW TIMES, 342 East One Hundredth Street, New York, New York, says, "When I send you my November copy of the New Times, look at everything closely and try to follow. Use

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2.

HSS

THE YANKEE TRADER

DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

Published Monthly By

ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

42nd YEAR MARCH, 1937 NUMBER 8

APR 29 1937

IN THIS ISSUE:

Hudson's Bay Gun, by George Jennings Gale, Golconda, Nevada

Commonwealth Co-Operators

Mail Order Pickpockets

Cause and Effect

Grain Market Letter

You should receive sixteen pages in this issue.
April issue out about March First.
BE SURE and have your ads and articles in EARLY!

X-PN 4827

#56

YANKEE TRADER

DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

Published Monthly By
ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

42nd YEAR MAY, 1937 NUMBER 10

APR 29 1944

IN THIS ISSUE:

The Commonwealth Builder Page
How One Colony Got Its Start
Asinine Politicians
Grain Market Letter
Hitting Hitler
Unkle Cy Sez

You should receive 16 pages in this issue
June issue out about May 1
BE SURE and have your ads and articles in EARLY!

X-PN 4027



DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

Published Monthly By
ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

43rd YEAR | DECEMBER, 1937 | NUMBER 5

IN HITLERLAND

During the recent visit of the Duke of Windsor and Wally in Germany they found that girls work in factories for ten cents an hour or $4.80 a week from which there are deductions for insurance, etc.

Some standard of living.

M. E. SPOKESMAN FAVORS A BIT OF COMMUNISM IN U. S.

Dr. M. A. Dawber, secretary of the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, told fellow churchmen at Knoxville that "Communism is good for Russia" and it "would be a good idea" to adopt some of its principles in the United States.

Speaking before the Holston conference of Methodists, Dr. Dawber also predicted "the people of Italy will not stand for Mussolini much longer."

Among some of the communistic principles Dr. Dawber recommended for this country were:

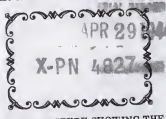
The idea that "nobody shall have any cake until everybody has enough bread."

Farming on a collective basis, where idlers and criminals "are forced either to work or starve."

WE PLAY EDITOR

Come to see us and bring your sisters.

LIBRARY OF
APR 29
X-PN 4827



THIS IS THE PICTURE SHOWING THE MOCKING BIRD TRYING TO LAY AN EGG, WHICH WAS RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY EDWIN HADLEY SMITH FOR HIS AMATEUR COLLECTION IN THE FRANKLIN MEMORIAL IN PHILADELPHIA. MR. SMITH MAY BE SEEN IN RIGHT FOREGROUND ADMIRING THIS GREAT WORK OF ART.

January - - - - - - - - - - - 1938

WEISER WORLD 11-38

THE WEISER WORLD

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1940

5¢

VOL. 1 NOV.-DEC. 1938 NO. 1



An Independent Monthly Magazine

"Weiser-World for Wiser People"

Circulates over 12,000 miles.

WASP 6-38
X-PN 4827 #60
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE WASP

Vol. I *June, 1938* *No. 1*

ISOLATION

By Sidney Cohen

UNTIL recently I was one of those who advocated the interference of the U.S.A. in all foreign disturbances in order to promote the impossible——world peace.

But——now that England has turned traitor to the cause of democracy in preference to private profit by joining allied Italy and Germany due to Hitler's Austrian Putsch and the expected attempt to conquer Czechoslavakia, I see the essential necessity for Isolation. We must mind our business now——or else we are liable to find ourselves in the midst of another World War. Britain's "turn about face" will most likely be followed in the very near future by France's decision to join up with the Fascist nations so as to "protect" herself, I am willing to bet a dollar to a doughnut that my prediction is correct.

We have heard talk of America's "Sixty Families" which control industry in the U.S. but what about the British businessmen? It's as true in England as it is in the U.S.A.! The friendly relations among the leading British financiers was a direct cause of England's sudden change.

No longer will there be talk of a "united front" against Fascism, unless the front is composed of only our own good old U.S.A.

(Continued on Page 4)

WOLVERINE 1-38
#61
123
X-PN 4827
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 5 1945



The Wolverine

"From Saginaw's Tall Whispering Pines"

January–February, 1938

Volume II Number Five

Member of the American Amateur Press Association





WINGS 9-38
#62
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
X-PM 4827
JUN 28 1945

WINGS

Vol. I *September, 1938* *No. 1*

TO CONVENTION

Bound for the 42nd Annual Convention of the U.A.P.A. in Seattle, I left the Spokane Airport on a Northwest Sky Zephyr at 4:30 Saturday July 2.

I arrived in Seattle at 6:30, and at 8 o'clock I went to the Y.M.C.A. where the Convention was being held. There I met Dr. Noel, Roy Erford, Mr. and Mrs. Dave Gourman, Fanny Hooper, Rose Cohen, Marjorie Starkey, James Urquhart, Mr. and Mrs. Lindquist, and others. Meeting all these amateur journalists was a real thrill after having read about them for four years. This meeting was mostly devoted to getting acquainted and to speeches of welcome by the Seattle members. Afterwards, I helped couut proxy ballots, and it made me realize what a tremendous job the secretary and the mailer are doing.

Sunday was the U.A.P.A. picnic in Lincoln Park, which faces Puget Sound. There I met the families and friends of the members, and we had a grand feast. Later in the afternoon we all went by boat over to Vashon Island. On the beach, with the Sound for a background

(Continued on Page 3)

X-PN 4827
WOLVERINE 8-38

THE WOLVERINE

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X-PN 4827 #64

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

Weekly Times

Vol. 2 Blacksburg, Va. Week of Aug. 27—2, 1938 No. 33
Circulation 125

RETURN FOR GOOD

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — Mrs. Cleo Shulcum and her husband are here for good. They will occupy Dean Williams' new house.

GONE FOR VACATION

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Smith and family have left for a week's vacation in Indiana.

HAVE VISITORS FROM TEXAS

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — Mrs. Grover Henderson's sister and her husband are visiting her here.

HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — Mae Whitsett had a birthday party last night. It was a movie party and the people who were invited to it were taken to a show called "The Black Doll."

MOVE INTO NEW HOUSE

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 26. — Mr. and Mrs. Harold Vance White moved, yesterday, into the new house that Mr. Miles has just completed.

LEAVES FOR MYRTLE BEACH

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 26. — Mr. Hugh Ussery plans to leave Saturday for Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Mr. Ussery is a native of South Carolina.

LEAVES FOR COLUMBUS TO GET HUSBAND

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 26. — Mrs. Jake Ryman will leave next Thursday to get her husband who has been studying for his Ph.D. degree at Ohio State. She will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Fred Haynes.

GO TO WILLIAMSBURG

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 25. — Mr. Paul Derring's sister and his secretary Miss Rome Johnson left, early this morning, for a trip to Williamsburg and Jamestown. Miss Amenta Robeson and Mr. Robert Sjogren went with them.

EX-PRINCIPAL VISITS

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — The much beloved ex-principal of the high school is visiting in Blacksburg. She is Emma Yerby.

BUILDING REPAIRED

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — The old white brick school building has been completely repainted. They are hoping for a fire escape.

VISITING HERE

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — Mr. Rolfe Castleman is being paid a visit by his sister.

MOTHER VISITS

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — Capt. W. J. Wolfe is being paid a visit by his mother from New York.

SCHOOL TO OPEN EARLY

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — The Blacksburg High and Grade school will open on September 6. They will have a nine months' scesson.

COUSIN VISITS

BLACKSBURG, Aug. 24. — Macon Ware, Jr. of Falls Church, Va. is visiting Miss Kitty Byrne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Byrne.

THERE IS NO WAY OUT

As I watched a spider getting ready to dine,
I suddenly realized how like the victim's life was mine.
As he lay knitted in the silken thread
He must have felt like a human when their heart has turned to lead.
While around him the binding thread the spider brought,
He knew as well as though he had been taught
That there was no way out.
I have sympathy for the little bug
While he for his life will tug.
The spider, of course, I could kill
But never, never the human will
So my life I'll always rue
Because you and I know this is true,
There is no way out.

"Meta" Hylton

X-PN 4827

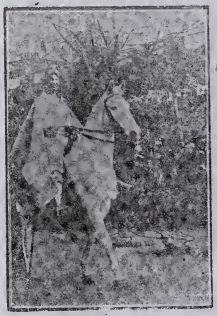
THE YANKEE TRADER

DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

Published Monthly By
ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

44th YEAR DECEMBER, 1938 NUMBER 5

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
TECHNICAL SERVICES
APR 29 1944



Three hundred thousand democrats jammed the National Capitol city, March 4, 1913, for the Presidential inauguration. "Col." Genevieve Wimsatt lead the welcoming suffragists in the inauguration parade. The divided skirt for women of the East had been crowding itself into favor for more than a dozen years to be discarded shortly time for more fitting togs.

N 4827

#66

THE WHIPPERSNAPPER



APR 29 1940

Published by
Robert Paul Kindinger
950 College Avenue
Adrian, Michigan.
(member National Amateur Press Association)

Nov. 1938
Vol. I No. 1

TO ALL AMATEUR JOURNALISTS:

This being my first contribution to amateur journalism I feel that I should tell the readers of this magazine something about myself and how I happened to get into amateur journalism as a hobby. I am nineteen years old and am a member of a rather large family of mine. I have lived in Michigan but two weeks having previously lived in Cleveland and Buffalo. I have already made quite a number of friends, one of whom has started me in amateur journalism.

While living in Cleveland I worked on a truck farm owned by my elder brother. The work was hard but interesting. The wages were not very high but I got a good sun tan for my work if nothing much else. The crops we raised were mostly vegetables — celery, carrots, beets, tomatoes, cabbage, and so forth.

Although I have only lived in Michigan a short time I like it about as well as any place I have ever lived and hope to stay here for a while at least.

I have never had very much interest in any hobby except radio. But this seems to be a very interesting one and I hope to continue with it. This being my first magazine I do not have much to write in it but I do hope to put out more and bigger and better issues which I hope will be interesting to my readers.

Robert P. Kindinger

BEWARE!

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

* * *

She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

* * *

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

* * *

She gives thee a garland wover fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
(Translated from the German by Henry W. Longfellow.)

X-PN 4827 H67
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945

THE WEISER WORLD

5c

VOL. 1 JANUARY 1939 NO. 2



An Independent Monthly Magazine
"WEISER WORLD" choice of WISER PEOPLE"
circulates over 12,000 miles.

"He that buy this little book,
Observe that you in it do look,
When you have read it, then may say.
Your money is not thrown away.
(Southern Swapper)

PN 4827 H68

THE WEISER WORLD

5c

VOL. I FEBRUARY, 1939 NO. 3

APR 29 1944



An Independent Monthly Magazine
"WEISER WORLD" choice of "WEISER PEOPLE"
circulates over 12,000 miles.

"He that buy this little book,
Observe that you in it do look,
When you have read it, then may say.
Your money is not thrown away.
(Southern Swapper)

X-PN 4827 #C9

APR 29 1944

5c

WEISER WORLD

VOL. 1. • MARCH—APRIL • NO. 4.



An Independent Monthly Magazine
"WEISER WORLD" choice of WISER PEOPLE"
circulates over 12,000 miles.

"He that buy this little book,
Observe that you in it do look,
When you have read it, then may we say,
Your money is not thrown away.
(Southern Swapper



"Weiser World"

THE LIBRARY OF SERIAL RECORD #70
JUN 28 1945

(Wiser World)

An Independent Publication

Your passport to the four corners of the globe for more enjoyment and a better knowledge of the world you live in.

Vol. 1. **July-August** **No. 5.**

- MEMBER - American Amateur Press Association

- FEATURES -

HARMONY VACATION IN HELL by Ken Weiser

A WASHINGTON INDEED by Emil Tenyak

HOBBY FLASHES by Frank King

CHIT CHAT by E. H. Gabaree, Jr.

"LOST KINGOM" by Ken Weiser

COPY 5c

Pennsylvania, Land of rocks and rills,
Woods and templed hills,
Lakes and falls and mountains grand,
Gorgeous as in any land -
' Tis these we praise.

Pennsylvania, With more then twenty score.
Spots of great historic lore,
Valley Forge and Brandywine, Gettysburg and every shrine -
' Tis these we love.

Orson N, Ritzman.

WASP 1939

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
H71
JUN 24 1940
GIFT

THE WASP

Volume I *Spring, 1939* *Number 3*

THE BEAUTY OF THE SKY

by Phyllis Shirley Kalter

The sky is an ocean of Paradise
With its beautiful shade of blue,
And its boats that sail in the moonlight
Brings happiness to you.

The boats are made of the twinkling stars
And they sail through the great dark sea,
Their voyages are guided by God above
Who returns them each night to me.

The moon is the light that guides the stars
As they sail the black sky o'er,
And the moon watched over the ships at sea
As they reach the other shore.

So the Paradise of the sky above
In the night as well as day,
Is the beauty of the world above,
In its own peculiar way.

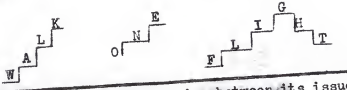
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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
APR 29 1944

WHIM



An Amateur Publication

#73



A 'step'-child of ESCALADE, appearing between its issues, containing material by, and distributed to, NAPA members.
Second Floor----------August, 1939---------Building One
Willametta Turnepseed & Airilyn Spitzer, Editors
202 Roseland East 230 E. McCreight Ave.,
published at Springfield, Ohio

WHY I WRITE

(NAPA credential)

If I were very dramatic I'd say, "I write for Life," but I'm not. I'm very dull, very dreary and very dishwatery. That's why I write.

From my pen words flow that deliver me into a glittering world of my own where I am mistress, I am queen. In fact I am the whole World. My mastery of my tongue and pen elevate me. In truth through my writing, "I am the Captain of my Soul."

The mere fact that I can put into black and white my thoughts, dreams and hopes makes me feel just a little bit better than the next person. I build myself up by my writing. No matter that my work is trite, unfit for human consumption, unworthy of being seen by other than my eyes. IT IS MINE.

Elizabeth Jordan

708 1st Nat'l B.B. Spf'd, O.

EXTRA!

WE'RE RAISING THE ROOF

In January Airilyn and I had planned a second issue of W-O-F. And our editorial was headed:

CONTRACTORS PLAN ROOF

And this much of the editorial was written:

"With this, our second bit of Walk-One-Flight, our structure is completed. We warned what might happen--and it did. Airilyn is involved in the Playbox, a local little theater project; (between you and me it doesn't make a bit of difference in her except that she has taken to emoting in Elizabethean English and I carry a Glossary for a bit of stealthy consulting. And she does dramatize 'with a wanion' - see Pericles ii. 1.17 -)"

And at this point we stuck! Airilyn pointed out once that we were having a wet spring and a roof would be (contd)

X-PN 4827 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #74
WALLY'S WEES 1945

Witty Wisdom

Vol. 1, No. 3 Summer, 1940

Minnesota Monkeyshines . . .

A certain girl was overheard to say: "I can't get along with the boy friend lately. He ignores me, and if there's anything I detest is ignorance. . ."

By washing the windows in our own house, perhaps our neighbor's washing won't look so dirty. . .

It's disappointing, just when we get to wondering what people think of us, to discover that they never even noticed us. . .

Scotch joke no. 35,629: They say he's so tight that he squeeks as he walks. . .

"Thirty days hath September, April, June, and my boy friend for speeding," she moaned.

X-PN 482 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD #75
JUN 28 1940

WHIM . . .

. . . an amateur publication by

Edgar M. and Jean C. Hayes, a couple of old-timers whose latch-string is always out at 381 Breed Avenue, San Leandro, California

VOL. 1 JUNE 1940 No. 4

HOWDY FOLKS! Here we are again—WHIM, Edgar and I. Why? I'll let you in on a secret. We LIKE you—we like your letters—we like your papers and we like to think that if we keep dropping in, you will reciprocate. We've brought our pal, Alf Sharp, along with us again and as a special treat for you, another old-timer. You all know him or at least OF him—your ex-president and our very good friend, David Hollub. * * * Attention, '39 delegates to Berkeley! No cherries this season. The first Spring in aeons that Friendship Tree has not been loaded with luscious fruit. There's a saying that every seventh year a fruit tree rests. Perhaps, but we are missing the fun of picking and sharing our cherries. * * * Spring in California—warm, sunny days; cooling fogs at dawning and toward eventide; a crackling fire on the hearth after supper and old boxes and files of a. j. papers and correspondence all about us. Long forgotten treasures unearthed. Extinct papers which back in 1936 were leaders—"The Literary Messenger", "Thanks", daily issues of "Wolverine" published during the Grand Rapids Convention emulating Moitorets' daily Sun at Oakland in '35; "The Yankee"—Vol. 1, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7—chuck full of interest. * * * "History of the Babcock Administration" by Margaret Nickerson Martin, Historian 1934-35, in the National Amateur of March 1936 proves unusually timely reading now. * * * Hurrah for the Oldsters! One-third of all publications received to date have been issued by those who the young fry is pleased to dub "has-beens". * * * One of the finest bits of poetic-prose to appear in an amateur paper may be found in January 1940 issue TNT under the caption, "July 4 in Philadelphia". Read it again friends, with Hats Off! * * * Our hearty salutations to the NAPA, UAPA, AAPA, all and sundry. With the world in such turmoil it behooves us here in the good old USA to replace partisanship with brotherly love and pull together, be we Nationals, Uniteds,

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
GIFT

Weaker Moments

NEAR VINCENT B. HAGGERTY'S PRESS
'NEATH THE SIGN OF THE CHECK AND DOUBLE-CHECK

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER, 22, 1940

"This Morning Came Too Soon Last Night"

WITHOUT A DOUBT Amateur Journalism is a somewhat queer yet altogether captivating hobby. It is ten years now since Vincent Haggerty and Hadley Smith introduced me to Amateur Journalism—as exemplified in the National Amateur Press Association. I have played the hobby hard, have received the National's highest honors: editorial laureateship, the presidency, and the official editorship, and yet today I find myself as enthusiastic as ever about this instructive pastime.

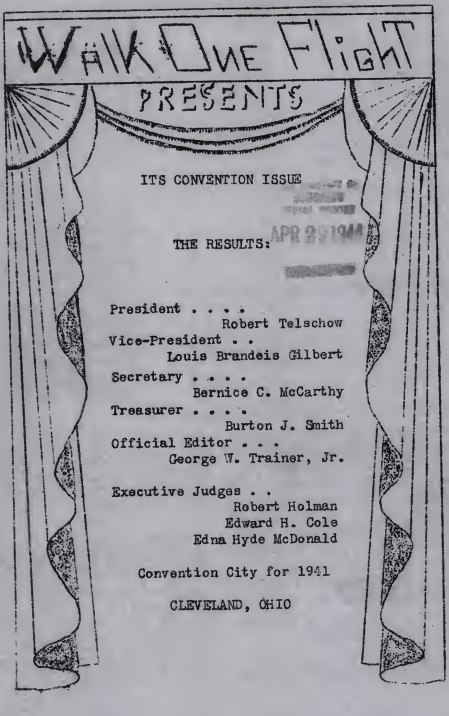
Many of my closest friends have been discovered thru the National Amateur Press Association, and not the least interesting part of the hobby comes from observing the manner in which their paths meet, cross, tangle, and separate. One never knows....

This past month was an intensely interesting one for me from the A.J. standpoint. At the close of the Philadelphia convention Ed Cole remarked to me, "You get around quite a bit. Sometime when you're up north, drop in and see us."

Boston is 250 miles from New York; Washington, 250 miles farther south. In spite of which I arranged to be in Boston over Labor Day weekend.

X-Z6 A827

#77



ITS CONVENTION ISSUE

THE RESULTS:

APR 29 1941

President . . . .
Robert Telschow
Vice-President . .
Louis Brandeis Gilbert
Secretary . . . .
Bernice C. McCarthy
Treasurer . . . .
Burton J. Smith
Official Editor . . .
George W. Trainer, Jr.

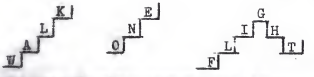
Executive Judges . .
Robert Holman
Edward H. Cole
Edna Hyde McDonald

Convention City for 1941

CLEVELAND, OHIO

X-PN 4827

#78



Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association
Containing material by, and distributed to, NAPA members.
Fifth Floor----------Sept. 1940----------Building One
Willametta Turnepseed (Editors) Anna Marie Tennant
202 Roseland East 622 N. Fountain
published at Springfield, Ohio

$ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $

If everyone enjoyed editing as much as I do, NAPA members would get nothing else done but read their monthly bundles (between, that is, getting out their own papers) and American literature would either take a long step forward or fall flat on its face. My professional editors, however, think I have forgotten how to use a typewriter and I have to take a little time off to show them otherwise, and while I'm gone my co-editor who has been taking matters calmly and letting me do the work (though all the time quietly champing) is to take over the next issue in order to keep up, for a while, the task of getting out a monthly magazine.

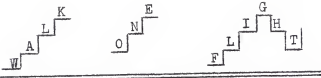
Not to scare prospective editors I might add that getting out a monthly edition, even with the extra duties of the Mailing Bureau, would be no trick at all except that it's so much fun I can't keep my mind off it; so with Miss Tennant at the help I'll forget the whole matter and pick up my manuscripts where I dropped them 'way back when.

Meanwhile, won't all you editors help us get out a respectable monthly bundle the 15th of each month? We can't let AAPA & UAPA put us in the shade. Drop me a card and let me know your plans. And my retirement has nothing to do with cutting out correspondence!

Willametta

$ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $ / $

X-PN 1927 #79



Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association
Containing material by, and distributed to, NAPA members
Sixth Floor----------Oct. 1940----------Building One
Anna Marie Tennant (Editors) Willametta Turnepseed
622 N. Fountain 202 Roseland East
published at Springfield, Ohio

SOUVENIR
APR 23 1940

SMILES

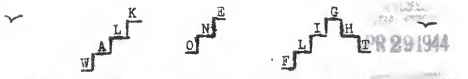
Who was it said that when we smile, someone else smiles and then someone else and soon there are miles and miles of smiles? Then again there is the old saw: "It is better to laugh than be sighing." Again, when once the word has gone forth from our lips, it can never be recalled, and so how much it behooves us to see that the word is kind and thoughtful. And who likes to see a person come around with the corners of their mouth turned down? How much real value there is in a smile -- why you just cannot resist that person and a hearty laugh is worth dozens of doctor's pellets.

All of which is by way of saying that I like every "bundle of mail" which comes to me from "Us amateurs." Somehow it seems like a real and personal friend making me a visit and I always smile as I read each little magazine. And so I read with genuine delight all of the contributions (some not perhaps until some time after they have been received-but eventually) and I revel and find real joy in the original thought and idea, the genuine love for the art of writing which produced it -- and although I have been in the professional end of writing, that of making my living by the reportorial route, I am still an amateur when it comes to editing a magazine and am so grateful for the opportunity of learning this end of the writing game. Indeed this art called writing has so many ramifications that it is no wonder it has proven fascinating to thousands of persons the world over.

And so a personal and hearty greeting from ye editor,

ANNA MARIE TENNANT

#30



APR 29 1944

Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association
Containing material by, and distributed to, NAPA members
Seventh Floor----------Nov. 1940----------Building One
Willametta Turnepseed — Anna Marie Tennant
202 Roseland East — 622 N. Fountain
published at Springfield, Ohio

NATIONAL CRITIC: fine constructive criticism, but too much space devoted to magazines of limited circulation.

NAPA NEWS: Three cheers! An excellent activity stimulator.

LUCKY DOG: The big news of 1940 in N.A.P.A.

PENNSYLVANIAN: Promising; Ken's Kolum provocative.

SKYCASTLES: Purveying a spirit of uplift & optimism.

OLD MEANIE: A welcome difference; why not use a little variety - maybe a few lines of poetry?

WEAKER MOMENTS: Its personal tone in the best tradition of journalism makes pleasurable reading. Will we see more?

THE WICK: Small but mighty; why not enlarge it?

BAVARDAGE: (Autumn, Winter). Enjoyable from cover to cover; well compiled and edited; headed for prominence. Just the right size to slip in a pocket for odd moments.

SERVICE BULLETIN: Like especially the cover with its information about other amateurs at a glance.

STAR-GAZING: One of the more pretentious of us mimeos, carefully "dummied" and planned as to content & make-up.

VICTORIAN: Chatty, interesting and refreshing.

BELLETTE: The attitude of the editor is constantly reflected in every line of this clever offering, showing distinctly a personality that is different.

THE NEW TIMES, No. 17: A paper to be read from "kiver to kiver" for there is always a surprise waiting.

MOCKING BIRD: a lot in a little; why not more pages.

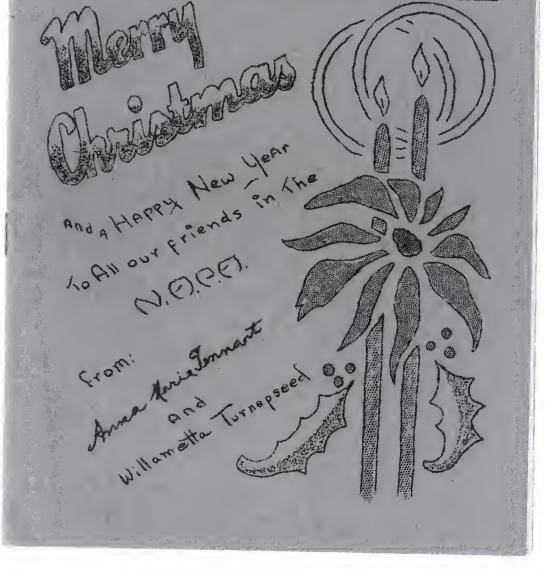
In fact each number of the publications show improvement and someday, who knows, one of us may be among the "Big Six" of professional magazine-dom!

--ANNA MARIE TENNANT

K PN 4827 .W31 THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

WALK One

Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association
Containing material by, and distributed to, NAPA members
Eighth Floor----------Dec. 1940----------Building One
Willametta Turnepseed - Editors - Anna Marie Tennant
202 Roseland East 622 N. Fountain
published at Springfield, Ohio



THE YANKEE TRADER

DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL ONLY

Published Monthly By
ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 331 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

45 th YEAR | JULY, 1940 | NUMBER 12

For President:
NORMAN THOMAS
For Vice-President:
MAYNARD C. KREUGER

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY
For President:
JOHN W. AIKEN
For Vice-President:
AARON M. ORANGE



X-PN

WE DIG

No. 1 Feb., 1940

Radio as a Hobby

By Walter P. Crews

Almost every reader of this article listens to radio programs for entertainment, but do they know that radio is a hobby enjoyed by thousands of people all over the world? Radio stores throughout the U. S. carry the equipment for radio hobbyists, and there are several national magazines devoted to radio. Radio, however, is too large to be considered as a single hobby, and must be devided into four classes, which are Amateur Radio, Radio Listening, Construction, and Experimental Radio. Now for a brief look at

continued on page 6

X-PN 4927

THE WICK

OCTOBER, 1940 *NUMBER ONE*

WHEN JOHNNY COMES

(Overheard Concerning Conscription)

"He should go, it will do him good. He'll come back a man...."

"Go ahead, laugh, because I only make twenty dollars a week. But when you're conscripted, I'll be the one who will laugh, long and loud. Because I'll still be free, working in the aircraft plant, while you'll be...."

"I still say, they shouldn't take me, until maybe the third or fourth call. I've had two years of R.O.T.C. at college. Why, Hell, that counts a lot...." **(over)**

X-R-A 4827 #85

THE WEEKLY CHRONICLE

VOL. 1 JULY 26,1940 NO. 1

IONIA, NEW YORK

News in the NEWS

THE 1940 WEEKLY CHRONICLE CONVENTION WILL BE HELD ON THE NUGENT FARM. ON THE IONIA & HONEOYE FALLS RD.



THE CONVENTION WILL BEGIN AUG. 3RD. STELLA FEDERATION IS CHAIRMAN. THEY WILL BEGIN AT 2 P.M.

PN4827

#86

THE WINDMILL

MAY, 1940 ISSUE NO. 1

LOUISVILLE AMATEURS FIND CHICAGO WITH SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY——

On the eve of Friday, April 26th, at 6:30 P.M., a group of Kentucky breezes, in the persons of Ed. Reed, Clem Campbell, Buddy Johnson, Harold Smoot, and one of the collaborators of this sheet, Bob Smith, swept upward in Mr. Reed's car to the already breezy city of Chicago, for a week end of Northern Hospitality, extended by "Unk Ebenezer" and The Chicago Amateur Press Club.

Never before had these Louisville lads been received so heartily. "Unk" received them at 2:00 A.M. Saturday, as though it was an everyday happening, and provided them immediately with accommodations.

The boys and Unk Ebenezer spent Saturday with Jerry Cimileck and Helen Vacek. They attended the Breakfast Club program at the Mart. Then Miss Vacek treated them to a very fine lunch at her house, and with Unk piloted them through Chicago's busy streets, pointing out places of specialinterest. They found Unk Ebenezer about the most informed historian in Chicago. Every place of note that was in the tour had some significance to Unk.

About 8:00 P.M. Saturday at Alfalfa Corners (Unk's place), the Chicago Amateur Press Club held their monthly meeting; these members proved to be interesting and friendly people and seemed to look with favor upon the idea of Louisville for '41. They moreover were mature smart amateurs who presented articles and stories of such worth that made the Louisville A.J.s present feel very insignificant. The get-together also commemorated the 8th anniversary of Unk's "Tiny Magazine".

After the meeting Unk Ebenezer gave a party, during which he served his famous flapjacks and the Louisville members sang their parody "Louisville for '41." The parody is quoted elsewhere in the WINDMILL.

Sunday found the A.J.s off to church, sightseeing, visiting friends and relatives. They left Chicago about 3:00 P.M., taking with them the memories of how far north the world-famed Southern Hospitality can extend, and with sincere desires, to see Chicago A.J.s in Louisville in 1941.

K. A. P. A. KENTUCKY BRANCH OF U.A.P.A!

On Sunday, April 14, a group of thirty amateur journalists met on the campus of Eastern State Teacher's College at Richmond, Ky. for the first meeting of the Kentucky Amateur Press Association. The group was composed of members of the U.A.P.A. and those interested in becoming members who are residents of Kentucky. During the meetingit became apparent that the KAPA was needed. Its purposes are as follows:

To form a closer relationship among Kentucky amateur journalists; to take the lead off the Central Mailing Office by organizing a Ky. mailing through which all Kentucky journals are to be mailed; thirdly, to promote LOUISVILLE as the Convention City of the UAPA for 1941.

After luncheon at the beautiful Student Union Building on the campus, the group retired to one of the lecture rooms

(continued on page four)

SPIRIT OF



#87

THE WINDMILL

ISSUE NO. TWO SEPT, 1940

LAPC TO HAVE BIG BANQUET AS CELEBRATION OF THIRD YEAR OF EXISTENCE.

New Officers To Be Chosen.

On the eve of October 15, The Louisville Amateur Press Club is having its monthly meeting in the form of a banquet celebrating the third year of its existence. The French Village Restaurant has been chosen as the place, and the affair is to begin at 6:30 P. M.

Guest speakers of the evening will be Mr. J. H. Hoagland of the Courier -Journal; Mr. James Tandy Ellis, of THE TANG OF THE SOUTH fame, who is also to give some renditions on the banjo; and Miss Marie Henson, also of the Courier-Journal.

After the banquet, the members of the club will vote to elect a new president to replace the retiring president, Mr. Ed. Reed, and other officers for the club.

.....

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN BEWILDERING.

After the last meeting of the L.A.P.C. the presidential campaign presented a new picture. Instead of Harold Smoot fighting vigorously against the WINDMILL'S Robert W Smith we have Miss Mary Louise Holden silently campaigning against the well- known Charles Willaim Johnson, Jr.

Smoot started the ball rolling by withdrawing from the campaign and nominating Miss Holden, His smart and able campaign manager. Smythe, wishing to campaign against no one but Schmoot, also dropped out of the battle. He named as his likely successor, Johnson, Johnson had till that time been Smith's propagandist.

LAPC'S NORTON AND McGRATH WED

On the morning of October 19, at 7:30 Bud Norton and Margie McGrath, both very able members of the LAPC, will be united in wedlock at St.Helen's Church.

The happy young a.j.'s then will escape to Nashville and a honeymoon.

WINDMILL'S PUBLISHERS BIG DUMMIES

On looking into the editorial(?) page of this issue, the Windmill is very disgusted to note that its publishers state that they are publishers, state that they are publishers, of the AMATUTOR To its knowledge , To its knowledge, this is the second straight issue that the boys h ave "smacked it" (made mistakes), and it is getting sick and tired of it. Just big dummies, the Windmill feels.

Once more, above.

F L A S H

JOHNSON VICTORY PREDICTED

THE WINDMILL FEELS THAT WHEN YOU READ THE TRIPE IN THIS PAPER, THAT THERE WILL BE A NEW PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISVILLE AMATEUR PRESS CLUB, NAME OF BUDDY JOHNSON.

NOT ONLY BECAUSE OF JOHNSON HIMSELF (ALTHOUGH THAT DARN GOOD), BUT ALSO BECAUSE HE IS ON THE PROSPERITY ADMISSION TICKET...HE WILL HAVE TO WIN....EVERYONE WANTS PROSPERITY!

****

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, OUTSIDE OF A LOT OF INTELLIGENCE! PUT IT IN THE W I N D M I L L !

HOW ABOOT IT?

X-PN 4827

#55

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

COPY GIFT

WE DIG

AAPA Charter A-29

VOL. I. NO. 3.

WE DIG suggest you elect these candidates for officers in 1941.

President: ..... Francis Miller
1st V. President: ..... Bill Bradfield, Jr.
2nd V. President: ..... Tom Barnhouse
Secretary: ..... Bruce Smith
Treasurer: ..... Bill Haywood
Mailer-Publicity: ..... Bill Groveman
Criticism & Mss. Mgr.: ... Wayne Williams
Historian-Recorder: ..... Wesley Wise
Official Editor: ..... George H. Kay
Printing Mgr.: ..... Gerhard Hantke
Club & Chapter Mgr. ..... Helen Vivarttas
Directors; Luther Watson, Ted Conover, Gabby Gabaree, Chuck Hoye & Joe Curran.

The above candidates worthy of office and should at lest be considered by you when you mark you election ballot. Don't let personal reasons mark your ballot but let your reason rather be to aid the Association by electing those best suited to run the organization.

R... 1937 W39

Wild Boar



The Library of Congress
Central Serial Record
Received
NOV 5 - 1942
Copy

NUMBER THREE

X-PN 4827

WAACY WABBIT SHOOTABLE

MANIAC JOINS U.S.A.A.F.E.R. (NO LESS) THEREBY BEING SUBJECT TO MILITARY LAW. SHOULD HE CHANGE HIS MIND WHEN HE IS CALLED, HE SHALL PROMPTLY AND WITHOUT UNDUE HESITATION BECOME ONE DAID WABBIT.



Uncle Sam is coming dis way. . . .

Wabbit went dat way

AMERICAN EPITOME VOL 1 NO 4 OCT 1942

X-PN 1927 #91

APR 2

THE YANKEE TRADER

DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

Published Monthly By

ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

565th TRIP AROUND AND ABOUT
306th YEAR ON THESE SHORES

AUGUST

1942

48TH YEAR

No. 1

X-PN 4827

#92



DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

Published Monthly By

ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

POSTMASTER GENERAL IN 1789 HAD HARD TIME

EBENEZER HAZARD IN LETTER TO PRESIDENT TOLD OF BURDENS

Among the members of President Washington's Cabinet was Ebenezer Hazard, appointed Postmaster General. He had to run his department single-handed. In a letter dated Sept. 21, 1789, when Philadelphia was the capitol of the United States, Hazard complained to the President:

"Though I have made repeated applications for more assistance, and so clearly pointed out the necessity there was for it that a committee of Congress reported in favor of its being allowed, I have been left to encounter the whole business of the department almost alone,

"Besides the general superintendence of 1,500 miles, exclusive of post roads, I have to maintain a very burthensome correspondence to examine the quarterly returns from all the Eastern offices; to enter all the accounts, to keep the books of the department (which since my appointment has been in double entry); to make communications to Congress and committees, which frequently required lengthy and tedious calculations; to form and enter into contracts and pay the contractors quarterly, to inspect the dead letters, and to do the business out of doors as well as within.

"My own attention has been so frequently necessary that I have not had time for proper relaxation and in three years past have not been to the distance of ten miles from this city. I once hired a clerk, but found my salary was not equal to that expense in addition to the support of my family and was obliged to dismiss him."

At that time there were seventy-five postoffices in the United States and the total postal revenues were $30,000. Today there are approximately 45,000 postoffices doing an annual business in excess of $750,000,000.

SEPTEMBER 1942

48TH YEAR NUMBER TWO

566th TRIP AROUND AND ABOUT — 306th YEAR ON THESE SHORES

X-PN 4827

#73

DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

THE YANKEE TRADER

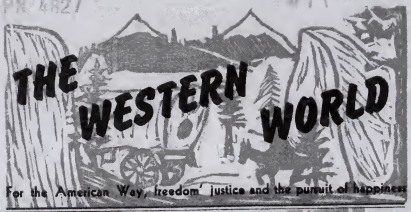
Published Monthly By
FLBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

569th Trip Around and About. On These Shores Since 1636.

DECEMBER 1942

48TH YEAR No5

X-PN 4827 J74



Vol 1 Berkeley, Calif. July, 1942 No. 1

APR 29 1944

TOAST TO THE WEST

By William Johnson

Toast to the mountains whose silver tips,
Kiss the blue tinted skies,
Toast to the plains where wild flowers sip
The dew, when morn bids them rise.

Toast to the Pacific's giant waves,
That lap California's shores.
Toast to the pioneers whose graves
Are hallowed forever more.

Toast to the fragrant breezes that blow
Softly thru stately pines.
Toast to the rivers and brooks that flow
And gleam in the bright sunshine.

Toast to the work, the play, and rest,
For all who have tried will agree
That once you reach our golden west
You'll toast to it's excellency.

X-PN AH2/ H75

THE WESTERN WORLD

For the American Way, freedom, justice and the pursuit of happiness

Vol. 1. Berkeley, Calif. October, 1942. No. 2

ARE YOU IN THE HUDDLE?



Let's all get into the huddle, find our position, tackle our opponents and smear them back of the scrimmage line. Be on the alert for their dirty plays and underhanded passes; intercept everything they try. Our armed forces will do the tackling and blocking; we'll back 'em up. Those of us on the sidelines, cheering or criticizing, can only get in the way and impede the march to the goal line and to victory. So get in the fight, your part is important.

X-PN 4827 #76



Vol. 1 Berkeley, Calif. December 1942 No 3

—AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN

Christmas, the season of preeminent expressions. All the verbose, inspired and classical attempts of putting into words and song, the spirit of this season have brought innumerable beautiful and appealing thoughts that kindle the heart and soul with renewed love and faith in God and fellowman. The gifts, the greetings, the feasting and festivities are all harbingers of the sentiment and joy we feel and express.

Powerful forces are raging with violence and fury to dislodge and break down the age old story, and in the place of compassion, tolerance, brotherly love, a chosen few would have us all humbly bow to their diabolical power.

We believe in Christ as the King of the Universe and as free people to live as He has directed us. We are determined to sacrifice our blood that this way of life may be retained down through the ages. To the entire world including those who are compelled to bear arms against us, but who know and understand the meaning of Christmas we extend our hand in peace and good will pledging anew that the star of Christmas, the criterion of right and justice, shall never be dimmed.

—By William Johnson

X-PN 4827

THE WRONG FONT

A Pot-pourri of Sense and Nonsense

VOL. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1942 No. 1

"Life," the colored minister said, "am mostly made up of prayin' fo rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

* *

If the world laughs at you, laugh right back at it; it's just as funny as you are.

* *

"Mr. Chairman," complained the speaker, "I have been on my feet for nearly ten minutes, but there is so much interruption that I can hardly hear myself speak."

"Cheer up, my friend," came a voice from the rear, "you are not missin' much."

* *

The Bug Hollow football team, preparing for the first game of the season woefully lacked one more player. Coach Clutts spied a horse nearby and had an inspiration. He chased him far down the field, then threw a long pass. The horse circled back of the goal-post and caught the ball nicely.

Clutts was elated. He tore down the field himself this time and when about 70 yards away threw up his hands. The horse heaved a pass like a bullet, straight into the hands of Clutts.

The overjoyed coach hurried back. Handing the horse the ball, he said, "Now let's see how far you can punt."

"I quit!" snorted the horse, indignantly throwing the ball to the ground. "That's ridiculous! Whoever heard of a horse who could punt?"

THE WRONG FONT

A Pot-pourri of Sense and Nonsense

VOL. 1 OCTOBER, 1942 No. 2

Customer: "Your dog seems very fond of watching you cut hair."

Barber: "It ain't that; sometimes I snip off a bit of a customer's ear."

* *

Only those who are on the level rise above the common level.

* *

Commuter: "Goodbye, dear. If I can't get home for dinner tonight I'll send you a wire."

Wife: "Don't bother, Milburn. I've read it already—found it in your coat pocket."

* *

The hard road of sin is always so crowded that it gives little room for turning around and going back.

* *

First Farmer: "Potato bugs ate my whole crop in ten days."

Second Farmer: "Well, they ate mine in two days and then roosted in the trees to see if I'd plant some more."

Seed Merchant: "That's nothing; there's a couple over there right now, looking through my books to see who has ordered seed lately."

* *

You've got to hand it to the girl of today. If you don't she'll get it anyway.

X-PN 4827



THE
WRONG FONT

DECEMBER, 1942

X-PN 4027

#100

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1943



The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less-active members, and to keep contact with AAPAians now in the Armed Forces, by...

WILLIAM HAYWOOD, 1540 Unionport Rd., New York
&
HELEN A. VIVARTTAS, Box 131, Grand Central Annex, New York

"We must recruit, but we must DEVELOP more." ---Kulzick

"Stew Richardson has done me dirt," claims Ben Franklin Rouze. "He sed I was handsome. That got my goat." Will you write US up, Stew?

R. T. Perritt owns a 3x5 Kelsey press, and brother Alvin has given him charge of a 5x8 Baltimore, while Alvin is busy in Civil Service work for the Signal Corps in San Antonio. Sounds like an ajay's dream, but R. T., an admirer of Alvin's poetry, writes that he also "inherited" an additional load of mail order printing. R. T. likes to write better than to print, but promises a paper "every once in a while," with plans already for enlargement. "I am in LOVE with AAPA," he writes-- which is something to live up to! R. T. would appreciate receiving back issues of your AAPA papers for the Perritt collection.

Air Cadet Bob Kunde sends recorded greetings to the Hempstead get-together, which he had planned to attend. However, he is "almost positive" of being sent to the University of Wisconsin, Radio Division, as an instructor in radio engineering. "I'm very happy... as it is a splendid opportunity for advancement and the new radio school is located only 180 miles from home," he writes.

Pvt. Dan Harrington sends encouraging news from his post at the 308th TSS, Flight B, Barracks 7, Keesler Field, Miss. Writes he: "Since the Republicans and Senators have decided I'm worth a staggering $50 per month I've enough extra cash to publish an amateur paper, too, and would like to try it. Direct me to a printer who can, or might, handle it for me, will you?

How often the WELCOME MAT appears in AAPA bundles depends on how much copy YOU send us. We'll go to press every time we have a page-ful, but we must hear from YOU first! Let us know something about your recruits and what they're going to do.

Number 1 August, 1942

X-PN 27

#101

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1943
COPY SET

"We must recruit, but we must DEVELOP more"



The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less-active members, and to keep contact with AAPAans now in the Armed Forces, by...

WILLIAM HAYWOOD, 1540 Unionport Rd., New York
&
HELEN A. VIVARTTAS, Box 131, Grand Central Annex, New York

Leland Hawes writes about his Gator Growl that he does "have a time keeping type clean." Brush it every stencil, Lee, preferably with a steel-wire brush, and pick out the "e," "a," and "s" at least twice a stencil. Lee also publishes an artistically-illustrated local Flint River Diver, which "Comes up with the News."

Last May Russ Paxton recruited Mrs. Ruth Thompson, 55 Lee Street, Port Reading, N. J., and the AAPA gained another poet and author of short articles. Mrs. Thompson says: "I have made contact with Ray Albert, whom I have sent a number of poems. It would be fun, indeed, publishing a journal of my own, but that is not the purpose for which I joined. Not that I wouldn't care to, but for lack of time. I go to business, and along with household duties, find that my efforts can be but fragmentary. I have had a number of poems and short articles on file, and for the past few years have had a great deal of pleasure, when time permitted, doing work of this kind. I have received many prizes, which further spurred me to keep up my writing. I have enjoyed the papers already sent me, and know I shall continue to enjoy them."

E. J. Sharbatz, who joined only last April himself, recruited Dr. Grayce Claire Barthel of the School of Correct Speech, 5058 Washington Boulevard, Saint Louis, Mo., in May. She writes: "I have derived a great deal of pleasure from the literature I have received already. If time would permit, I should like to write to each writer of each paper or journal but that is imposible. I am indeed happy to be a member of such an organization in which Youth, Good-fellowship, and Self-improvement are its chief aims."

Cadet Bob Kunde remarks that "Army life is a swell experience," though it does keep him from his 5 x 8 press, and thanks those thoughtful ajays who have sent him letters and advance copies of their journals published for the AAPA-- "Still the foremost amateur press group."

A-PN 4027

#102

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

"We must recruit, but we must DEVELOP more"



The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less-active members, and to keep contact with AAPAans now in the Armed Forces, by...

William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Rd., New York

Something NEW has been added! Call him Corporal Joe Simon, now. Joe collects all the good army stories he can get his hands on; maybe for an issue of his Puny Press?

\+ + +

New member Charles Clark sends the Mat a fine letter of introduction, and we take pleasure in presenting him to you: Tall and light, with blue eyes. Age 19, employed by the operators of an ordnance plant. (Definitely no military secrets revealed, even to beautiful spies.) Suddenly became interested in poetry while a Soph in High School. (It wasn't Spring but Winter, and any Oklahoman knows a cloudy day in Winter is very un-romantic.) Later my interest turned to prose and the school paper. I was Associate, and Feature Editor, but never made the Editorship. My recruiter, Chick Riddle, told you about our college paper, so I won't mention it. (We rarely do.) I know exactly nothing about printing. All I know about type size is what I got from cheating at crossword puzzles. (Hope someone gets this.) Despite this, I plan to major in journalism this year. My burning ambition is to write whodunits, and give them a different angle. Other interests are dancing and swimming. Like tennis, but no one will play it with me. In Summer, too hot; Fall, too wet and football; Winter, too cold; Spring, too wet and other things. Address is Box 212, New Boston, Texas, which is just this side of Boston (Texas,too). Subject to change any day... I know I am going to enjoy being a brother AAPAan, and hope to hear from a lot of the members. Would I be sticking my neck out if I said I would like to have some comments-- on this for instance? After all, just because I'm shuddering while I wait for remarks on the several articles I wrote, you needn't be afraid!

* * *

Now we know the "how come" of the lamented "Coke" shortage-- Clyde Borgers writes from Camp Barkeley, Texas, that his tentmates "can get all the cokes they want-- and all the sugar." To prove it, Clyde accidentally (?) spatters Coca Cola between the lines!

\+ + +

From 'way down South in Monroe, Louisiana, Aviation Cadet Milton Krasner reports that he is studying Navigation and is on his way to advanced school.

#103

THE LIBRARY of CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 23 1945

KPFN 4027

"We must recruit, but we must DEVELOP more"



The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less-active members, and to keep contact with AAPAans now in the Armed Forces, by...

William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Rd., New York

+ NEW MEMBERS +

Recruit MARGARET LAING writes in from Greenville, S. C., to tell us her name is spelled in the above fashion-- and not as it appeared in the Organ. She describes herself as a retired social worker who, as a matter of principle (?), never tells her age... A graduate of Agnes Scott Institute in Decatur, Ga; she taught before entering upon social work in 1905.

Sportswriting is the forte of a new member from this city. And WILLIAM VICTOR GALLO can turn out a portrait of your favorite sports character with equal, if not greater, ease! Bill's the "tall, dark, and handsome" type you may have heard about. When he leaves us for the Marines he will be ready for a fight, for he has been something of an amateur boxer. If you're looking for sports copy, catch him before he jumps over into the adjoining servicemen's column.

Sioux City, Iowa, may boast a new printer in F. C. STEELE. A member of the Iowa State Guard, he doesn't have much time, but he hopes to have his paper in the bundles soon. Bud will do his printing on a Cub press.

Another printer recruit is PAUL JACKSON of Long Beach, New York. He's publishing already!

+ THE BOYS IN SERVICE +

A spot of philosophy from PVT. CLYDE BORGERS: "War is fought mainly because men want things. Just now it is the thirst for power which I credit with the chief blame for this war. If no-one wanted anything there would be no war; and conversely if we all had everything we wanted there would be a heck of a mess."

Serving since early in the year as a civilian attache, PVT. SID COHEN has now been transferred to active duty with the Signal Corps... In the "What, again?" Department of the Mat falls the flash from Sid that he is, and we quote him: "Engaged to the most precious, beautiful girl in the world." In case that's a description you might apply to someone youre thinking of, Sid refers to Mildred Hollenberg, of Jersey City. Best of luck on both scores, boy!

Claiming that the Air Corps life is "tops," PVT. BOB KUNDE is looking forward to the possibility that he may instruct PVT. MERTON HIATT in radio. It would be quite a coincidence, but the army moves men around so much "it could happen here!"

Write to the editor of WELCOME MAT for addresses of service men. Publishing 'em is out!

X-PN 4827 #104

WITS END

HOUSE RULES & REGULATIONS

SOUVENIR PUBLICATION

JULY 1943 HOUSEPARTY

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

JUN 2 8 1943

GIFT

Word Pictures

Fall, 1943 *No. 1*

Can It Be That Poet's Dream?

Sweet-scented night lay all about me,
Serene, dewey and clear.
A nightingale in near-by coppice
Chanted his notes of cheer.
A harvest moon shed lambent glory
Upon the restless sea,
As from its depths a radient figure
Arose; a mystery.
A ravishingly lovely creature,
Dark lustrious eyes agleam,
Across her breast she wore Faith's baldric,
(Can it be Poet's Dream?)
On rainbow wings this vision floated
Upward, and as I gazed,
She pointed to the starlit heavens,
Whereon this message blazed.
Be not dismayed for I am with thee,
Although the strife is long,
Faith, truth and love will rise triumphant
To sing the victor's song.

—ELLIE WILCOX BURT.

In Sanctuary.

X-PN 4827

#106

THE WRONG FONT

Vol. 2 Unrationed Corn for JULY, 1943 No. 1

THE DEFENSE RESTS

Lawyer—"Now, sir, you say the ducks in my client's yard are yours. How do you know this? Ducks are very much alike. I myself have ducks like the ones you claim."

Plaintiff—"I don't doubt it—this is not the first time I've had some ducks stolen."

—※—

A drizzle is just two drips going steady.

—※—

AT LONG LAST!

They tell this one on Helen Vivarttas. Seems as though our bachelorette was dining out and while the waiter was standing by her table she asked him to find out the title of the piece the orchestra was playing.

Other duties claimed the waiter for a time, and, when he returned HAV had completely forgotten her request. To her confusion the waiter bent towards her and whispered: "What Can I Do to Make You Love Me?"

#107

THE YANKEE KANGAROO.

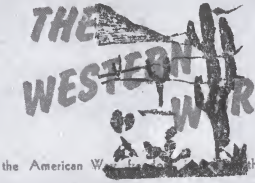


VOL I NO I
MAY '43

Published by

LEON STONE
Elgin St., Gordon, New South Wales
Australia
(Member Australian A.P.A., N.A.P.A. & A.A.P.A.)
-and-
Aviation Cadet BURTON JAY SMITH
202 Roseland East -- Springfield, Ohio
U.S.A.
(Member A.A.P.A. and N.A.P.A.)

X-PN 4827 #108



For the American W[illegible] the pursuit of happiness

Vol. 1 Berkeley, Calif. March 1943 No 4

THERE IS NO NIGHT

By Pvt. Jerry F. Chmelicek
United States Army Air Corps

There is no night for souls who walk arm in arm and pledge themselves to Truth. Nor is there Death, for those who dream, for dreamers are but spun of stars. Idealism lulls you into it's fold and the Muses pillow your head in their arms, and the princess of Inspiration kisses your eyes so that you may learn to forget and to burn with creative urge. And about you lies the world, like a paradise wild and through closed eye-lids you build your own Utopia of Perfection, Beauty and eternal Love. No, there is no king of Night, for these children of Art and Culture, there is the bright and resplendant morning, noon and evening, but no shadows lay their fingers across their faces.

X-PN 4827

#109

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945

WALLPAPER

"Covers Most Everything"

DISTRIBUTED FREE TO MEMBERS OF 4 AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSN.

MIAMI HERALD HAS ONE OF NATION'S MOST MODERN AND EFFICIENT PLANTS

By Way of Introduction

Wallpaper Follows Many Months Of Good Intent

After many months of membership in AAPA, with nothing but the best intentions regarding the publication of a small paper for the association's bundle, Wall finally finds himself with a sufficient quantity of Time to get started.

It was on a crisp mid-March morning in 1925 that Wall made his first vociferous appearance in an unenthusiastic world. (It was at that moment that March became known as the "windy month.")

Migrating from his birthplace in the Empire State when he was eleven, by which time he had already presented his first handmade newspaper to a few tolerant neighbors, he made his home among the oranges and cocoanuts of Miami.

His graduation from high school in June, 1941, brought to a close his activities as editor of the Miami Edison Herald. During the year he was wielding the blue pencil he emerged, somehow, from the Stetson U. Journalism Institute with first prizes in news and feature writing.

Studies at the University of Mi-

• Turn to Page Four

$360,000 Press Prints 40-60,000 Papers In An Hour

With AAPA membership including persons from all parts of the U. S. a wonderful opportunity exists for all of us, through the monthly bundles, to learn something about newspapers and publishing methods throughout the country.

Wallpaper will start the ball rolling with a few interesting items on the Miami Herald, Florida's largest newspaper.

Thirteen freight cars brought the Herald's modern $360,000 Hoe press to Miami in 1941 as part of a $650,000 construction program which gave the Herald one of the world's most efficient and complete newspaper plants.

The great press, which turns out an average of 103,858 papers daily and 125,030 papers every Sunday, if operated at top speed could print 60,000 complete papers every hour but is normally run at a speed of about 40,000.

Vast amounts of paper and ink are consumed by the press. The Herald's two ink storage tanks have a capacity of 8,400 gallons, and it is not unusual to have more than 23,000,000 pounds of paper on hand in normal times.

Some 300 regular, full time employees plus many hundred car-

• Turn to Page Four

X-PN 4827

#110

JUN 28 1943

THE WRONG FONT

Vol. 2 AUGUST, 1943 No. 2

LET'S GET OUT OF THE RED

By The Office Boy

It is said that every year the postoffice department loses money. I always respect government figures and I accept the truth of the yearly deficit report. I know why the department isn't a paying proposition, but it is too much for the average citizen to swallow.

Persons who have visited a big city postoffice with its hustle and bustle and its great stacks of letters and parcels are particularly skeptical. The folks who are afraid to venture within a block of the office for fear of being run down by the scurrying mail trucks simply can't understand why such a busy, cash business as this doesn't pay.

Why not improve the taste of the gum on the stamps? When the bad taste is taken from the gum I honestly believe that the postal department will get out of the red.

I suppose I could be called a gum specialist. Since childhood I have been sampling postage stamp gum. From my large world collection of mint stamps I can select any one and, without looking at the face, name the country by just licking the gum. Some of the adhesive has a very nice taste, some of it is unpleasant to the palate, but when someone slips me an U.S. stamp—ugh! It's awful, and something should be done about it. We actually rank thirtieth among the other countries in the matter of gum taste. Think of it!

Liberia, with its delicious watermelon flavor, heads the list. I have licked all my Liberians clean and buy all the stamp dealers can furnish me.

Why doesn't the United States adopt the flavor system? What could be more appropriate than a cherry flavored George Washington stamp?

Think of the possibilities! Numbers are always hard to remember anyway.

Picture this dialogue at a postoffice:

Customer: "How much to mail this package to Utica?"

Clerk: "Exactly 10 limes, 1 lemon and 1 tutti-fruitti."

"Would it be alright to

(Continued on page 4)

X-PN 4827

#111

A HAPPY NEW YEAR & A GLORIOUS JULY 4TH TO ALL FRIENDS & ENEMIES

THE YANKEE TRADER

Published Monthly By
ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH, 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

570th Trip Around and About. On These Shores Since 1636.

48TH YEAR JANUARY, 1943 NUMBER 6

THE WORLD DO MOVE

The limitation of salaries or income to $25,000 yearly is not a new idea.

In the platform adopted by the Communist Party at its national convention held in N. Y. city, on May 27, 1928, was an article declaring for the taxation of all incomes above $5,000 a year, and the confiscation of all incomes over $25,000 a year.

A peculiarity about the new law is that it was put into effect, not by the people or the representatives of the people, but by executive authority.

Advanced political parties such as Communists and Socialists, may never come into power and wouldn't administer any form of government if they did, but what they advocate is frequently brought about by existing representatives of the people or if they fail a dictator takes their place and does the trick.

THOMAS SAYS WE'RE ON ROAD TO DICTATORSHIP

Norman Thomas, in speaking on behalf of the Socialist Party's State ticket, said: 'The American people are heading, without knowing it, toward a popular dictatorship where the President is a virtural dictator.

"We are moving toward a dictator who tries to be more or less popular. It has not happened in America yet, but we are on the road in that direction.

"There is no question the Administration has done some good things in peace time and war. On the other hand, the Administration is far from being infallible, both in peace and war."

WOTTA RELIGION

Gen. George L. Carpenter, international leader of the Salvation Army, states:

"I feel that Government authorities, those who influence the rise and fall of wages, should be aware that providing youth with means beyond ordinary requirements is destroying some vital elements in the life of coming generations."

Since such religious organizations rely upon poverty for their existence, it is only natural that they should want to perpetuate what they feed upon.

Erick Sieberg, 6022 No. Winthrop Ave., Chicago, Ill., is interested in co-op. colony.

WE WISH ALL OUR ADVERTISERS A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS YEAR FOR 1943.

X-PN WB27

412

YANKEE TRADER

DEVOTED TO THOSE WHO DEAL THROUGH THE MAIL BAG

Published Monthly By
ELBRIDGE GERRY GREENOUGH 381 PALMETTO ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

571st Trip Around and About. On These Shores Since 1636.

CURIOUS MONEY

The new Federal Reserve Bank notes are, according to the N. Y. Sun, somewhat of a monetary curiosity. They bear the signatures of George L. Harriman, then Governor of the New York bank and now head of the New York Life Insurance, and of A. W. Gilbert, deceased, who was then Deputy Governor. They are redeemable only in lawful money and bear the title "National Currency" secured "by United States Bonds Deposited With the Treasurer of the United States of America." Actually they are not so secured, since the Federal Reserve Bank has deposited with the Treasury the full amount of the notes to be issued, in the form of a credit to the Treasury's account. The new bank notes, when they wear out, will be replaced with Federal Reserve notes or by other forms of paper money.

EASY WAYS

Now you understand the use of the mirror, Fritz, how do you find out if you have washed your neck clean?

From the towel, sir.

What kind of a job do you want?

Oh, anything the city furnishes an automobile with! —And gasoline.

FEBRUARY 1943 No. 7

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUN 23 1945

#10



The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less-active members, and keep in contact with AAPAans now in the Armed Forces, by...

William Haywood, 1540 Unionport Rd., New York

++

* NEW MEMBERS *

A professional writer who cut his teeth on Lone Scout ajay papers is HAROLD PREECE. His wife is a writer, too, and they're at the Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tenn., if you'd care to drop them a line of welcome.

E. J. Sharbatz adds to his recruiting record by signing up a printer, P. F. McNAMEE. You can write him at 222 N. Pennsylvania Avenue, Chrisman, Illinois.

From Down Under, Burton Smith is bringing recruit Leon S. STONE, Elgin St., Gordon, N.S.W., Australia. Leon's first paper will be printed in the USA, but from then on, he's doing it himself. An ajayer since he was eight, we are glad to welcome this Aussie into the Association. He'd like to have back numbers of your papers, to get acquainted.

Filling Private Gabby's ajay shoes is brother BOB GABAREE, 13 years old. Gabby broke him into printing by having Bob watch him do it, so the AJR will be coming along as usual. Bob intends to maintain Gabby's schedule if he can, but warns us: "I only write in case of an emergency. I do enjoy printing the AJR and it is not such a hard job as I thought it was going to be."

...- AJAYS IN SERVICE ...-

PFC. BOB KUNDE is moving again, stopping at the moment "where the tall corn grows." He is in the Technical Training Command now, teaching flight training to new radio operators. Hopes to publish another Banner soon.

FLYING CADET ROBERT MANEY is at Nashville, Tenn., which he made from Philadelphia in one hop of 35 hours. "Well, here I am finally," gloats Bob, "All my buddies whose air force address I envied have nothing on me now+ Only eating and form-filling have occupied us so far that I can't tell you how I like the army. But I'll know shortly." How now, Bob?

PVT. BUD STEELE is 'way down in Mississippi, at a brand new army camp. He expects to be at home there for some time, but hopes to transfer to the Quartermaster Corps.

PVT. WILLIAM GALLO is at Marine Camouflage School, learning to make things appear "not what they seem." "Clumsy me had to go and drop my rifle," he says of the Leatherneck drilling, "and the punishment for this is sleeping in your bunk with your own and two other rifles. It wasn't bad-- I was so tired."

++

X-PN 4827 #114

WEE DRAPS O' INK

1944

X-PN 4827 #115

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
MAIN RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY
GIFT

The Windjammer

An Amateur Publication

August, 1944

Volume One **Issue Three**

X-DM 27 #114

Wanderings

APR 29 1977

Two "Wanderings"! Abposterous ! Presurd ! But which is the official, the genuine, one; and which the monstrous usurper, to be coldly scorned and rudely ejected ? And who edits and publishes this "Wanderings"? (The answer is singular.) Mail your guess to the editor and if you are not cruelly murdered within the following week you will assume that you were unluckily correct. (By the way, if you live more than 3000 miles from the addressee, better make it two weeks.) —— For to the first ten thousand winners I faithfully promise to send my latest—— You know, when you use a thimble, no matter what finger you put it on, you always stick the needle into one of the other thirteen. Now, my patented 'Thimblo'will save many lives

#117

WEAKER MOMENTS

BESIDE THE PRESS AT THE SIGN OF THE BILIOUS BULL

Wednesday, February 9, 1944

GENESIS

"What shall we do—set some more on *Masaka,* or get out a paper?" asks Burton. 'Tain't proper to visit his place without celebrating with a paper. Let's start another *Weaker Moments* . . .

Original members of the Amateur Printers Club found fellowship and stimulation in monthly visits to one another's homes and printshops back in 1931-33. At first, members took turns at printing the quarterly club paper, alone. Later, when revived in 1941, they began working together during meetings to produce a souvenir of the occasion. From this source has stemmed a series of *Old Meanies, Weaker Moments,* and now, *Once Overs*—all celebrating the gathering of two or more garrulous printers in one steaming cellar or frigid attic printshop.

We like the idea. There's quite a thrill in later years, scanning thru a pile of papers, in pausing to reminisce: "Doggone, here's that *APC News* we put out in my old shop back in March '41: '33 at Great Neck Brawl Stage a Miniature Convention; APC Crowds Babcock House To Capacity.'" That really *was* a party!

X-PN 4827

—YOU CAN STILL HAVE HAPPINESS, IF YOU HALVE IT—

YE OCCASIONAL IDLER

A.D. 1939



APPROVED

Mount Washington Berkshire Co Mass

A Merry Xmas



The sun climbs over the eastern hill,
A globe of tawny orange;
Its rays dart swift o'er brook and rill,
(But where's my rhyme to orange?)

It tips the crest of bush and tree
With gleam of frosted silver;
The children dance and shout with glee,
(But what will rhyme with silver?)

The father smiles to see his boys
Outside his study window,
All busy with their Christmas toys,
(There is no rhyme to window.)

The happy day glides swift along
To dinner and to turkey,
With shouts and laughter, jest and song,
(I've found a rhyme, though jerky.)

But poets have to live and eat
In this or any month,
And lack of rhymes cannot defeat,
(No word will rhyme to month.)

THE above from our scrap-book brings to mind the Yule sign of our Norfolk colored boy—*My name*

IN'S Glen Island

is Hmmie—I'll take what you gimmie—admitting easy verse he agreed to simulate a rhyme to '*orange*.' All month he ran his elevator mumbling RENNGG, RENNGG. At noon he still promised results, and at night said: 'Boss, I dont think dar's any word to rhyme with RENNGG!' The late Sir W. S. Gilbert nearly caught it with Blc'nange. Here is a standby:

> I gave my darling child a lemon,
> That lately grew it's fragrant stem on;
> And next to give her pleasure more range,
> I offered her a juicy orange.
> And alas, she cracked them in the door hinge.

Here's a rhyme to porringer—here's a rhyme to porringer; a King had had a daughter fair and gave the Prince of Orange her.

> *I'll all you little romping kids*
> *Will kindly just keep still for*
> *Just about ten minutes I'll*
> *Give each a dime in silver.*

The old *Knickerbocker Magazine* gives us this:

> A cruel man a beetle caught,
> And to the wall him pinned, oh!
> Then said the beetle to the crowd,
> "Though I'm stuck up I am not proud,"
> And his soul went out—he wiadow.

Search through the works of Thackeray, you'll find a rhyme for month; he tells us of Phil Fogarty of the fighting Onety-oneth!

> —*YOU can't!*" says Tom to *Lispeg Bill,*
> *"Find any rhyme for month."*
> *"A great mistake,"* said Bill's reply,
> *"I'll find a rhyme at month!"*

Now Poets! Find a rhyme to Christmas; and don't use strabismus?

WORDS ARE THE ONLY THINGS THAT LAST FOREVER

THE SECRET OF ELOQUENCE IS BREVITY

—WHEN A WIFE STOPS NAGGING HER HUSBAND—SHE'S LOST INTEREST IN HIM—

X-PN 4827 #119

LEADING AND FOREMOST BEGINNER WRITER'S MAGAZINE

THE WRITER'S GUIDE

Your Guide Into Print



YVONNE MANN

July-August **10c**

XN 4827

#129

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 2 6 19[illegible]
ORDER
GIFT

ATTENTION!

Writers, the editor of this paper requests stories relating to the Christmas theme for the December issue of this journal.

"JIM DANIELS" concluded

and weighs 130 pounds. He enlisted in the Navy in July of this year, and took his boot training at Sampson, New York.

Jim says that the name "Daniels" is quite common among Indians. His grandmother was full-blooded. "People can't imagine that an Indian can have blue or grey eyes, or light-colored skin and hair," said Daniels. "But if they took the time to investigate, they would discover many natives today have these traits, and mixed bloods are included in government censuses."

He publishes, aside from his AAPA journal, Tomahickan Kisho, a paper devoted to better understanding between the white and red men of America.

Roy Lee Barron, Jr. has withdrawn from the University of Miami on a "military leave". Roy celebrated his seventeenth birthday on November 11th, and plans to join some branch of the service soon. He is now vacationing in Erwin, Tennessee, before the "final plunge".

Charles Hargis has accepted a job as reporter on the Flat Rock Guardian.

Staff Sergeant Michael Phelan is home on furlough until the 4th of December. He's stationed at Newport, Arkansas, and recently went up to Sparta, Mo., where he spent the week-end with Dean Rea.

Jim Daniels has received an offer to write articles on Indian lore and history for Popular Hobbies Magazine.

Word Sketch Number 2

LESLIE BOYER

Les is 15 years old and a sophomore in high school.....Newly elected Manuscript Manager, he publishes The Echo, a monthly publication. Boyer is also co-publisher of The Missourian, and has recently started the bureau organ, The Literary American... First work on his new Kelsey will appear in this bundle..... Other incidentals: Les is 5 ft. 2 in. tall, weighs 100 lbs., has dark brown hair, brown eyes, and "a couple million" freckles.... Hobbies: Printing and amateur journalism....Other interests: Scouts and soft-ball....He has two brothers and two sisters, but he's the oldest.

NEWS

X-4827

H121

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945



WELCOME MAT

The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less-active members, and keep in contact with AAPAans now in the Armed Forces, by...

William F. Haywood, 3-09 Cyril Avenue, Fair Lawn, New Jersey

Write to me for addresses of our members in service-- and let me know what you hear from them, so future issues will be newsy.

...- AJAYS IN SERVICE ...-

It's a bit damp, what with all the monsoons, but it isn't dull out in India any more. Why? 'Cause our old pal PVT. ELMER H. GABAREE, JR. is out there now! If you wanna zip Gabby a line, the address is yours for a postcard request.

Last February 24th he received his commission and now ENSIGN WALTER P CREWS is commanding officer of an LST. He and his craft were taken aboard an LST to North Africa. His address is in our file, too. Why not ask for it, drop him a line?

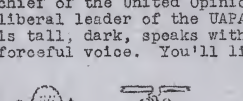
Our old buddy, CORP. WILLIAM GALLO has partially accomplished his aim of being a sports writer. His by-line appeared in The Sunsetter, publication of the 4th Marines. In between batting out columns Bill's kept pretty busy. He was in the invasion of the Marshall Islands and is now on Saipan. He would be mighty pleased to hear from fellow ajays!

Last I heard from CORP. MICHAEL PHELAN was when he visited the Texas gang-- Johnnie Vaglienti and Louis Woods-- at San Jacinto. Mike is with a Marine Aviation Detachment.

* NEW MEMBERS *

One of our newest ajays could just as well be listed in the adjoining column, PhM 2/C ROBERT L. STANTON. Robert is a Miamian who joined the Navy two years ago last February and has been overseas 15 months. He was the subject of a story in the Miami Herald in June when he sent home a captured Jap flag from Tarawa. He was cited for outstanding service there, when he stayed behind with a wounded buddy who would otherwise have bled to death and effected his rescue after 24 hours under enemy fire on the beachhead.

A new member in the American, but not new to ajay is HAIG ANLIAN. He is Union City, N. J., editor-in-chief of the United Opinion, and a liberal leader of the UAPA. Haig is tall, dark, speaks with a deep, forceful voice. You'll like him!



WRITE 'EM ALL!

X-PN 4827 #122
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

THE WINDJAMMER

Vol. 1 NO. 1



"Printed when possible"

An A.A.P.A. Publication

X-PN 4827 #123
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

The Windjammer

An Amateur Publication

January, 1945

Volume One **Issue Five**

X-PN 4827 WE DIG
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
JUN 28 1945
COPY GIFT

VOL. 1 NO. 2

#124

THIS ISSUE OF WE DIG IS NOT WHAT IT WAS PLANNED TO BE BUT AT LEAST IT'S AN ATTEMPT TO SHOW ACTIVITY.

THE EDITOR OF THIS RAG IS RUNNING FOR THE DIRECTORS OFFICE AND WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR BACKING.

JUNIOR LOG SHEET

X-PN 4827

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JUN 28 1945 GIFT

#125

Windjammer

FOR DECEMBER

FRIENDSHIP'S LIGHT

Like a candle burning brightly,
That needs kind protecting care,
Friendship, too, must e'er be guarded,
While it's flick'ring light is there.

An enemy called jealousy
Oft tries to put out the light;
He's at the door--close it quickly!
Or heartaches may be your plight.

Friendship can for years gleam brightly,
If it has the Master's touch;
With the keys to guard it rightly
Ours will always mean so much.

—Norman Quillman.

AN AMATEUR PUBLICATION

#126

Weaker Moments

¶ This damn war is becoming obnoxious. Almost from time immemorial *The Scarlet Cockerel* has been dropping in at Burton Crane's 12-room-&-cellar chalet to help whisk out some new *Old Meanie* or *APC News*. Such mental and physical antics carry high priority on all our furloughs. This trip, however, as we skidded to a halt in Crane's cellar printshop we found Daddy Longlegs tediously hacking out a linotyped issue of SCWewball Wesson's *Siamese Standpipe*. Horrors! Could this be true? ¶ Was the A1F-Cloistered shop of the Bilious Bull being profaned with inalterable linotype slugs? No copper and brass thin spaces—no craftsmanlike tied letters and ligatures—no exact fit written-to-order heads—no filed type nor tissue overlays? Alas! Could it be that the *Masaka* kid, paragon of spacing and presswork, had senilely stumbled to blacksmithing such as this? ¶ Here 't was Crane's 44th birthday, Burton was on his way to a civilian war job for the duration, the Scarlet Cock was back on leave from the Georgia wars—and yet there could be no celebration because some sad nincompoop plumber from Florida had started building a *Standpipe* in the middle of the Crane cellar. ¶ Amen. High time to padlock this onetime high-class shop and steal away in shame. The Kat, the Cock, and the already Bilious Bull shuddered, shed a tear, and hoisted another for oldtime's sake.

Rare Books A127
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD
MAY 3 1946
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The Wild Cat

Number 38 November 1945

There Are So Many

There are so many, so many of our kind
That wonder and that brood in loneliness.
We are in capitols we are in cities, we are in villages.
But we the lonely ones are lonely, ever lonely.

There are so many, so many of our kind
But we are never a fraternity, we are never a fold
We are never a congregation.

There are so many, so many of our kind
But we do not seek to gather into assemblies,
For us there are no forums
We never want a quorum.

Destined to be lonely, we choose the less trodden paths,
And we are not in need of walls or fences to isolate
ourselves
In order to be lonely we shunt and we shun others of
our kind
Meeting we step aside and we part and we separate
And we go our ways
The ways of those who need the pious dignity
Of their solitude and the reveries of solitude.
O, we the lonely, must be lonely!

X-PN 4827

#128

Western Wildcat

Specializing in Western Folklore and Gore.

Series B-1 Spring, 1945

Before Bob Wire Played Hell With Texas.

Ed. note: The following is from a letter from J. Frank Dobie accepting a professorship at Cambridge University.

"I pointed out that my knowledge of history consisted mainly of facts relating to the length of the horns of Longhorn steers, the music inherent in coyote howling and bull bellering, the way the mother rattlesnakes swallow their young, the duels Jim Bowie fought with his Bowie knife, the cleverness of black bears in playing the accordion, the location of the Lost Adams Diggings, the speed of the Pacing White Mustang, the smell of coffee boiled over mesquite wood, the religious note in ballads about Jesse James and Sam Bass, the shade-hunting serenity and grass-chewing leisureness of cowboys as opposed to the 'tense grim tone' that Hollywood gives them, the habits of ghosts in guarding Spanish treasure, how Wrong Wheel Jones got his name, where Rol Rutledge petted his pet polecats, when owls mate with chickens up above the forks of the creek, and what, in general, Texas and surrounding territory was like before, to quote Bigfoot Wallace, 'bob wire played hell with it.' "

—SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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JUN 28 1945
THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

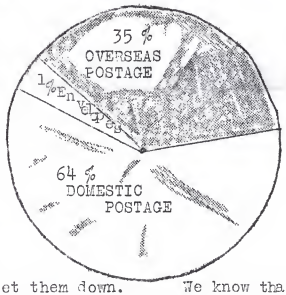
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YOU'RE HELPING THEM TOO . . .



Yes, you're helping your fellow amateurs in the service when you donate to Bundle of Freedom. The chart at the right shows how your money is spent. It is based on the May 1945 mailing, the largest in the history of B.O.F.More than $20 was spent for postage..and over $7 of it went for first-class postage on bundles going overseas to our boys on the fighting fronts. That comes roughly to 35% of all costs.

Innumerable cards and letters all testify that B.O.F. is the big contact of our service men with home... and they want more of it. We cannot let them down. We know that the increased costs will be willingly shared by amateurs in the U.S.

Bundle of Freedom is supported ENTIRELY BY DONATIONS. NO organization has set aside or given funds for this unique mailing. And NO money is deducted for administrative expenses. Give now!

--H A I G A N L I A N
Mailing Manager.

Ha'g Anlian, Mailer
Bundle of Freedom
327 18th St.
Union City, N.J.

Enclosed is_____as my contribution for BUNDLE OF FREEDOM.

NAME_____ADDRESS_____

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WHAT'S THE RED CROSS DOING?

A Story to Handle at Freedom Meetings

BY MARY A. TILLEY
(Staff Writer, American Red Cross)

WASHINGTON (U.S.)—This year we are going to make a special effort to make generously in the annual drive of American Red Cross. This is no cold story that we become accustomed to. Life is serious, however, and we feel that it is the duty of each one of us to keep alive this wonderful organization known as Red Cross to alleviate suffering of the military and civilian casualties during war and disaster.

Until I recently became a member of the American Red Cross, in the true sense of the word, I did not realize just how important this quasi-governmental agency is. Since it is mostly financed by voluntary contributions obtained from the annual membership appeal to the American public, it is up to you, to individuals, to dig deep into your pockets and "give 'till it hurts."

It would be impossible to describe in such limited space, all the services offered, but a few of the most important for the Armed Forces are: (1) Assists in communications between servicemen & their families when common means are not available or effective. (2) Assists military & naval authorities in obtaining reports required for medical treatment or in deciding questions of relationship for military or clemency. (3) Provides financial assistance for basic maintenance in cases of need to service men's dependents and disabled veterans & their families during temporary period when application is on file for govt benefits is pending. (4) Provides social service, recreation & rehabilitation for sick & wounded. (5) Provides servicemen in camps in United States & on post abroad. (6) Supplies comfort articles. (7) Recruiting [illegible] whereby supply of blood plasma is procured for the military [illegible] Navy for use on battlefronts & in hospitals. (8) Issues an official [illegible] information about the status of men [illegible] relatives [illegible] military and naval agencies who are [illegible] not in service.

Civilians [illegible] aided by the Red Cross. In the past 25 years relief has been given to 207 disasters throughout the U.S., such as floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, fires, explosions, train & motor vehicle wrecks, [illegible]. Red Cross also makes [illegible] [illegible] Volunteer Services, Production of Garments & Surgical Dressings, Nursing Service, First Aid, Water Safety & Accident Prevention and Recruiting Service.

It's our responsibility, yours and mine, to see that enough funds are available to carry on the work started under Clara Barton when our President became the 32nd Red Cross Roll Call [illegible]. Are you ready to respond?

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JUN 2 1945
COPY



WELCOME MAT

The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less active members, and keep in contact with AAPAans now in the Armed Forces, by...

William F. Haywood, 3-09 Cyril Ave.
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

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...- AJAYS IN SERVICE -...

S/SGT. MIKE PHELAN and his wife, Helen, are among those who have borrowed the A A P A album to have a look-see at the faces of ajay friends therein. It was while perusing the album during Mike's recent furlough that Helen suggested a special album of pictures of servicemen and women. Going a step further, she has donated the album and started it off with a couple of pictures! Now it's up to you in uniform to help us fill it up. Send along any and all pictures of yourself in service and such data as the date of enlistment, rate, type of work, organization, awards received, and the like. As soon as we have a good collection, the album, like the regular one, will be available to any member wishing to borrow it.

LT. BRUCE W. SMITH has been V-mailing me through the summer-- in fact, he wrote the day after D-day in southern France. He wants the addresses of other ajays stationed in Italy, so if you're down that way, let him know. Bruce spent the last week of July at combat rest camp on the Isle of Capri, which he calls "undoubtedly the most beautiful rest spot I have ever seen-- and that includes all the wonderful places I have visited in the States." He has also been in Naples and has seen Rome from the air. He is a first lieutenant now with 27 combat missions and 6 Nazi planes to his credit.

CORP. WALTER O. STROMBACH had a furlough over the holidays, returning from two years in the Antilles theater. First thing Walt did was shop for new rollers for his press and print up an edition of Kink! Then he paid a couple of visits to the publication office of Welcome Mat, where he saw for the first time my color shots of the Hempstead convention, taken just before he was shipped overseas! Walt is now editor of The Clarion, journal of APO 853, and for the most recent issue he managed a full-color cover!

Since the last issue, I was visited at work by LUTHER WATSON of the Navy. Luther was busy at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn at the time, but has since been shipped out. If you've heard from him recently, I'd like to have his latest address.

One of the nicest Christmas cards we received was from Saipan-- sent to us by CORP. WILLIAM V. GALLO of the Marines. Bill is at a rest camp now, after spending what he calls his "summer vacation" on Saipan and Tinian. But while he is resting he is studying demolition-- so look out, Tojo!

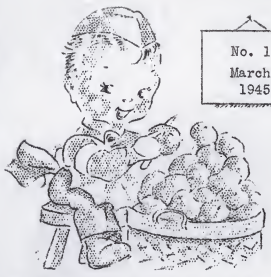
PVT. GABBY GABAREE, JR. sent along from India a copy of Bakshish, a nicely done offset publication in which he had an article. Maybe he didn't expect me to read that far, but I got to an item in the back which says: "For the most unusual pin-ups ever seen in an Army camp, drop in and see the luscious full-color photos that adorn the wall beside Gabby Gabaree's bunk. To his older love of a cool glass of milk and a big slice of custard pie, he has added a baked ham, with all the trimmins. Eatin' stuff, boys, eatin' stuff." He also sent along a snapshot for our service album.

Write to me for service addresses, and write to our service members frequently.

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THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD JAN 28 1945 GIFT



No. 11
March,
1945

WELCOME MAT

The unpretentious WELCOME MAT is published to help the American Amateur Press Association develop its new and less active members, and keep in contact with AAPAans now in the Armed Forces, by...

William F. Haywood, 3-09 Cyril Ave.
Fair Lawn, New Jersey

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We quote (but verbatim!) the most recent communique from PVT. ELMER H. GABAREE, JR.: "Hi Folks: Here's news for WELCOME MAT. Gabby will soon have a NEW address. It won't be India, but also it won't be the U. S. A. Will write as soon as I get settled. Give my best to the gang via the Mat. Fraternally, Gabby."

We were considerably surprised and as equally pleased to hear from JOSEPH W. CURRAN, RM 3/C recently, because he has been unheard from so long. Joe has been out in the Pacific for twenty months and it has been "no picnic," as he reports. "It may interest you to know," he says, "that the ship I'm on and her crew have not been lying around in the middle of this vast Pacific Ocean. We have participated, in a very active way, in the bombardment of Lingayen Gulf, Luzon, PI. As in the battle of Surigao Straits, the ship again took an active part. We were one of the first ships to send our shells onto Luzon. Long before our scheduled first day destruction of this Japanese occupied island, we were attacked lightly but continuously by a determined force of the Japanese Imperial Air Arm. The weather and sea was favorable and our gunners turned to with a magnificent performance. But in spite of all we pushed on and carried out our mission ahead of schedule.

"By the way, in regards to Surigao Straits," he goes on, "my ship was first in line of the ships of a heavier class to encountor the Japs in the straits and we sank more than our share of tonnage.

"I've heard very little of AAPA or NAPA activity in the past year. A bundle, beaten to a pulp, reached me after about six months. I'd like to hear more of what is going on and yet in the forward areas the mail is uncertain, delayed, missed, and for anything like a bundle to reach me it would take six to eight months. Air mail letters are about the fastest means of communication."

Why not write Joe one of those air mail letters? Write to the Mat for his latest address-- a postal card will bring it.

* NEW MEMBERS *

CLEMENT Mc INTOSH has been in the AAPA only since the first of the year, but his taste of our activities has him anxious to get started. To date he has had one article published in THE MONTHLY HERALD, but since he is a staff member of that journal, you may expect to see more of his work. He also has pieces in the hands of other publishers and has bought a new 4 x 6 press. With this he plans to publish CANADIAN CENTO in the not-so-far-away future. For some time he has been a collector of all kinds of newspapers, but now he hopes to specialize in ajays. Any extra copies of your earlier issues would be appreciated by him. In the March bundle he expects to have a paper produced for him by Regina Taylor. He calls it THE MINSTREL.

REGINA NEVILLE TAYLOR has really gone "all-out" since joining our ranks. She is publishing, as you've already noticed in the bundles, and now she has obtained a gelatine duplicator to publish with.

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WEST LITTLE RIVER TIMES

Y O U

How much do you value your publication? No matter how little, or how much you value your work of journalism, you will value it as priceless ten years from now. Keep your back copies in a safe, dependable, proven way; have them bound in a volume for each year. Expensive? Up until now, yes! But Mr. John R. Sipes, owner of the ECONOMY BINDERY, and member of the Florida Press Association, is greatly interested in the boy editors and the amateur journalists. He has offered to bind your journals for $1.25 per volume, or $2.00 for two duplicate volumes. This price is exactly one half the price he charges the professional newspapers for the same service. All members of the Florida Boy Editors Newspaper Exchange and the American Amateur Press Association should take advantage of this offer now, or at least send a penny post card to Mr. Sipes for further information. Take a step in the improvement of your journal by writing now to the

ECONOMY BINDERY
John Sipes, Prop.
Fort Meade, Fla.

The WEST LITTLE RIVER TIMES, of which I am editor, is completely satisfied with the work of Mr. Sipes and his associates, and we recommend him to all newspapers, amateur or professional.

(We print this as a service to the A.A.P.A.)

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A PEEP INTO THE MAIL SACK

John Sipes of Fort Mead sent us the front page poem....William Haywood, of New York City writes that his motto in writing a letter is "I'll write, but later."..... Bill Bradfield's stationery with the letterhead, "THE SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO AMATEUR JOURNALISTS" is a scream. ....Gabby Gabaree, editor of the NUTMEGGER, writes that he is a Republican, (what's that?) but he is for Roosevelt..... Jimmie Sellers says he is sick in bed, (he was when the letter was written.) .....Linton Clark, of Abington, Conn., really let's us know that we shouldn't go to church on Sunday.....Jane Mc Carthy, secretary of the F.A.P.A., seems to be a school teacher, (how does she do it?).....Burton Crane of Elizabeth, New Jersey, has so many different newspapers, it is hard to remember them all. We

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Notice to Miami Readers: The front page and this page are published in the interest of the American Amateur Press Association, but they are enclosed with your regular issue of the WEST LITTLE RIVER TIMES.

WEST LITTLE RIVER TIMES
Roy Barron,Jr., Editor
Carrier 215,Buena Vista
Miami, Florida., Phone 7-4230

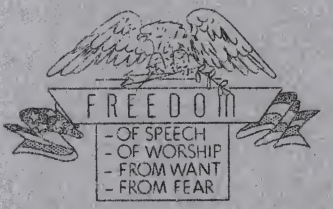
Members of the A.A.P.A., F.B.E.E. M.B.E.E., and the FREE NEWS SERVICE.

ACCORDING TO THE LAST BUNDLE

We we're s: pressed by the fact all of the editors that "knew" us "kind" ventionous good or bad, while MANTOLE was quite: nice. Frank's Boy!.....All [illegible] about the con-

X-D 3827 B09

THE YANKEE



Number 12 January, 1946

X-PN 4827 #135

WEAKER MOMENTS

in Moitoret's combined cellar printshop and rabbit hutch

STARTING THE NEW YEAR

OK, OK—so let's forget all that "Captain" stuff. Just call me "Mister" now—as of Christmas Eve! Quite the nicest Christmas present Uncle could make, after 53 months of khaki and olive drab *uniforms*, was that cherished right to wear *civilian clothes* again.

Safely in civvies at last, we started this new year by mailing SCARLET COCKEREL 17 (that notorious issue censored by some Pentagonic G-2 army colonel back in '42). The original edition had shrunk below 300 copies in the meantime, so a limited private mailing was the only solution. However, there are copies available to fill requests from any neglected but interested NAPA members.

(Incidentally, we also have some duplicate SCARLET COCKERELS of issues 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 18, 19, 22, 23. And No. 16—that much-delayed April Fool issue which amateur printers will hail as a typographic masterpiece—will probably be completed and published later this spring.)

❖ ❖ ❖

Our correspondence, erratic enough for some years now, virtually ceased after Thanksgiving. Reason: we gave thanks in Hawaii, in anticipation of a pleasant six-day voyage to San Francisco; then followed a five-day trooptraintrip to Massachusetts, and a prompt-and-painless separation from the service December eleventh. Since returning we've been busy getting acquainted with that fat little eighteen pound

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WALK ONE FLIGHT

Affiliated with National Amateur Press Association
Twentieth Floor---------May, 1946----------Building One

Edited by -- Willemetta Turnepseed, President of NAPA, Member of BAPA, COAJ and CSPC

202 Roseland East -- Springfield, Ohio

PUTTING ON THE ROOF

Perhaps it comes from reading too many books wherein no loose ends escape the final chapter, or maybe I merely have a tidy mind, but I am troubled by unfinished business, by mysteries, and by journals which cease publication abruptly on an odd number. That is what happened to Walk One Flight, for the Nineteenth floor was erected in April of 1942. The Twentieth floor was started and some material herewith presented has been typed and waiting (such as Viola Payne's sketch and #12 of the Meet My Friends series) so if readers sense a continuity this will explain it. With this issue we put on the roof of Building One, with no blueprints on the boards for Two.

Some of the contributors to this issue are new to WOF: Bill Haywood who was vice-president when I joined, dropped his membership in favor of the American but was won back by the girl who is now his wife, has proved an active member, a fine Official Editor and is now the unopposed candidate for the Presidency. . . Martin B. Keffer who has been an amateur journalist for some years, tho a National member but a short time, has proved himself an excellent writer, and we owe him thanks for re-writing his sketch to fit our space. . . Grace Phillips, whom we had not even met when the last WOF was published, illustrates the axiom that the world is full of unmet friends, for she has become one of our dearest. . . Frank E. Schermerhorn is an ex-president who has only resumed activity in the past several years; we like the gentle, old-world air to his poetry which always gives us the

X-PN 4827

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

Extra! PAXTON'S Extra!

WAGTALE NEWS

VOL. II No. 1 ROANOKE 6, VIRGINIA November 25, 1946

PAXTON SUED FOR LIBEL

Martin Keffer Denies Dames Are Dangerous

COLUMBUS, O. (COAJNS)—Nov. 24—Martin Keffer, occasional amateur journalist associate of Russell Paxton, president of the Paxton Printing Company, now threatened with suits totaling three million dollars for alleged libelous statement in the September National Amateur,declared during an interview here today that he would NOT admit that "Dames Are Dangerous," referring to the title of a book Paxton insisted on his reading. But he conceded that they may be dangerous to Paxton, and added that he considered the Paxton action in printing this statement as the blackest kind of libel, and that he refused to defend Paxton.

He agreed, however, to investigate the rumor that Percifal Hevvens, who mysteriously disappeared into Florida, was hiding in Paxton's print shop and helping the ditha to scramble the composition.

CONTACT WITH THRIFT UNABLE TO BE MADE

Attempts to contact Mr. Tim Thrift by modern Grapevine teleg-o-graph were unsuccessful. The publishers of *Wagtale News* had hoped to obtain Mr. Thrift's valued deductions as to the present whereabouts of the dith renegades, as it is rumored that he is their originator although there are many in the Press Associations that would screen the present abode of these rascals.

A radio has been thrown toward Tokyo in the hopes that Burton Crane, ace correspondent of the New York *Times*, or Sheldon Wesson, intelligence officer, might be able to pick up their trail.

Turnepseed Proposes Suit Against "National" Printer

COLUMBUS, O. (COAJNS)—Nov. 24.—At the Central Ohio Amateur Journalists' meeting here today, Miss Willametta Turnepseed revealed that she was instituting suit for libel against the Paxton Printing Co. for one million Confederate dollars for his action in publishing the statement in the September National Amateur that she is Mrs. Babcock (Alf.) She consulted Dale Stump, noted Columbus attorney, and the group pledged a fund of $5,000 to retain Stump's firm as counsel in the case.

Associated Press reports from Cranford, New Jersey that Alfred Babcock stated that he and Mrs.

(*Continued on Page 2*)



A human-interest note was added to the unpleasant situation today when we received by carrier-pigeon the above cut from Springfield, O., and released with the picture was the title, "Miss Turnepseed, flower gardner." A note was added that she has been quite active with a wide variety of flowers this past season. We wonder what her favorites are.

Ginza Hevvens Denies Knowledge of Son's Act

SQUASHBORO, (WNS)—Nov. 24—In a signed statement today Ginza Hevvens, Sr., denied the fact that he knew of the acts of his son Percifal, while a visitor at the establishment of Russ Paxton recently. He further stated, "That boy is the fastest of my fifteen sons. He has been known to be in two places simultaneously and with a good deal of accuracy in the reports that have been furnished at the time, I am inclined to believe such reports."



These statements by Mr. Hevvens were made to our reporter during his stop over in the interests of a Good-Will tour of printing plants in the United States.

Mr. Hevvens is a jolly, good-natured chap and is in his middle fifties. We have gone to considerable trouble in digging up the cut of Mr. Hevvens which appears here with this article.

We trust the reader-interest warrents our efforts to always be of service in presenting the news while it is still "hot" and is still heating.

PERCY HEVVENS TO SPEAK IN MOUNT PULASKI, ILLINOIS

According to word received here from W. Don Wible, editor of *Pulaski Hilltop*, Mount Pulaski, Ill., Percifal Hevvens is to appear there soon and speak to the public. Mr. Wible failed to disclose Mr. Hevvens' topic.

X-PN 4827

NO. 14 *Weaker Moments* JULY '47

RESULTING FROM HELM SPINK'S VISIT TO THE RETROX

How To Edit Semi-Blank Pages

Current *National Amateurs* will stand out among the last score of volumes by reason of their covers if nothing else. Blessed with multilith facilities in the office where she works, Sesta has clothed our pedestrian official reports with such eye-catching composite pictures of amateur journalists as the association has never seen before. That's something we never dared dream of: *The National Amateur* with a "rotogravure" section.

After such a pleasant innovation we're disappointed when Sesta bogs down and sobs, "The dragon, How-to-do-so-Much-on-so-Little, is again breathing down the neck of the Official Editor." Shucks, sister—your common everyday editorial tools, the blue pencil and the layout dummy, can readily slay that dragon.

Common fallacy rates official organs by size: 24 pages—fine issue; only 12 pages—stinks! How wrong and how stupid! The criterion is not quantity of pages; what goes into those pages—or better, what trash is omitted—is what counts.

Apparently every official editor's first thought is, "How can I get more money for more pages? Who can I bamboozle into a donation?" Rarely does he consider, "How can I get the most into the NA? How can I give the Association the most for its money?

1. We don't have to use expensive coated paper; regular EF will do. The illustrations could be done on the cover, saving the cost of engravings as well: $7.34 for two in September.

#139

Weaker Moments

Printed, for lack of anything more exciting to do over the cold snowy weekend of Feb. 22-23, 1947, by Ralph Babcock. No. 16

Crane Reduced to Peddling Shoelaces

Bilious Bull Writes of His Pitiful Existence
In the Land of Rice and Saki

Tokyo (Feb. 10)—Frankly I don't see how I'm going to find time for printing. Right now I am trying to throw seven more chapters of my book ("Minority Report on Japan") into shape for publication. Six have gone off and I have to write four more. Another book is already planned, an encyclopedia on Japanese customs. A couple of well-received books now would almost double my lecture fees on my return. Have just done a yarn for the *Atlantic*.

We brought 2800 pounds of our own stuff and seem to be settled for a fairly long stay. Sylvia is due out here in July when she finishes Wellesley. The Nash arrived—one of the big ones; looks like a million. Only one other Nash in Japan, I believe.

We have a foreign-style house with living room, two bedrooms, dining room, study for me, and servants quarters. We have the same couple we had from 1933 to 1937 plus two part-time men, cleaner and gardener.

Although I have no regular hours, I find I must stick to some, partly because Esther works from 8 to 5 and I drive her down

(*continued on page four*)

PN4527 #140

Weaker Moments

Printed, in the absence of domestic strife and excitement, by Ralph Babcock, 61 Rutland St., Watertown, 72, Mass. This 17th issue, courtesy of RWB's old rubber pants, was banged off the handpress at The Hatbox 16 May '47

Didn't Truman End The Draft?

We are perplexed by this furore about drafting O'Toole's Quazy Cat for NAPA President. What's the matter with Sesta? She hasn't resigned from anything.

Why must we draft Alf? So he can resign from the presidency and keep his record perfect? His resignations as Vice President, as Secretary, and even as a member have been refreshing. Why force him to resign as President before he's had the pleasure of resigning as Official Editor?

In case you'd forgotten, it is customary to promote seasoned and tested amateurs from the exhausting chores of the official editorship to a vacation in the presidency (where they can turn out one Topix and one mimeo'd answer to Vice Presidents deposed for inactivity—an enervating year's work) before turning them out to pasture as Exec Judges and ex-Presidents.

Sesta will undoubtedly do as well as most Michigan NAPA Presidents. She'll have Clyde Townsend's, George Macauley's, and Maggy Martin's records to shoot at. We can't expect every President to be as frantically active as Willametta Turnepseed or Bill Haywood—or can we?

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Memorial Day, 1948

Weaker Moments

BESIDE THE BIG PRESS IN THE LITTLE CELLAR OF "THE HATBOX" AT WATERTOWN, MASS.

NUMBER 22

REPORT TO THE FOSSILS

Last October when Theron Batchelder and Ed Cole offered the press and printing outfit of the late Frank Roe Batchelder to any interested Fossils member, few details were available. On the assumption that some other printers and Fossils will be interested in an itemizing, this issue of WEAKER MOMENTS is devoted to a general description of the gift.

Frank Batchelder had located his printshop above his two-car garage in what was probably designed for a maid's room. His study and a lavoratory were in adjoining rooms; across the hall a door shut off this

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WEAKER MOMENTS

BESIDE THE GO-AHEAD PRESS OF RIVERSIDE

Time To Close Up Shop!

ALTHO currently extending all across the USA from Canada to Mexico, as well as to Tokyo, Australia, and England, the little realm of Amateur Journalism is indeed a small world. After my first dozen years in it nothing should surprise me; yet I am amazed frequently at how often the paths of amateurs as scattered as the Moitorets, Macauleys, Batchelders, and Babcocks happen to cross.

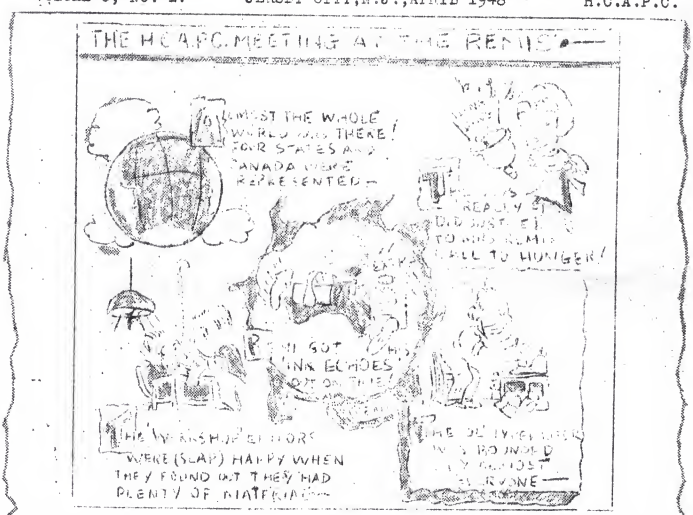
Five years ago an enthusiastic youngster of 73 rejoined the ranks of active publishers with the Rip Van Winkle issue of *The Go-Ahead*. That stimulant started him gathering a hobby printshop about the same time that a pessimistic army sergeant began liquidating the Scarlet Cockerel Press. Frank Roe Batchelder cannily picked up the cream of those metal assets (finally deciding against buying my press, however). Later, at the '43 Columbus NAPA convention I had the pleasure of meeting Frank, and, after the war, stopped by to see him at his Riverside home.

The visit to his well-furnished amateur printshop was a delight—the sort of envious inspiration only an ambitious amateur printer can appreciate fully. But circumstances were not conducive to rebuilding a similar Ivory Tower of my own then.

#143

The WORKSHOP

VOLUME 6, NO. 1. JERSEY CITY, N.J., APRIL 1948 H.C.A.P.C.



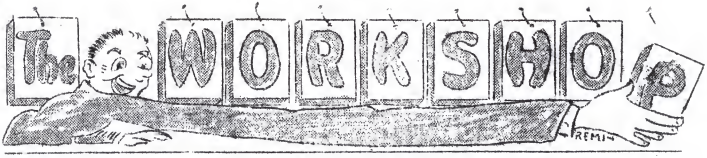
PLAN HEINS FETE HERE

A testimonial dinner in honor of Charles D. Heins, of Ridgfield Park, an organizer of the United Amateur Press Association and founder of its alumni association, is being planned for May in Jersey City. Sponsoring the affair are the Hudson County Amateur Press Club, 11 years old next month, and "Friends of Charles W. Heins."

Anthony De Marco, of Jersey City, UAPA board chairman and founder of the HCAPC, is handling the arrangements. De Marco reports he has already received a large response. Amateurs from all parts of the NY-NJ area are planning to attend. Preparations have been made at club meetings at the homes of De Marco, 31 High St., Jersey City, and Gene Remignanti, 1329 - 86th St., North Bergen, N.J. Make your reservation with DeMarco now!

X-PM 4827

#144



Vol. 6, No. 2 JERSEY CITY, MAY 1948 H.C.A.P.C.

HUDSON CLUB CELEBRATES 11TH BIRTHDAY AT BANQUET

CLUB HISTORY IS A PROUD AND PROGRESSIVE RECORD

By HAIG ANLIAN.

"The Hudson County Amateur Press Club has the most active group of a-jayers I have ever known."

So wrote Edwin Hadley Smith, the noted historian and librarian of amateur journalism, in December 1939, less than three years since the club was founded by Anthony De Marco in Jersey City.

For more than a decade since the HCAPC was organized on May 7, 1937, the Jersey City club was to spearhead the amateur press movement throughout New Jersey, reviving the luster of activity in the Garden State at the turn of the century. And many of its members were to attract nation-wide attention in the hobby over the years; indeed, a number of members sacrificed local activity to contribute their talents on a national scale, such as in the Bundle of Freedom mailing in the war years and the reorganization of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO.)

ANNUAL FETE IS RESUMED AT JERSEY CITY HOTEL

(From The Jersey Journal of May 24)

It looked like a good omen as Fred Benzing, the beaming and burly president of the Hudson County Amateur Press Club gave a big huff and blew out the 11 blue candles on the gayly-decorated anniversary cake in one salvo.

(A few minutes earlier, Benzing and other club officials posed for pictures which appeared in The Journal and the Jersey Observer, two local dailies.)

The people who write and print as a labor of love in these parts gathered at the Hotel Plaza for the dinner party Saturday night (May 22), the first since the recent war. A program for the coming year was outlined by officers of the group and it appeared that the club would aim to surpass the achievements of earlier days.

Benzing reported that the two club papers, The Hudco Amateur and The Workshop, were to be issued regularly again. Meetings

(CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR)

WESTERN Letter

SEPT. 1948 #145

Published by Andrew M.Genzoli of Ferndale, Calif.
President of United Amateur Press Association

WE HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE THIS
EDITION OF WESTERN LETTER....

What with the excitement of the recent election hardly settled, we were rather caught short with the edition of Western Letter. It isn't the best thing in the world, but will reflect a few thoughts of the moment.

OUR THANKS TO THOSE WHO SUPPORTED
LETTER'S EDITOR...

The editor of Western Letter says thanks to those friends who made his election as president of the UAPA possible. Looks like we have a heavy schedule ahead of us, and we are hoping that those same people who voted for him, will continue supporting him during the coming year. We are gratfied.

LETS GO TO WORK AND FILL THE
BUNDLE WITH GOOD PAPERS....

Lets make the bundle really look good during the coming year. We need more papers, more good writing, more material which will make members want to take part. You wouldn't have joined the UAPA, if you weren't interested, and you certainly don't want to miss anything as good as up and coming participation.

If you can get your bulletin printed, or you do printing yourself, make your newser something different, something that will attract attention.

Of course, if you mimeo, duplicate or use some other media--thats OK too. A little bit of art-work, some good clean typing, and your are on your way to being a publisher. And you really haven't had such good fun for a long time.

Now, if you are a member, and just can't find the time to do any publishing--but you still like to get the bundle, why not send in a dollar or two to help finance the mailing. That isn't too much to ask for something as enjoyable as the UAPA bundle.

I hope there will be more action all the way around--and those who have remarked from time to time that action is concentrated too much in any one part of the country, have only themselves to blame for such activity. Our organization can be everywhere with only a little more effort on the part of each member.

PUBLICITY WILL HAVE A DEFINITE
PART IN OUR LIFE....

From time to time members will find prepared publicity releases in the bundle. When you find a release, you are asked to take it to your daily or weekly newspaper, or some other media and try and get it published.

In all cases, blanks will be left in the copy in order to allow a fill-in, localizing the news release. We hope to draw attention to our organization in this manner. When you have had a release published, a copy of it will be asked for, and the person to whom it is to be sent will be designated later.

ARE YOU READY TO DO YOUR PART DURING THE COMING YEAR? LETS MAKE THE "CROWN PRINCE OF HOBBIES" REALLY STAND OUT. LETS MAKE UAPA THE TOP AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION...YOU CAN HELP DO YOUR SHARE.

#146

WESTERN Letter

FROM AMERICA'S WESTERN CONTINENTAL "LAND'S END."

THE PRESIDENT PONDERS

It is quite possible that I've bitten off more than I can chew--but sink or swim, I think I have the right to attempt a thing or two.

The United Amateur Press Association needs a refurbishing of spirit, action and program, and it is my hope to be able to accomplish that job. Of course, I need the help of every member. However, I feel a united effort will benefit all of us. Neither can we depend on one branch to do the job--when all branches must work together.

It is evident that not all of the members of the United have bothered to read my proposed program for new life, or some of the things I have heard and read lately would not be making their appearance. Too, it is evident that some of the boys in our brother organizations have not read my plan either. (If you have not had a copy, I'll send one at your request.)

I have said, and will say again--there is room for the UAPA, AAPA, NAPA and all other aj groups. There is room for the Milwaukee group, the New Jersey group, the Los Angeles group, or any other group. Because the centre of organization swings from one area to another is absolutely no reason for another area to be piqued. In my opinion there is definitely need for offices such as the secty-treasurer, mailer, official editor, to be located in areas which will afford close contact.

As I have stated previously, there is little room for rows in the UAPA. On the surface, so many of the fights that have occurred have been so damned foolish. The percentage of personal acquaintanceship in the UAPA is very small. It seems that someone says something that doesn't quite suit the fancy of the other fellow--and away we go battling each other. Actually if the two parties every met in person, they would probably be surprised over what a swell guy the attacker, or the attacked was. Theeffort is truly futile!

* * * * *

You know, Neal Pierce has taken an odd, unfair attitude. In the last issue of THE MAN SAYS, I read a statement by Pierce. The thing that bothers me is that Neal hasn't given me much of a change. In fact, I am sure he did not even read my platform for action in the UAPA. He charges there is "little enthusiasm in the United." Too, he charges that there is no desire on the part of the present board to hold any member who has lost "interest because such a member would be a liability rather than an asset." Neal naturally is wrong, for it is my hope to hold every man or woman, and further to bring back those who left us in a huff in the past over some foolish petty item. I know they miss the United, and we must admit we miss them.

* * * * *

The reference to Irwin O.Brandt issue is something I must admit I must have missed along the way. But, if he is not a member, I am rather surprised. In the past years of activity, and particularly back in the 30's, if I have not erred, I believe Brandt was one of our best printing members. No doubt about it the Brandt case deserves reviewing--for I know nothing about it.

* * * * *

What have you done about a new member? What have you done about starting a publication of your own? What have you done about bring back a member who left us some time ago? Are you doing your share for UAPA?

* * * * *

Publicity is the life blood of an organization...watch for activity in this line very soon. You will want to help.

#147

WESTERN LETTER

Published by Andrew M. Genzoli, Ferndale, Calif.
For the United Amateur Press Association. (Nov.'48)

WE'LL TRY AND MAKE ALLO
OF THE MAILINGS...

As we said before, we are going to try to make every mailing, even though some of our efforts will be slim. This is another slim event, and we will try and jam all we can into this issue. Heading for Oregon this coming week, and today is my only chance to get this off and finish up all UAPA correspondence. Next month will come through with a larger edition.

WHY NOT TAKE A MOMENT OUT
AND WRITE AN EDITOR...

We are sure most of you like the contents of the UAPA bundle... but I am wondering just how many of you ever take a moment off to write to a publisher or editor of an ajay paper to tell him how well you liked his work. Now just a card or letter would do a world of good, and certainly demonstrate your enthusiasm. Those of you who receive the bundle, but do not publish should take this matter into your hands as a definite contribution toward the UAPA. Write and let 'em know how you feel. (Note: I do not mean to solicit letters for WESTERN LETTER. This is for the other guy!)

ABOUT EMERSON DUERR: Whether you know it or not, UNITED AMATEUR JOURNAL is being printed and published by E.D. for the UAPA. And we will say it is an excellent job. A good and loyal ajayer--he misses a lot of things in life, staying home on the job for UAPA, but like a lot of us--he gains a satisfaction hard to beat. We will say it again--you are doing a good job, E.D. And we are back of you--and not with the heel of our shoe, either.

MORE PUBLISHERS NEEDED
IN THE UAPA...

As we watch each bundle, we feel there is need for more publishers...Every member who has access to a mimeo or a job press, can do something about it. You wouldn't be a member of the UAPA if you didn't want for a little activity. Lets make the future bundles worthwhile.

DAYS TO BE OBSERVED BY
THE UNITED.....

Members of the United should bear in mind a number of anniversary days during the coming year. Among them in my mind is the birthdate of our founder GREENFIELD, and the founding date of the UAPA, and the anniversaries of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND THOS. EDISON, both of whom were amateurs in their day. These dates are important.

READ YOUR UNITED
AMATEUR JOURNAL...

Matters of official interest will be found in the UAJ. This month, if all goes well, you will find UAPA appointments to date. I have encountered a little difficulty on one or two offices, and am still scouting for good, willing workers. However, the list in UAJ is as things stand for the moment. Information has been sent on to the Official Editor Duerr.

OUR MEMBERSHIP LIST IS GROWING STEADILY. YOU TOO, SHOULD BRING IN A MEMBER. ENCOURAGE THOSE YOU BRING IN TO WORK FOR THE UNITED.

Secretary Daas is doing good job on rouding up the few delinquents.

X-PN 4827

WESTERN ESTEEM

A MERAY CHRISTMAS AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR...



As President of the United Amateur Press Association, it is with full pleasure that I take this opportunity to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year...

For both myself, and the United Amateur Press Association, 1948 has proven a grand year...our membership has risen, I have had the pleasure of being elected to the presidency of the UAPA...and as a result, I have had, and am having the pleasure of working with a grand and aggressive group of people...all members, of a smaller branch of the great Fourth Estate.

By being members of the United Amateur Press Association, we have given unto each of ourselves a gift well worthwhile...something we can look to each month of the year. In turn we can make a gift to the United, in attempting to produce more, in both writing and prestige. We need more publishers and more writers. If you cannot, or do not find time for either, then please help in making the UAPA better known.

Again, on this Christmas of 1948...and looking forward to a vigorous 1949, I can only say, Best Wishes to every one of you.

YOUR PRESIDENT.

NOTE: PLEASE READ PAGE TWO FOR SPECIAL INFORMATION AND SUGGESTIONS.

MAKE JANUARY UAPA
PUBLICITY MONTH...

As President of the United Amateur Press Association, I am hereby proclaiming January as "UAPA PUBLICITY MONTH."

It is the hope that every member will make an effort to obtain publicity from his community newspapers and radio stations in behalf of the United Amateur Press Association. A concentrated efforts will be of a value impossible to measure in dollars and cents.

If you have a local columnist, show him some of the bundle, and tell him of the United. If you desire, write your own story telling of the United, and take it to your editor. Or lastly, why not write a letter to your favorite newspaper, telling them of the UAPA.

You can stress the fact that the hobby of AJ is the "Prince of Hobbies" and one of the oldest, for it dates back to Benjamin Franklin in this country. Too, it is one of the finest presses in America, and one of the loudest exponents of free writing.

You have imagination, you have the spirit or you wouldn't be in AJ. Lets make January a topnotcher. Its "UAPA Publicity Month."

WELL, WE'RE BEHIND: I didn't think it would happen--but it did. I am behind on my correspondence. I'll get caught up though, and answer all of the fine letters I have been getting from xxx members.

MUSIC IN THE BUNDLE: You probably have been surprised, but the last two bundles have had two compositions each--good later music, by one W.P.George Morgan Knight. The new contribution is welcome, and a somewhat diverse item.

HOW ABOUT A card or letter of encouragement to an editor or publisher of a paper you liked in the last bundle. Those messages are welcome by your fellow United members.....

NUMBER 27

WEAKER MOMENTS

PRINTED SPASMODICALLY
FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF
ONE RALPH BABCOCK

Suddenly I Feel Old

July 4th, 1949! Can it be nearly 19 years since those "boy printers" joined the National Amateur Press Association—16 years since Harold Segal, George Trainer, and I helped pep up the 1933 New York NAPA gathering with a printed daily convention paper that drew newspaper write-ups and even a picture in the *New York Herald-Tribune*? Sixteen years.... Suddenly I feel old!

Yet the fun and pleasure of creating a new publication (even tho only a small four-pager) is still there. Many of the mature members who masterminded that New York City meeting, alas, are no longer with us. (Will Murphy, Doc Swift, Jim Morton, Vincent Haggerty, Hadley Smith—to mention a few.) The National Amateur Press Association, however, is still alive and functioning, proving that the hobby of Amateur Journalism is still attractive and enjoyable as it was in 1876 before the invention of the linotype and monotype machines, before typewriters and mimeographs, before the varitype and multilith, before Ditto duplicators, before the widespread use of offset printing.

On the sunny side of the Iron Curtain people still write: for money, for pleasure, or from crusading fervor. In this day of $5 and $7 hour rates for professional printing, some die-hard dilettantes prefer to handset

Writers' Journal

Reprint #150

Vol. XIX. No. 4. JUNE—1949

Regarding Column Writing and Columnists

By Ben Arid

That's practically a new word—columnist! It's a word used to indicate a new profession. It's not a glamourous word, so to speak, but the profession is glorious and glamorous. It is one of the most difficult of all the professions to acquire, but once mastered, one of the easiest and most interesting—easy to practice, interesting always because of its very nature and genius. Surely newspaperdom has no pleasanter job—nor one more difficult—than that of the daily columnist. Difficult—and yet pleasant and you must be a columnist to get clearly just what I mean.

The word "columnist" too, has made more than one old-fashioned editor sit up and take notice that there ARE, now and then NEW THINGS under the sun!

Once upon a time the editor was the captain and the crew, the wind in the sails; he was the rudder, and masts and the rigging of the ship of newspaperdom. Subscribers subscribed because he was what he was—a Great Man—a Bright Light in the Surrounding Gloom of Democratic Confusion, Fog and Mist. The names of some of them are still remembered by some of us.

Horace Greely, 35 years editor of the New York "Tribune," a power in the cause of Temperance, in the forefront of the crusaders who demanded freedom for the Negro, a candidate for the Presidency, author of the greatest of all American slogans: "Go West, Young Man," and "Grow up with the Country." In his day no man was more influential than Horace Greeley as an editor.

The New York "Sun" was edited by Charles A. Dana from the late 60's of the last century until some time before his death in 1897. He was the equal of Greeley, perhaps the most highly finished writer the American newspaper has ever had. His style, simple, forceful, even literary, has seldom been equalled.

The list of these giants of journalism is long; but they are gone—and the places that knew them shall know them no more.

Columnist Sets Pace

Why? The columnist today sets the pace of the daily newspaper. He is the writer who "makes public opinion." His name is sounded aloud in the land. Papers employ him by sixes, dozens, tens, twenties! Almost any man on the street can roll off the names of a dozen Hearst columnists. But find the man who can name the editor of ANY Hearst newspaper. And the fame and glory, or the actual influence in molding political, economic, social or religious opinion, of any one of these brilliant writers is as great this day as ever was Greeley's or Dana's.

Edwin C. Hill, the late Geenral Johnson, Bugs Baer, Westbrook Pegler—their names are sounding in the skies from ocean to ocean. And so literally are the names of hundreds of these columnists who, today, are in fact and truth the very bone, blood and sinew of the American daily; more, they are its very heart and soul.

And the cry is for more of them—more columnists with new and sane ideas, fresh attacks upon old problems, courageous and logical beliefs, sound principles and plans, more columnists who write forcefully, clearly, splendidly.

Such a demand for columnists sort of gives the lie, doesn't it, to the statement made by one crabbed old editor that "A columnist is a bird that gets paid in FIVE DIGITS for stuff that would get a cub reported FIRED if he wrote it."

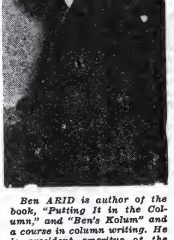
Indicative of the popularity of the columnist today in the American newspaper, city and country, let me cite the fact that there are 10,629 weekly newspapers that are read by 50 million men and women up and down and across these United States. About half of these papers are employers of columnists—and the other half either are clamoring for columnists—or trying to teach some of their readers just HOW to write the local columns that promote more and better business—more readers, more advertisers.

These weekly papers, a writer has said, are the biggest and greatest HOME INFLUENCE in the country. It is these weekly papers that keep our home fires of patriotism, our home fires of decency, order and the marvelous welding together spirit we call AMERICANISM burning brightly. There are thousands of young and old—men and women who are to be prepared by some means or other to write COLUMNS for every one of those weeklies, not to mention the other thousands now needed for the big and small city dailies.

Comparisons

I often wonder how some of the literary giants of the past, assuming they were now alive and writing "columns" would compare with own Pegler, the late "Iron Pants" Johnson, Dorothy Thompson, K. C. B., the late Boake Carter—and all the rest of them, big and little. How would John Milton stack up, as a columnist, with Dorothy Thompson?

John was more "tract" writer and "pampleteer" in his time and kept the crowned head of the first Charles—soon to lose both his crown and head—in a devil's stew day and night? Or, would Milton have been a colossus after the manner and style of Sledge-Hammer Pegler?



Ben ARID is author of the book, "Putting It in the Column," and "Ben's Kolum" and a course in column writing. He is president emeritus of the Manuscripters Club of Los Angeles, having served as its president for three terms. and Southern California representative of WRITERS' JOURNAL. *"Regarding Column Writing" is the text of an address given by him before the Associated California Writers of Manhattan Beach, Calif.*

There was Marcus Aurelius, too. How would he compare with the moralizing Brisbane? Or would Francis Bacon have made the more or less scientific dicta of Brisbane look very ragged indeed? What would Voltaire have done in the place of any one of our "radical"

NOVEMBER 1949

UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION

WORDS

BELLE S.MOONEY
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,MO.

- - -

It is no small feat to make a priceless treasure of a piece of blank paper by writing words on it. In our land of compulsory education everybody can write though we are not all like the distinguished jurist who boasted of three hand writings--one of them he could read himself. No one but his secretary could decipher another and only God Almighty could read the rest.

The typewriter enables all who perpetrate even the most indecipherable hand writing to make a chastely beautiful copy that does no damage to the most discriminating editorial eye. And the dictionary is full of words whose number is cotinually augmented with euphonious additions to the mother tongue.

Why is it,then, that with these facilities so accessible to every writer that so large a proportion of words put on paper are worthless? The number of manuscripts reaching editorial desks is quite uncountable and the experience of one publisher is common to all. Of 2500 book copies received for publication there was only one that merited any editorial consideration. There can be no doubt that each of the remaining 2499 writers hoped their work would be acceptable also, and--perhaps--would be a million dollar winner like ''Gone with the Wind.''

It is quite impossible to exaggerate the poor quality of far too many manuscripts that come to the editor's desk. A large proportion of these are from writers who are indifferent or ignorant of all fundamentals of writing and too careless to learn first essentials.

At the other extreme is the individual whose ego is so flattered by easily won high marks from teachers that he considers himself a genius. He writes to the publisher that everything comes so ''eazy'' for him. He needs very little study on anything to write a fine article on the subject.

There is many an alert mind that can skim lightly over essentials and formulate a review that gets a high mark from the teacher. But this superficial exposure to a number of interesting subjects makes masterof none. Though it be ''eazy'' to acquire these superficialities and ''write a fine article'' it never qualifies the writer as an expert. In fact genius of any kind is no substitution for work and the application of exact knowledge to our problems.

Genius, like an imitation diamond is useless to its owner or the world unless it is used for something more substantial than mere glitter. How often the road of the genius leads to dish washing for a living or to the penitentiary for a home no one can say. Greenwich Village is largely populated by the ''creative genius'' many of whom have never acquired the gentle art of making a living.

With intelligence enough to appreciate the value of facts and advance himself into the learning of those whose work promotes the the world's progress, the genius may become a leader--always remembering that genius is not necessarily intelligence.

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DECEMBER 1949

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

WORDS

BELLE S. MOONEY
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,MO.

POETS and POETRY

You don't have to be crazy--nor is it necessary to be a refugee, escapee, an exile, a disinherited prince, a reformed gangster or a prisoner. It is true that notable books and poetry have been written in jail. It is also true that both prisoners and mental patients have sometimes begged to be returned to their old familiar detention halls after release. They find the demands of a free world too distracting for continued creative work. By returning to guarded isolation they are able to produce again as the creative genius may dictate without interference with business or domestic responsibilities.

But these are the exceptions only serving to emphasize the advantages of liberty with its free choice of enviroment, of tools, of counsel, of markets and opportunity.

The free choice of studying technique is too much overlooked by the ambitious amateur who is eager to get into print. Neceddity for acquiring the proper technique for producing any other prize winning article is readily appreciated--whether it be shoes, songs, soap, live stock, bubble-gum or can openers. Surely the production of a poem merits equal familiarity with the basic fundamentals.

Mastery of poetry technique may be acquired by anyone endowed with the will to learn. Familiarity with great literature is a help. Familiarity with foreign languages is another help of invaluable worth.

It is both a privilege and a joy to read the originals of the great Homeric epics and the matchless lines of Caesar. It is equally useful to be familiar with the difficulties of Russian, the limpid flowing loveliness of Italian, the resoursefulness of French, the beauties of German, the complexities of Chinese and the harmonious excellance of other tongues.

But masterly translations into English have preserved the grandeur of the Iliad. Great Latin literature is also available in English and this is true of nearly all other foreign literature, either ancient or modern. And there is certainly no dearth of original English work for the most ambitious student. No other language can boast of a nobler heritage of great writing.

For some of the world's greatest masters have sprung from the bleak or barren, sunny or fog-bound fields of Britain. Shakespeare and Milton are still unsurpassed in a world in which many giants have trod with steps that thunder through the centuries.

Inexhaustible supply and incomparable pattern, the works of Shakespeare provide endless study material in which the ambitious poet finds noble precedent for form style, meter, rhythm and rhyme in either tragedy or comedy and the masterly use of English words.

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#153

K-PN 4827

WHAT'S COOKING

By George Morgan Knight, Jr. Associate editor of Studio News

Wherever I go or whoever I get a letter from, or whatever I pick up to read---everybody's COOKING!

From a friend up in Syracuse, N.Y., he writes he had just stirred up some tapioca with Rasberry Jam pudding for desert.

Marge Miller, wrote me today from her home at Bellflower, Calif., she was writing me, after putting some pies in the oven, and while the roast was cooking up for dinner, the two younger kids were on the porch playing, and the two older were out on their bicycle enjoying the lovely California Sunday's sunshine."

My pal, Robert H. Woodward, writes he was "Waiting for the soup to cook up" and he could "Cook up quite a tasty meal, with salad, a rasher of bacon, black coffee, a steak or ham frying with the eggs."

Frequently our beloved and busy editor, Miss Leta S. Bender has written she had "put up jelly, or tomatoes from her garden, then got to work on Studio News, or some rush book orders."

Sunday A.M. I read one of my favorite lady society columnists who wrote what the famous diplomats of America and the foreign countries liked to cook up; when time permitted them to do so. And it was most interesting, what foods appealed to what palate!

Therefore, I found myself, suddenly, trying my hand at Scrambling eggs, after writing an additional verse to my new lyric WHAT MAKES THE WEST THE WEST? which is a lusty out door sourdough type of lyric of the wilderness, where Gila Monsters roam, scorpions slither along, and rattle snakes coil and rattle, with turkey skunks hovering overhead, for the weary prospector to drop dead from exhaustion, and discouragement, to die alone, and these vultures pick their bones clean!

Since my friend and pal Frank Rudolph my song agent had written that it would appeal to his friend "Sombrero Pete" and his pardner, especially, well it must be O.K. He had also written that: "You shure must have been Cactus fed, and sage bush bitten, when you wrote this "What Makes the West the West," as it sounds like bloody Gulch type of stuff, and "slit Throat canyon" material. Shure it will go over out West of in the East or in any direction. It's really O.K.!"

Therefore, like a prospector cooking up his vittles, I set to work, after adding an additional verse, and scrambled me up eggs, for breakfast. Mother had a sick headache. I fixed breakfast after coming home from church services. So as I get my breakfast anyway, when I got up I was thrilled that my eggs scrambled turned out so well, and tasted swell, even if I had cooked 'em myself! So since then I have been scrambling up my own eggs. Even the other day I fixed some and mother came in and had breakfast with me, and to my surprise, she ate most of my eggs I had scrambled, as I was called to the phone, and didn't get back. Mother said "Your eggs are so good I almost ate them all up. Want me to fix you some more in place of them!" Well they must have been O.K. for she is a grand cook, and critically hard to please! So I must have scrambled them O.K. don't you agree? So now I'm cooking too!

I perhaps can't cook a full meal at present, but give me time. Yes, give me time, and I may be able to do that also! But what I wish is, that if we all could get together, each of us could cook up our special dish as a result we'd have a very good meal! Well that's what I think. So What's Cooking, folks, at your house today? If someone surprise me by sending me a "cook book" my way, after reading this editorial, I won't be surprised. At least Robert Woodward says "Cooking is just using one's 'Common Sense' only to bake a cake, you need more than that! I learned to cook when in the Boy Scouts. Well I never was a Boy Scout, but I still do good deeds each day just the same!

(June 1943)

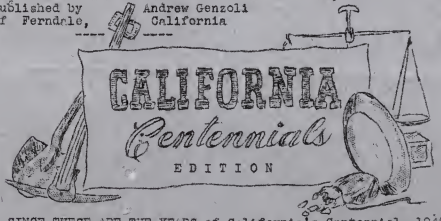
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H154

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PAPER

WESTERN Letter

Year-End edition of Western Letter May--June 1949
Published by Andrew Genzoli
of Ferndale, California



SINCE THESE ARE THE YEARS of California's Centennial, 1849 and 1850, this issue is themed in observance of that event. To those pioneers who came to California from all parts of the Nation and World, to adopt this state as their home, Western Letter is dedicated.

MAY THE EXPLOITS, the courage, the faith and spirit, and the determination to find and build a new home never be forgotten by the present generation.

AND MAY THOSE, who many generations later have taken it upon themselves to invade our California, never discount or violate the memories left by those pioneers. As in the days of '49 and '50, the old air of hospitality still stands, and California has room for many more modern day "pioneers." She is a state with a future, and a warm-hearted welcome.



AND IN DEFENSE of our California: Some say California is the land of the "screw-ball" and "screwy" ideas. But rest assured dear out-of-stater, your statement is merely an "illusion." It isn't the Californer who is the "nut", for the idea usually merges from those you have sent us, and have basked in our balmy atmosphere.

SO, IF YOU JOIN us on our Centennial, we hope you will like us, and someday you may be one of us. California welcomes you!

CALIFORNIANS OFTEN APOLOGIZE for Los Angeles, Hollywood, Carmel-By-The-Sea, and other nut-hatches, but I really can't see why we should. There is no apology required, no more than for our "guest centers" at Folsom, San Quentin, and Alcatraz. What would you do without Los Angeles and its idiosyncrasies, its endless "city limits," its biggest "this" and biggest "that"? What would you do without Hollywood and its muddled romances, its warped ideas of what a picture story should be, or the corn an actor produces in the guise of "life." Or where would you be without crackpot artists at Carmel--those "Bohemian" characters who surrealize, because they can't do anything else any better? We Californians have the answer--how about you?

#155

Circa 1950

● ●

Because so much time elapses between issues of Pourparler, I've thought it best to keep in touch with my friends (both of them) in N. A. P. A. through this bit of fluff, and distribute it through the bundle.

Strategic Obfuscations

Some of our intelligentsia took me to task for the slightly disparaging remarks on T. S. Elliot's alleged poetry in Pourparler No. 7. One in particular made what I suppose a superior brain would call telling points. Even my substitute brain could see the points darkly, but substitutes do not always send forth suitable replies. I I was pleased, then, to find one ready-made by the poet Robert Hillyer in the Saturday Review of Literature, when, in discussing the Ezra Pound affair, he said: ["'Modern poets and critics] have pooled their separate timidities and frustrations gaining strength from each other's weakness. . ."

● ●

Sammy Fain's (Dear Heart and Gentle People) conclusions on painting may be applied with equal force to typography.

H156

Weaker Griddle 2

From the Wesson coat-of-arms:

Guests allowed a word in edgewise on alternate Tuesdays only.

YAKAMASHI YASHIKI

The East Rockaway APC meeting will start Saturday afternoon, August 26, and on into the night, ending after Sunday dinner (roughly 3-4 p.m.). Members coming long distances will stay over night. Locals are invited to come both Saturday and Sunday.

BY PLANE To LaGuardia Field, New York. Wire ahead flight number and scheduled time of arrival. Will pick you up at the airport if I can. If schedule doesn't permit, I'll telephone a message to you, and you'll have to come by cab. Look, plutocrat, if you can afford the plane, the cab won't break you.

#157

Weaker Moments

NUMBER THIRTY-THREE

THE PRESIDENT RIDES AGAIN

GREAT NECK, July 30—Continuing the AJ fireside chats of his vice presidential term, NAPA President Whitbread drove to Long Island this weekend to confer on AJ activity.

Before consulting The Fat Man (prominent political boss from Brooklyn) on Monday, Whitbread dropped in at Great Neck to pick up a pilot to the Wesson hovel. Lights burned at the Drooling Dragon press until 4 a.m. as printers prepared for the August 26–27 APC meeting.

Anniversary plans for this East Rockaway gathering promise an attendance of 40 or more as the 42nd *APC News* is completed in a record-making 40-page issue.

At lunch Tuesday in New York City the prexy was joined by Historian McDonald, Judge Babcock, and Boss Lindberg.

X-PN 4827

#158

JANUARY 1950

UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

WORDS

BELLE S. MOONEY
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,MO.

.....

WORDS
in
Rhyme and Rhythm

****

Anybody can write verse. Unfortunately everybody does, say the editors of any poetry magazine. With both time and patience over burdened in reading the mass of completely inacceptable material so hopefully submitted for his approval, he can only murmur dejectedly how grand it would be for all versifiers to learn the fundamentals of rhyme and rhythm.

Rhyming is so easy that many--even very young children--think in rhymes before they can write. For rhyme consists simply of identical vowel sound. Neither consonants or spelling are concerned with rhyme, since it is only the sound of the word that makes good rhyming possible.

Thus "could" and "wood"" are good rhymes although the spelling differs. And though"flood" and "good" are similar in spelling they are not acceptable rhymes because of our peculiarities of pronunciation make them different, unless the sound of one or the other is distorted. I am sure none of us wants our good old "good" to be distorted into "gud" just to make a rhyme for "flood".

The careless writer uses many more false rhymes at the same time falling into equally bad use of words so over-worked that they automatically make rejection certain. "Moon" and "June" are euphonious enough in sound, to be sure. But the would-be poet who thus confines lunar joy to a single month of the year not only commits nature faking but perilously impels editorial nausea.

Just as frazzled patience also considers it unfortunate that "love" and "above" are good rhymes. Certain it is that love does not come from above although innumerable verse writers continue to use the overworked blurb.

Rhyme consists of identical pronunciation or sound and not identical spelling, and is most often employed in the last words of the line in a poem. Sometimes the poet uses identical sound in the line. This is called internal rhyme while the former is called end rhyme.

One syllabled rhymes are called masculine rhymes like bee, sea, tree. Two syllabled rhymes are double or feminine rhymes--reading, bleeding. Three syllable rhymes are triple rhymes--sensible-dispensable, fraticide, matricide.

Since rhyming is simply matching vowel sounds. It is so easy that the natural born rhymster creates verse as readily as the belt line pours out finished bolts. There is the rhyming genius who wrote 172 lines ending with one rhyme. Fascinated with the many words that rhyme with "eyes" he produced the oddity which he admits may not be poetry but it certainly does show up a lot of rhymes for "eyes".

FEBRUARY 1950

UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION

WORDS

BELLE S. MOONEY
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,
MISSOURI.

#159

X-PN 4821

WORDS
And Wits.

I've got it all set in my old dome
I can see for myself that the Palindrome
Reads from each end exactly the same.
I'll try it myself -- a sport that's not tame.

"A Plague of Words" was what an impatient court dandy in Merrie Old England once called the popular game of "Akrostics". They tell us that the court ladies were heartless coquettes and put the men on their metal by challenging them to solve the latest word puzzle. The ordeal too frequently exposed the unfortunate man's witless lack of language and the ladies' playful dare cultivated ire instead of learning.

But the fascination of playing with words survives all the swains' frowns and gives zest to learning our lovely language. Amusing word plays were favorites in Queen Elizabeth's time. 'Tis said the lady was herself an expert in inventing palindromes. Like many other things we like to think are entirely new and original with us, the palindrome even in that remote time was a renewal of a sport that once enlivened the formalities of Cleopatra's court.

Shakespeare and his associates are said to have been very fond of this play on words. Because it lends itself readily to Latin the palindrome was a favorite play with the scholarly. The old Latin motto "Si numi imunis" was said to have been adopted by a lawyer as his motto. Good Latin students translate the words into "if" and "coin" and "immune"..the lawyer's notice to his clients obviously being "If you have the money you are immune". In other words if the clients paid him he would free them from the laws' penalties--anunfortunate theory which too many clients today cherish for themselves.

There is also the singular sentence in which every word is a palindrome-"Odo tenet mulum madidam mappam tenet Anna."

But Latin is not the only language that falls readily into palindromes. Our own beautiful English sparkles with words and phrases that read backward and forward the same--and any word or phrase that thus reverses itself is a palindrome, and the dictionary says a word or a sentence or a verse that reads backward and forward is a palindrome.

Many of our commonest words in our everyday speech are palindromes--Madam, boob, sees, Eve,Bob, Anna, Otto, Sara's, etc. You can also make a perfect palindrome by reversing a word on its last letter, snipping-nip pins, mark-ram, erupt-pure, stigmas-Sam gits, stack-cats, burp-rub, stray-arts, band-nab,etc.

The origin of the palindrome is lost in antiquity. The word itself is a combination of two Greek words--palin and drom meaning anything that goes back and forth the same, like olivilo or lion oil. Its invention is attributed to Sotades, a Greek poet of Thrace who lived in the third century before Christ. His unhappy end may serve as a warning to unguarded writers. Ptolemy Philadelphus was one of sixteen kings of the Macedonian dynasty. Historians say his reign was conspicuous for peace and prosperity--also for building the light-house in Alexandria harbor. But the royal temper was irked by Sotades' witty satire. In a fit of irritattion he had the poet and all his works thrown into the sea. There are many of lesser than kingly status today who would gladly rid themselves of their pen-wielding tormentors in like manner. But for-

BILLE S. MOOMEY
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,
MISSOURI

- WORDS -

MARCH 1950

UNITED AMATEUR
PRESS ASSOCIATION

#160

X-PN 4827

OOOO

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OOO

W O R D S
In Order : 5463

OOO

.....

While one exasperating shortage continues to plague the writers business of making a living with words printed on paper, there are other shortages on the literary horizon that threaten his income more seriously than paper shortage and labor costs. The arduous task of guarding against misuse and abuse of the author's copyright is now complicated with the recently developed "Pocket Book" craze. While the small sized edition of popular best-sellers is crowding every news-stand, drug store, grocery, waiting room, tavern, filling station and wayside shop, the number of magazines whose appeal is in condensed versions of the best sellers is also legion.

It is not surprising in the effort to "get ahead" in a business admittedly precarious at all times that the unprincipled schemer will resort to underhanded practices that the legitimate publisher scorns. Order 5463 is directed by the Federal Trade Commission to a ring of operators who are summarily commanded to "cease and desist" their questionable pursuits.

Operating as "Magazine Management Company" at 350 Fifth Ave., New York City, Martin Goodman and Jean Goodman, his wife, have been ordered by the United States Government to discontinue the following practices;--

1. Representing that books or other publications contain original complete or unabridged novels, stories, articles, etc. when such is not the case.

2. Failing to adequately inform dealers and the public of the condensation, abridgement or alteration of novels, stories or articles contained in the respondents books or other publications.

3. Changing titles of novels, stories or articles without disclosing clearly and conspicuously that such changes have been made.

Included with Mr. and Mrs. Goodman as co-respondents in the Magazine Management Company are the following, all of whom are ordered to "cease and desist" :-

Margood Publication; Select publications Inc; Red Circle Magazine Corp; Euclid Publishing Co.Inc; Zenith Publishing Corp; Bard Publishing Corp; Sphere Publications Inc; Hercules Publishing Corp; Gem Publications Inc; Miss America Corp; Cornell Publishing Corporation; and London Publication Corp.

It is obvious that the government's order to "Cease and Desist" from further production by these operators will be obeyed but there is no estimate of the number of books already distributed to the buying public, nor the number of authors who have been swindled in the reprints. Neither does the order include any other small time operators who are flooding the market with unauthorized and abbreviated and mis-named reprints (until the Federal Trade Commission catches up with them).

(continued next page)

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,
MISSOURI

WORDS

APRIL 1950

****

#161

"Today I want to watch my words, and let not one offend." -Selected-

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

W O R D S
Unprintable .

The brave soul who first attempted to picture tone and melody met only ridicule. Tone is sound said the wisehaimers of the day. How can any one indicate sound on a printed page? It is unprintable.

It is many years since the music publishers have shown the skeptics that a song score is not unprintable. The most stubborn 'Doubting Thomas' finds that any melody can be depicted and that all other sounds can be accurately and adequately indicated in a form.

There is among publishers a kind of unwritten law dictating that their pages shall not have in print any words or phrases that common courtesy and good taste classify as obscene or profane. These are classed as "Unprintable."

The word itself is something of a misnomer, because there are no words in any language--sacred or profane--whose spelling and pronunciation cannot be set up in type and appear on a printed page. Even as composers devised the ways and means of writing tunes for everyone to read. Obviously the publishers definition of "unprintable" does not mean that the typesetting of the word is impossible. Instead of the purely physical aspects of putting words on paper, the publishers' edict refers instead to the meaning that the words convey to readers.

The custom of using Latin or French terms instead of the English equivalents that would offend English ears is an old subterfuge. In a similar evasion of the "bad words" the printer sometimes omits printing them and fills the spaces with dashes. The dashes are to be read as "Blank-blank-blankety-blank." The listener understands the implications perfectly without getting offended and the publishers ruling against unprintable words is unbroken.

Radio broadcasting duplicates publishers' rules with stricter limitations. No one may say "Damn" or "Hell" on the air. Commentators often have their skill severely strained, when accurate reporting of current events should include repetition of more salty and robust language than pleasant parlor conversation tolerates.

The doughty commander who shouted "Damn the torpedoes--go ahead" might have his words modified into chaste wording today unless the commentator resorts to the ruse of spelling instead of pronouncing the forbidden cuss words, as recently done by a news-caster.

In another bit of reporting the definition of "S.O.B." epithet angrily aired by President Truman was cleverly reformed into a compliment. Not even the President of the United States may use that scurrilous expression on a radio broadcast. So Drew Pearson, on

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
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KANSAS CITY 13, MO.

MAY 1950

WORDS

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#182

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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BELLE S. MOOILY, EDITOR
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

WORDS

JUNE 1950

"Watch your words---------let not one offend".

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

W O R D S
In Print.

Anybody can write words. But it takes ingenuity above and beyond the call of words to get them into print. Some girls have the face that gets everything, like the face that once stopped a thousand ships. Maybe she is the one that stopped the Mighty Mo when it stayed in the mud for a month or two before it mustered enough courage to go on its way.

Me? My face won't even stop a clock. When desperately trying to make the dead line, every clock in the place ticks maddeningly on and even tolls each passing hour until I swear the next time the bird chortles his "Cuckoo" so gaily I'll choke ---either him or me.

Other girls can make headlines without face---like Betty Grable. There is a girl who has under-standings that do not need a face to get by. Having photogenic legs appears to be an attractive substitute for words of any kind uttered or unexpressed.

Various devices have been willingly employed to get into print by girls who have neither Helen's face nor Betty's under-standings. I am singularly lacking in any of this ingenuity. I modestly admit that I have never been shot in Germany nor evicted from Russia. I never married an Italian prince nor divorced a British duke. I never shot a paramour nor burned a French chateau. I have never been sued for bigamy. I never swam the English channel. I never won a hog-calling contest nor got jailed for speeding. Exhausting the category of the glamour girls it appeared the only way I could get into print was for me to write salable copy.

Having achieved this small and very inconspicuous advance into the literary world the question of how soon the words will get into print becomes critical. When two years have passed since the publisher accepted the copy and it is still unprinted you begin to wonder about the delay. The explanations vary between the tragic and comic. The office boy who must go to his grandmother's funeral twenty times during the base-ball season has nothing on the publisher who doesn't get our book into print. You begin to wonder how large a harem his grandfather kept but that doesn't do the printing either.

In the candid confession that is said to be so "good for the soul" a publisher may admit that your manuscript fell back of the radiator on which he put it when he went to answer the telephone. It was not until the spring housecleaning that it was found where it had been spattered all winter from a leaky valve. Quite illegible it was-- and -- would you mind re-typing it?

And there is the publisher of wider view and operation. He says your copy is distributed among three or four typesetters in three or four counties surrounding his home office. Obviously he can't tell how soon the printing will be started until all typesetters have finished their work. The number of sick and dying grandmothers a typesetter may have will vary slightly with the base-ball and foot-ball seasons, but your printing waits on all of them.

(concluded on next page)

#164

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR P.O. BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

JULY 1950



WORDS



"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE A MAN"

** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION **

W O R D S
For Songwriters.

The ambition to write a song is a worthy one. There is nothing small or mean about it. And even like the writer who cares not who writes his nation's laws if only he may write its songs, we may all enviously aspire to compose the words and melody that will be sung through the years with undying ardor.

The songs that live in the hearts of men may yet be written by a inspired pen. Whether these words be sung to an old tune or to a new and original melody, their worth is not measured in dollars. Because they are priceless and their value can never be reckoned in money.

The wish to earn money is not to be despised. A sufficient amount of money to live in comfort is a necessity. The labor of head and hand and heart may not always produce the income that permits all the desired comforts. The wish to increase this income is as wholesome as the wish to write a song. But when the incentive for song writing is the hope of getting rich it has the least probability of success.

Composers of many of our best beloved songs died in poverty and never knew the wealth of melody they left to the world. They wrote because of that inner compulsion that will not be denied expression, even as another artist creates an Apollo or paints a sunset. The world is indebted to them beyond any monetary consideration. Often they made but a meager living from the common labor of the times. What they wrought for their posterity's wonder world was their souls desire-its money earning capacity the least incentive.

It is true that many modern writers have become wealthy from the songs they have written. Whether these be good or bad the money they have earned from their creations have been quoted as a lure to everyone who wants to get rich. The fabulous sums earned by some of the popular songs are given wide publicity--always with insistence that anyone else can repeat such successes by writing more new songs.

And thus has grown an evil as venomous as any poison reptile. The poison of envy and avarice gets into the blood stream and circulates with the dominating urge to produce another best seller in "the song racket". And the unscrupulous who prey on the easy susceptibilities of ambitious writers tell them their own creation is a sure winner, easily worth a fortune if only it is published. First it must have a tune composed for the words. Visions of endless streams of goldon wealth thus stimulated an endless stream of lyrics and the most witless incompetent who scribbled impossible verse was glowingly told his song would be a sure hit if provided with the proper musical score. The fee for writing this tune varied all the way from one dollar to one hundred dollars. It was not unusual for the ambitious writer to pay even more to the composer who assured the innocent his song was destined for world shaking success. All that was needed to

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR P.O. BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

NOVEMBER 1950

WORDS

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE A MAN"

*** A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION ***

W O R D S
For Co-operation.

The word means to work together for a common objective which shall be mutually advantageous for all concerned. When the fundamental theory is consistently carried out, the definition is fully demonstrated. But there are various deviations from the "mutually advantageous" idea which demonstrate instead some form of illusion and deceit. The so-called co-operative plan promoted by the vanity publishers is both. The author contributes the money and the publisher contributes the experience. In this exchange the publisher gets the money. The author--it is true--gets experience. But it is form of experience that means illusion and defeat of her purpose rather than any advantage in literary pursuits.

Finding a sufficient numbers of buyers to pay the expense of producing his own book is a sad and disappointing effort. When it leads a number of similarly disappointed and ambitious poets to form a group each one of whom is pledged to buy a copy of each book printed by each one of the others, it may appear to be an admirable form of co-operation.But the net results is another delusion ending in defeat of their purpose--all of which might be anticipated by a bit of common-sense reasoning.

Suppose a group of two hundred flower-pot makers pledged themselves to pay one dollar for each creation of each one of the others. This would assure the flower-pot maker the $200.00 initial cost of production of his own flower-pot. Carried to its logical conclusion it would also fill his shelves with 2oo flower-pots which he could neither use or sell. The dilemma illustrates a defective conception of salesmanship. A flower-pot not sufficiently pleasing or useful in itself to attract buyers in public markets is rarely a coveted possession for the buyer who is pledged to get it because he is one of a group similarly obligated.

Production of a book is like production of any other marketable commodity. Either books or flower-pots should be salable products in the common markets--not only to club members pledged to buy them.This is a subterfuge that adds nothing to the worth of either a book or a flower pot, although it does assure the means of paying the cost of production.

A better form of co-operation is that in which a group of authors each contributes his share of the cost of producing a book in which the work of all appears. The Bookfellow annual is one of the most admirable examples of this form of co-operation. Planned and published by the late George Seymour it was a wholly satisfactory plan, entirely free from the stigma of either vanity publishing or burdensome cost to the contributors.

For the Bookfellow Annual each Bookfellow was invited to contribute his own choice of original work. The cost of the finished hand-

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X-PI 4827

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR P.O. BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

DECEMBER 1950

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS WORDS ASSO. PUBLICATION

#166

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE A MAN"

WORDS
For VERSE Writers

As it was originally defined a verse was a single sentence. As exemplified in Biblical quotations a verse may still mean one sentence, but popular usage has extended the definition to mean also a single stanza of a poem, each of which may have any number of lines or sentences. Though the word "stanza" may better define this division of word structure we continue to specify the first, second or third "verses" of a hymn or popular song in order to distinguish them from the chorus.

The word "verse" is also used to distinguish lesser literary productions in rhyme from poetry. "All poetry is verse, but all verse is not poetry" says a counselor who would emphasize the quality of fine writing as a superlative production compared to writing that is acceptably good but cannot be classed as fine literature. Light verse and humorous verse and society verse and satirical verse and occasional verse or the French form "vers libre" may all signify any manner of simply constructed writing which may be delightfully entertaining without the slightest pretension of being high art like poetry.

But the writer who aspires to write acceptable verse must be cautioned--it must be technically correct. No matter how trivial and easy-reading the current crop of verse appears, examination reveals it is technically good. Rejection of light verse is more certain when it is not technically correct no matter how clever its basic idea.

There is a never ending market for good verse. The poet who can produce it finds ready sale in all the humor magazines and every other literary and social association. The radio commercials use writers talents to create many good verses which may be desirable in printed copy too. Musical comedy must have a good libretto now as in the days of Gilbert and Sullivan. Good parodies of the classics may invade the field of light verse too, if well done in a way that does not invite the charge of plagiarism. And television opens a new field which has not yet been even started.

Any one can write verse. Unfortunately everybody does. And even more unfortunately the writer of bad verse too often does not know why his bad verse doesn't make a place for him among the poets. And as long as he uses bad grammar and worse lines there is little hope for him. Though his contributions may be printed in friendly columns his faulty writing is thus made public and no editor needing contributions would employ his careless pen.

Though it be rhymed or unrhymed the construction of good verse demands fidelity to form and meter. The careful writer will exercise the same fidelity in line length and syllable count as in any other literary work. One reason why so many of the popular songs are not the tremendous hit their creators expected is because the verses are so bad in construction and sense that no music score can make them acceptable.

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X-PM 827

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WHO?



NO. 1 OF A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION PUBLISHED BY GRACE D. MOSS, 994 OCEAN AVE., BROOKLYN 26, N.Y. IN SEPTEMBER 1950

"It is the youth that carries on" is a famous and very true saying. We always look to the new generation to carry on the principles for which many of us have given the best part of our lives.
It was more than fifty years ago when the U. A. P. A. was in its infancy that my husband and other men(some present here at the convention in Milwaukee) were writing short stories and articles.
So it is with a thought of the past, the present, but mostly of the future, that we presented Leo Louis Martello,who is a member of the United,the Benjamin Franklin Moss Memorial Medal for his story "The Painting Cried," which was judged the best writing of the year in the teenage competition. Let us hope that this medal will encourage this young man and all other members to continue for many years in the greatest of all hobbies, Amateur Journalism.
During the past twelve months none of the information gleaned from the questionnaires sent to all new members was published. With the help of the secretary I shall publish as many of the biographical sketches as possible. I hope this will make you feel better acquainted with these fine people who have joined us. I extend a most hearty, if belated, welcome to all of them.

Wm. W. ELLIS, 315 Clinton Street, Findlay, Ohio, was born August 31, 1901 at Camden, N. J. Is married and has a son aged 22 and a daughter aged 20. Is a photo-finisher. Has a multigraph and will soon publish a monthly paper. From 1930 to 1945 he published the Ellis Chautauqua Lectures, producing hundreds of thousands of copies of these documents for world-wide distributation. Has written and published seven books of poetry, a booklet of hymns, and two patriotic songs which were used extensively in service camps around the world during the recent war. Up until four years ago, he was a nationally known clergyman, lecturer, church architect and hymn writer. Was in an auto accident when a steel spectacle case in his pocket over his heart saved his life.After four years he is able to walk fairly well for short distances.

ELA M. GIBBS, 415 Julien St., Belvidere, Ill. Born August 21, 1907 near Kirkland, Ill. Single. Is assistant secretary, Mutual Reinsurance Bureau and edits "The Reinsurer" its house organ. Has access to a #90 A.B.Dick mimeograph and will no doubt have a paper in the Bundle this Fall. Has a stamp collection. As a sideline to her work, she collects miscellany having to do with fires; cartoons re fire departments and fires; kids' books on fires; mimiature fire trucks and the like. Likes traveling, reading and music.

#168

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR P.O. BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

JANUARY 1951

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS WORDS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE A MAN"

W O R D S
For Your Magazine.

A very large proportion of home, church, school and trade publications now accept verse, and many newspapers have permanent poetry columns. These, with the many magazines that publish nothing else but verse would appear to be an inexhaustible market for verse writers.

Such flattering opportunity in American letters is comparatively new. It is to Harriet Monroe that we owe an unpayable debt of gratitude. Through her own intimate association with the arts she perceived that every other art form was supported. But poets had neither appreciation of their work nor opportunity for its publication. Fully realizing that no poetry publication could be self-supporting, this intrepid lady estimated that if one hundred donors would contribute $50.00 each for five years, a magazine of poetry could be safely launched.

The first copy of "Poetry" was issued in October of 1912 through the contributions of those who shared her zeal. The idealized service which its creator envisaged was not wholly accomplished, for the magazine attracted hostile criticism as much as praise.

But Harriet Monroe was never one to shrink from combat. Poets everywhere are indebted to her vigorous declamation of the faith she lived by. This was--in a way--the cause of her death which occurred on Sept. 26, 1936, while on a trip to Buenos Aires where she was a delegate to the International Congress of P.E.N. clubs. The death of its founder was an irreconcilable blow to Poetry which was literally the child of her indomitable spirit. Endowed with her own fire, the magazine has survived and continues to be the leading American publication for the earnest and honest poet.

In the mean time the country broke out with a veritable rash of little magazines all of which purported to serve poetry. Some were started by eager but inexperienced enthusiasts who had the sublime hope that subscriptions would pay cost of production. The pleasant illusion is soon dispelled by post-office requirements of postage on all mail whether it is gasbills, statistics, love-letters--or poetry.

Some of the little magazines are largely expression of personal prejudices--others of family incident. Readers have small inclination to renew subscriptions to amiable confidences about expected baby, Grandpa's rheumatism, the cat's kittens or the dog's disappearance. Neither do the pages that rant and rave with the editors pet peeve interest any readers, but those who rant and rave on the same subject be it politics, astrology or vivisection. These will lose subscribers and contributors both.

Some of the little magazines are very poor mimeographed copy--others are beautiful art productions in the finest traditions of the printing arts. Some of them are products of a job printing plant which may be both useful and attractive publications when they do not degenerate into commercialism and become little more than a sales bulletin for the print shop products, and services. This magazine gets specially vexatious when it accepts excellent work of able poets without paying for it.

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X-PN 4827



WHO-?

OCTOBER 1951 NUMBER SIX

GRACE S.MOSS, EDITOR
994 OCEAN AVENUE,
BROOKLYN 26, NEW YORK

d169

" A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION "

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ANNUAL GOLD MEDAL AWARD

This year the B. Franklin Moss Gold Memorial Medal will again be awarded to the youthful Amateur under twenty years of age, whose published Short Story will be selected, by competent judges, as the winning entry, from all that may be submitted for this contest.
The contest to be open to any Teenage member in goodstanding of the United Amateur Press Association, The National Amateur Press Association and the American Amateur Press Association, who will submit a copy of a printed or mimeographed Amateur Journal, dated after June 1951 and containing his original Short Story, of 300 words or more, before June 1, 1952.
Provided: That at least two (2) entries be received from any of the participating organizations, to make an amateur therefrom eligible. A single entry from a particular association, disqualifying such author. Also, that at least four (4) qualified entries be received to constitute a contest. No former winner of this Medal being eligible.
All entries must be received on or before June 1, 1952 by Grace S. Moss, 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, N. Y. who in consultation will appoint impartial judges if four or more proper entries have been received.

* * * * * * *

INTRODUCING:
MARY TAYLOR, 220 S. Myrtle St., Roodhouse, Ill. Born Dec. 25, 1895 at Arkansas Ville, Ill. Married and has a daughter (15) and two stepsons ages 35 and 32. Has had biographical sketches in Friend, Young Canada and Builders for Progress. Nature articles in This Day and Young Canada. Farm articles in Farm and Poultry Journal, Farm Journal, Prairie Farmer and others. Was columnist for 14 years for The Poultry Herald.

PAUL J. KOLINSKI, C/O McDonald's, 867 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal. Born March 19, 1895 at Toledo, Ohio. Single. Machine-operator and auto-assembler. Hobbies; Camping, fishing and a little prospecting for metals in the California mountains. His first paper in this month's Bundle.

WALTER L. SMITH, 116 Circle Road, Syracuse, N. Y. Born July 22, 1883 at Syracuse. Is married and has two sons 38 and 33. He is the assistant treasurer of the Smith Corona Typewriters Inc. Has a novel nearly ready for publication. Is historian of the John Bissell 1628 Association. Hobbies: Genealogy and family history, heirlooms and old farm implements.

MRS. THERESE LEMAY, 23 McMurray Ave., Toronto, Ontario. Birthday is June 18th. Is a graduate private nurse.

YOURS TRULY

#170

THE ROCKFORD WRITERS GUILD

VOL. 3 No. 9. Howard W. White, Ed., 423 Rome Ave., Rockford, Ill. May, 1952

MEMORIES

When the year is at the spring
And the fragrant days are here,
Memory gently seems to bring
My Mother's beauty very near.

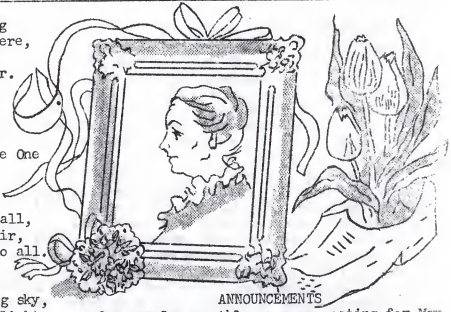
In the golden daffodil,
Swaying in the warming sun,
I see the purpose of her will
To do for others through the One
That she held dear.

In the purple iris there,
Proud and regal, standing tall,
I see her judgement always fair,
True and thoughtful, kind to all.

In the lilac, queenly, white,
Reaching to the clear spring sky,
Her spirit, pure as heaven's light,
Calls to Mothers passing by,--

"Look up! Lift up your hearts and pray
For Peace on every Mother's Day!"

--Therese Marguerite Meller



ANNOUNCEMENTS

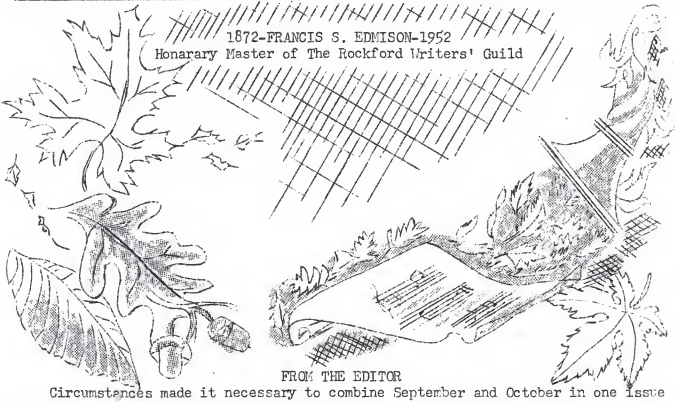
Our regular monthly program meeting for May will be held at the home of Mrs. Herman G. Nelson, 2525 Crosby St., at 7:30 P.M. Mon., May 26. Mrs. R. Margaret Howell will be in charge of the program and will read our Centennial Contest poems. This will be our last regular monthly meeting until September, and we hope to have a sizable turnout. Mrs. Wiley has invited us to hold our summer conference this year at "Cuddle Doon" again, near the Apple River Canyon State Park. Keep in touch with Mrs. Wiley and Mrs. Wood regarding completion of these arrangements.

Our usual monthly broadcast, Saturday, May 17, at 5:15 P.M. on WROK will be devoted to Centennial poetry and music under the direction of R. Margaret Howell. Florence A. Bailey, our Centennial Committee chairman, will be interviewed on the air. The winning poem and song will be announced and given out in performance during the broadcast. The poems of as many of the runners-up as time will permit will also be read. The readings will be given by Mrs. Charles Boettcher. We are happy to announce that the winning poem was submitted by Miss Florence C. Roberts and the winning song by Mrs. Robert Strong. Both are members of the Rockford Writers' Guild. Centennial poems will be jumbo-typed and on display in downtown store windows during Centurama Week. While we are citing literary honors to members of the Guild we might mention that Mrs. Theresia Z. Hanitz has had her poem, Wy-a-lusing, accepted for publication in the AMERICAN POETRY Magazine. Honorable mention, with prizes of $10 went to Ruth Markuson Ekstedt and Howard W. White for their entries in the "You Make It Funny" contest conducted by the Rockford Morning Star. Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ayres whose latest addition to the family, a son, was born Wed. the 7th of May (we believe). This will be the last issue of YOURS TRULY, Vol. 3. Barring something unforseen, publication of our paper will continue in September. We wish to thank all who had a part in making the paper possible, whose labors and contributions, literary and financial, were most welcome.--Ed.

YOURS TRULY

THE ROCKFORD WRITERS GUILD

VOL. 4 No. 1. Howard W. White, Ed., 423 Rome Ave., Rockford, Ill. Sept.-Oct., '52



FROM THE EDITOR

Circumstances made it necessary to combine September and October in one issue as we send out the first number of Volumne four of YOURS TRULY. We expect to have a good year and members of the Guild are encouraged to help make this publication better than ever by sending their literary contributions to the editor. Remember that this paper is read not only by members of the Guild but by over 350 members of the United Amateur Press Association each month. It reaches the attention of writers all over the country. The expenses of maintaining this paper are covered by the gifts and donations from members, friends and patrons of the Rockford Writers' Guild. Such help is needed only to purchase paper, ink, stencils, stamps, envelopes and other materials and is deeply appreciated.

Our first monthly meeting of the year was held on Sept. 22, in the home of Mrs. H. T. H anitz. The first order of business was to accept with deep regret the resignation of our president, Mrs. L. J. Wood. After much discussion and searching about in the group for a new president, your editor accepted the nomination reluctantly and was elected unanimously to complete Mrs. Wood's term of office. We promise to give the best we have as our duties and busy life permit. We want to expand the usefulness of the Guild as much as possible and make it a working organization. We must enter with enthusiasm into every phase of our activity. We must find new outlets for our creative writing and encourage members and writer friends to publish their work. We must remember that we are not in this primarily for what we can get out of it. Altruism is the highest form of human emotion and expression. Only as we seek to help and encourage others can we find true satisfaction in any thing we do. Therefore, let us, as we state in our by-laws, renew again our purpose to stimulate good writing in this community and everywhere through fellowship and workshop activities.--Howard W. White.

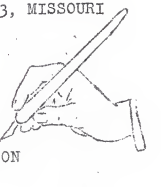
X-P 4827

#172

BELLE S.MOONEY, EDITOR P.O.BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

APRIL
1952

WORDS



"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



W O R D S

Part 1 of Two Parts

For Your Publication

* - *

It is good policy for all writers to know the distinction and the difference between printing and publishing. The terms are not synonymous.

Printing is too familiar to require definition. Neither is the printer a stranger in our midst. He is that adorable person whose skilful inky fingers so miraculously charm type from the font into orderly lines that spell out the words you have written. He finishes the printed pages into the form you have decided upon for your book and then runs through his press as many copies as you wish. You pay him the price agreed upon for this service. The finished copies of your work which he has made for you are your property over which he has neither control or ownership. It is the same business transaction by which you have a hat or a pie or a coat made for you by a milliner, a baker or a tailor. The product of all these craftsmen is your own property when paid for and that ends the transaction.

The publisher is that regal and mighty one who takes your literary effort or work entirely out of your hands into his own capable and experienced hands. That's not all. He pays all the expenses of printing, advertising, distributing, promoting and selling your work. And he pays you for the privilege of using the words you have assigned to him for this arduous and expensive procedure.

There are several different methods of paying you. The publisher may buy your story outright, just as you may buy any other purchasable commodity. An author may prefer to accept the preferred price of several thousand dollars in cash, rather than take a chance on the probability of more income from royalty earnings through the years.

Some publishers use only the royalty plan and their authors find it extremely satisfactory after the waiting period of production has at last reached the selling period. In the royalty contract there is no income expected by the author until then and the labor of putting a book into the distribution stage may require two years. But the publisher assumes all expenses entailed in the process and then pays the author a percentage of the sales. This percentage is specified in the contract in which the author entrusts the work to the publisher. Royalty is paid

X-PAPA 827

#173

AUDREY JANE BRAATZ
214 W. CONCORDIA AVE.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

LUCILLE PIETRIE
2160 So. 33rd STREET
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Words

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. 2 NUMBER 12
APRIL 1952

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POEMS BY AUDREY

THE BLUEBIRD

I walked upon a lonely little pathway
And came across a blue bird in a tree,
The tune he warbled made me stop and listen.
He looked at me and chirped so saucily.

"Now don't you know you really should be singing.
Can't you see it's such a lovely day.
Come on and keep your chin up, and also keep your grin up.
Then you can face whatever comes your way.--"

"ALONE"

Since you've gone away I can only pretend
You're right here beside me each moment I spend
In fond memory shared by just you and me.

I walk through the raindrops, like we used to do.
Somehow it's different, alone without you.
The rains out of tune, there's no scent to the bloom,
Now that I walk alone.

I listen to love songs that fill me with pain,
The words are so lovely, with haunting refrain.
I can't reveal just how sadly I feel,
Listening to them alone.

I'll smile through Springtime with tears in my heart,
There's naught we can do about being apart.
I'll try to be brave, all my loving I'll save,
'Till I'm alone with you.

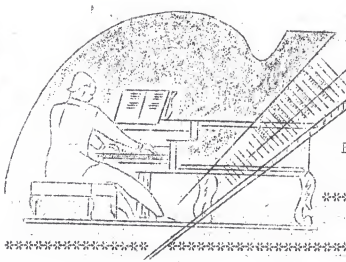
BECAUSE

Because you brought me hope I'll always love you
Till death shall leave a cross for me to bear.
Though miles should come between to separate us,
Just call for me and somehow I'll be there.

Because you taught me faith, I'll never leave you,
Or fail eternal trust you keep in me.
Though time now holds the key to all our dreaming--
Just you and I alone can make it be.

Because you sought my love I now am living
In fondest hopes of pride and ecstacy,
For no one else could heal my deepest sorrow.
It took your love alone to set me free.

#174



WORDS

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN".

JUNE 1952

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MO.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

WORDS
For Tin Pan Alley

While our time and attention are consumed by radio and television with productions from the so-called Tin Pan Alley the music world groans with impatience over the flimsy stuff. At the same time starry-eyed hopefuls wistfully crowd each other on that mythical road. For Tin Pan Alley is more a state of mind than a geographical location. It is true that the Brill Building on lower Broadway in New York City may be called the Pentagon of popular songs. The address is advisedly omitted. This omission may save you from being trampled in the crush where too many are frantically eager to make a fortune with their songs. This is the mental attitude which is tin pan alley abberation--so virulent that thousands of otherwise well balanced people cherish the fatal conviction that their own creations equal--if not surpass--the million dollar hit tunes. In eager pursuit of the shy and elusive dollar, they consciously or unintentionally copy all the things that clutter the airways. With insipid words on a subject worn threadbare and tattered and a tune less acceptable, they hope to capture the approval of publishers and public, and think the way to success is by copying all the bad habits of the alley fraternity.

The self portrait on the cover page is only one bad habit of questionable value. The moon-eyed youth resembling the model for hair lotion or tailored shirts may admirably serve such purpose. But his picture does not add salability to his song. The lady composer's portrait is even more hazardous as a popularity winner. Todays hair-do and neckline are tomorrows anathema. Long before her first odition is sold she is tagged as a back number and a fade-out. The value of the portrait might be accurately measured by our own reaction to its influence on the song it is intended to embellish. Does anyone buy "At Dawning" because a picture of Cadman or Nelle Eberhardt is on its cover? Or do we buy it because the changeless beauty of its words and music has made the song so much a part of American Life as "America the Beautiful?" And when we sing that immortal anthem do we care for the writer's portrait? Rarely enough do singers even know that Katerine Lee Bates wrote the words--still less would she care to have us sing her song because her picture is on the music. There is a spirited lady who says she cares not how her readers depict her. For all she cares they may think she is a gargoyle and wears horns if only they like the words she writes for them.

There should be much better models for verse writers than the less commendable things that are promoted into popular favor. Faulty lines, bad rhyming, bad rhythm and bad meter made into sickly sentimental verse can never be good song material. Even the best composer cannot make a

APN 4827

JULY WORDS 1952

#175

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BELLE S.MOONEY, EDITOR P.O.BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

WORDS
For your Song poems.

All people whose unhappy responsibility it is to judge present-day song writers work never cease marveling at the lack of originality in the creations submitted for their approval. So uniformly are they but weak imitations of some popular hit that they automatically discard themselves--there is neither good verse nor good music to win commendation. There is the same old tiresome rhymes--sky-high and love from Heaven above and the inevitable you with eyes so blue and heart so true.

While these old rhymes are so tiresomely repeated the subject is even more repetitious. With painfully little variation the poor singers pour heart-throbs over W_O_W into the microphone until listeners patience is exhausted with the flimsy theme.

"Come onna my house" and the bake a cake songs are not classics but they are such welcome variation from the old iterations that we hear them with something akin to satisfaction.

Inasmuch as there is everything else on earth, sea, air, space and the limitless universe to sing about, there is no reason why song writers may not choose some other subject than the worn-out eyes of blue and moon madness.

After choosing the subject the next essential is that words be worthy enough to attract a composers skill. Flimsy verse construction, insipid sentiment, bad rhyming and dis-similar lines cannot be made into a good song no matter how clever the composer. The earnest writer will advisedly scan the lines of good songs with which the world abounds. Study of their construction reveals many niceties too many of which are totally lacking in too many of the popular songs. Inner rhymes make flowing musical lines that may literally sing themselves without a tune. Alliteration is a useful tool if not abused. Weaving the same sounds--but not the same words--throughout the stanza is also a technique that makes melodious lines. And there should not be reglected the use of big sounding words that express grandeur, spaciousness and magnificence when great themes are to be sung. For serious study and analysis the following quatrains are offered:

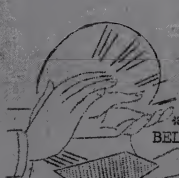
Whenever skies are blue
With no canopy or cloud
To obscure the radiant hue
With a misty mystic shroud,

My words devise a new
Melodious testament
In the harmony that grew
Themes this happiness has lent

Wherever lies the view
In the wide horizon's arc
May our litanies out-do
All earth's songsters like the lark.

As it is lacking hackneyed rhymes and cliches, the critic will approve the iambic meter that lends itself so readily to the tunesmith's

X-PN 4827



WORDS - AUGUST 1952

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR-P.O.BOX 2174-KANSAS CITY 13,MO.

WORDS-For Your Reading

Were each paper in the Bundle given a sympathetic instead of critical reading its enjoyment would be increased--also its usefulness. The inclination to be angry with any belief that differs from our own is far too prevalent. Indeed, many of the bitter differences in this troubled world of ours vary little in essentials--so little that any sober group of contestants who sincerely desire adjustment can make it without going to war.

It would be wonderfully informative for each of us to be acquainted with the theories that animate others. Scholarly analysis of these principles is better indication of intelligence on our part than mud slinging is.

Since the purpose of UAPA is to encourage people to write and contribute their productions to the Bundle, isn't it rather unsportsmanlike -- to say the least -- to denounce a differing opinion and indignantly request that its future contribution to the Bundle be prohibited? All who are confused with differing opinions might find a kernel of truth in each one. We might even find that some of our own most cherished convictions are built on fallacies that won't hold water any more than a leaky colander.

There has been expressed the fear that some of the papers in the Bundle are subversive in purpose and that the writers are communists because they advocate enterprise designed for a communal project in which all members share alike in privileges.

But seeking a better way of life is neither subversive, illegitimate nor unpatriotic. Neither is there anything new in mankinds' search for a Utopia. Since the cave-man's progress from our arboreal ancestors who lived in tree-tops, the genus homo has earnestly endeavored to build a better way for his children to live--a way that would assure them peace and plenty without the privations and uncertainties that marked his own progress through life. It is indeed, the fondest hope of all men that there be devised the way of life that abolishes poverty and disease and assures plenty and health for everyone.

Many of these plans for a better world appear to promise certain success. There was Thoreau's "Walden" and the Brooks Farm whose beautiful theory was practiced until its shortcomings forced abandonment of the project. There was Owen's "New Harmony" in Indiana, and the Oneida community whose silver-ware is its sole relic today. Then there were the Roycrofters of Elbert Hubbard. His "Message to Garcia" and his "Little Journeys" are sole survivors of that noble experiment.

The barter theory has always appeared to be so plausible. Can anything be simpler? Everyone shall bring his product to a common center and exchange it for the product of other members. Thus the baker would turn in bread, cookies, pies and cakes and take their equivalent in shoes and hats and furniture and dresses. There

#m

WORDS

SEPTEMBER 1952

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

BELLE S. MOOTLY, EDITOR-P.O. BOX 2174-KANSAS CITY 13, MO.



I had thought that the subject of 'Vanity Publishing' was fully covered in previous reviews of the subject. But I get so many inquiries asking more detail and so many confused questions about terms and conditions that I have tried to take them all in one more review. I hope this one will answer the doubts and queries I have had and make entirely plain the difference between legitimate publishers and the parasites that prey on the hopes and vanities of the unsuccessful writer. My sympathies are with them but they ought to understand that they do not progress in the genuine literary world until they can write well enough to secure an acceptance from legitimate publishers. I will hope that the following three (3) part teatise which George will publish for me will answer their questions.

W O R D S
For Your Book Publishing.
Part 1 of 3 Parts

As the number of vanity publishers increases their solicitations acquire an almost ritualistic tone of self praise. In defense of their questionable business practice they assume a Sir Galahad demeanor. Like the spotless Knights of King Arthur's Round Table they valiently call "Come hither" until the government issues a "cease and desist" order. Using the mails to defraud does not meet with government approval. Promotional methods of the song sharks and vanity book publishers are constantly under surveillance by government authorities in Washington whose function it is to protect the public against fraud. The most flagrant abuses are stopped, but with shrewdly devised appeals that keep within the law as defined in Washington, they continue to play on the susceptibilities of writers who want to see their work in print.

Everyone should be able to understand the difference between a publisher and a printer. A printer sets the type into which your copy is put on the pages that are run through the press to make as many copies as you order and in whatever form you select. You pay him for the job as you pay dress-maker, shoe-maker or cake-maker for making a dress or shoes or cake to your order. Delivery of the finished goods and your payment for them concludes the transaction--and that is the sum total of printing. A publisher also makes printed copy of your words. But you do not pay him for this service. On the contrary, he not only prints your book but he sells it for you and pays you for the privilege. The publisher may buy your book outright, or he may pay you a royalty on every copy he sells without expense to you. This is the legitimate publishing business which has a long and honored history of distinction. The author is free from all expense of production labor, distribution, advertising and every other business detail. And for all future time has only to receive the royalty payments with freedom to write more successful books.

WORDS

OCTOBER 1952

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

* - *

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BELLE S.MOONEY, EDITOR-P.O.BOX 2174-KANSAS CITY 13,MO



WORDS:-
For Your Book Publishing
Part 2 of 3 Parts

* - *

Co-operative publishing has had some happy exemplications too. Notably successful was the John Day project introduced over twenty years ago. In this experiment contemporary poets submitted their poems and the publishing company put them into a book without expense to the authors. The income derived from the sale of the book is shared by authors and publisher -- and as the book is still selling the authors are still receiving their proportionate share of the income.

The Bookfellow Annual was another successful co-operation. The book consisted of members work each paying a proportionate share in the cost of its production. This might be two dollars -- or less -- per person -- an excellent, satisfactory and wholly honorable plan for club, school or class co-operation.

Another form of co-operation is practiced by a group that pool their capital to equip a printing plant in which the usual run of customers job printing is done -- each of the group entitled to his share of the income.

There is also the co-operative plan that enables a church, a club, a school , a trade company or a service center to get out its own publication without cost to themselves. They agree to supply all the copy for the reading matter. The printer agrees to print the paper in approved form if he may keep the money from advertising which he secures

There is also the group that pledges itself to buy at least one copy of every book each of its members produces.

Each of these co-operative plans is genuine, exemplifying the principle of shared economy out of which the word was born.

The vanity publishers appropriate this honest word to their own devious ways which are neither good or honest. They tender the writer what they call their own successful co-operative plan for the publication of that book that has been rejected by the regular book trade. Their co-operation consists of doing the printing if the writer pays for it. In other words it is nothing more or less than an ordinary printing job which can be done by any print shop without pretention of co-operation. This pretense is carried to extreme by the printers whose title and publicity advertising advertise them as a national co-operative organization. When so mis-used the original dignity of the word is reduced to a sordid and dishonest effort to mislead writers who are too little versed in either the publishing business or co-operative enterprise to distinguished the fraud.

Subsidy is another word as badly abused as co-operation. Through their subsidy publishing plan explained in their manual--which



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

April 1952

Number Eleven



MOTHER LOVE

Roses refreshing and fragrant
Abundantly blooming today,
May fade and fall on tomorrow
In aimless and awkward array.
But loyal love of a mother
So beautiful, boundless and mild
Today, tomorrow - forever
Lives on in the heart of a child.
Virgil Ritchie

* * * * *

HAVE YOU MET?

Virgil Dow Ritchie, R.F.D. #1, Box 254, Broadway, Virginia. Born April 27, 1912 at Mathias, West Virginia. Is married. Two daughters, Viola Dolores (16) and Evelyn Lucille (14).. For the past eight years has been employed with the Mutual Cold Storage Co-Operative, making ice and watching refigerator macinery? Has had a story and several poems published and won a $20.00 prize in a poetry contest conducted by radio station WSVA. Hobbies are gardening and writing.

Mrs Eileen G. Fields, 745 Cambridge Ave., Youngstown, Ohio. Born March 17, 1907 at Youngstown. Married. No children. Formerly a secretary. Had a story in American Short Short Story 1934 and was associate editor of "Jonquil". Interested in reading, writing, gardening, cooking and music. Active in church work - librarian for Missionary Society and feature editor of church paper. Likes to travel.

F. Lawrence Oliver, 424 Prospect Ave., Beloit, Wis. Born December 24, 1923 at Racine, Wis. Single. Is handicapped. Sells greeting cards. Hobbies are philately, writing, poetry, hunting, fishing, sports, and photography. He says he likes to get lots of mail as it takes the curse off his handicap. He writes: Your collective welcoming card was heartwarming. Thanks. The Bundle is fine. Keep it that way."

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WHO?

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED
AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

By

Grace D. Moss
934 Ocean Avenue
Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Thirteen June 1952



LIFE'S MUSIC

I entered a great church one Sabbath day
Just as the organist began to play.
Down through the aisles the tide of music swept,
In mind and soul its glorious message crept.

Watching the hands that touched the organ keys
I learned a lesson that left thoughts like these--
From white keys and black keys the music came!
For Life's melody you must use the same!

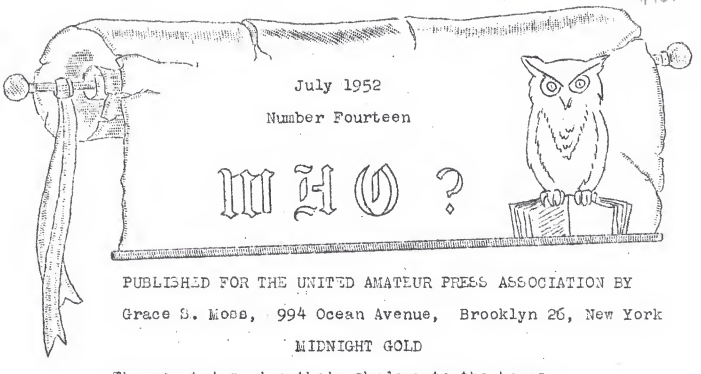
Major notes of joy, minor notes of pain--
White keys and black keys join in Life's sweet refrain
For the organist will teach you to play,
And bring Heaven's music into each day.

William James Thompson

WILLIAM JAMES THOMPSON, 840 South Flower St., Los Angeles 17, Calif. Born March 21, 1882 in Sheffield, Yorkshire, England. Educated in Sheffield, Nottingham, and London, England. Studied in the United States. Degrees: A. B., B. D., S. T. D., Ps D., D. D. (Also thirtysecond degree Mason.) As internationally known preacher, writer, lecturer, and poet he has traveled in many countries. As a Congregational Minister he has served wellknown churches in England, Canada, and the United States (including Hawaii where he was Pastor of a famous Union Church of sixteen denominations). For a number of years was a member of the faculty of Southern California Bible College as professor of English literature;also teacher of homiletics, history of education, and study of the Bible. Dr. Thompson is the author of over five hundred poems, and numerous articles and sermons, widely published. As special preacher and lecturer, he has spoken over the radio before clubs, churches, colleges and universities. Finds special pleasure encouraging others along literary and spiritual lines. Became American citizen in 1927 in Hawaii.

A-PN 4827

#181



July 1952

Number Fourteen

WHO ?

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION BY

Grace S. Moss, 994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

MIDNIGHT GOLD

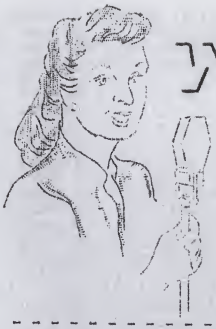
The mountains give their shadows to the hours--
Their giants pacing slowly on the lands,
Moving in thoughtful step across the flowers
That seem to pray, with tiny folded hands;
The sun has crouched below the purple rim
Of night, and birds clear voices have been still
In vesper-quiet silence to the whim
Of granite crested majesty: God's will.
Such beauty brings the choking lump to throat
For unimportant worth of you and me,
The permanence of stars, the soul's high note,
The Easter clef of brave infinity.
Man may be wise, yet he could never mold
A mountain wearing clouds of midnight gold.

(In The Poet's Reed) Mary O'Connor

MRS MARY O'CONNOR, Belmont and Conshohocken Ave., Philadelphia 31, Pennsylvania. Born November 8, 1899 in Cleveland, Ohio. Married. Two sons and a daughter and four grandchildren. She is Founder of Poetry Day in Pensylvania and has had over two thousand poems published in over five hundred papers and magazines. Represented in "Who's Who in the East" and "World Biography". Won the Rhoda Corwin Pickens Award in 1949; the gold medal award for Literary Achievement from the Schroeder Foundation in 1949; was runner-up for Award of Philadelphia 1950 and for Distinguished Daughters of Pennsylvania. Is staff artist on three magazines and Poetry Editor of another. Has had four books of poems published. A song she composed for the Great Lakes Exposition was broadcast over Mutual coast-to-coast network. Her paintings and pen sketches have hung in the National Gallery in Washington and other galleries and in many private homes throughout the country. Sang in Cleveland Symphony Opera: Tannhauser, Othello, Meistersinger, Electra, Carmen, Parsifal, and in several light operas (1934 to 1937). Sketched The Most Noteworthy Singers Backstage, then and when the Metropolitan came to Cleveland to take over the leading roles. Editor of "One Tiny Candle" magazine which goes out free to shut-ins in many hospitals. Does Braille for the Blind. Writes to thousands of shut-ins. And all this in spite of being a bedfast invalid since 1937.

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#182



WHO

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Garce S. Moss, Editor

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, New York

August 1952

Number Fifteen

IF THIS COULD BE

If all that man has learned in days gone by
could now be added on to each one's son,
how wise the world would be! What waste there is
that with each man his mind must die! The pain,
the joy, the sum of all that he has learned
must be snuffed out. The son starts over as
the quitting father dies. If there could be
a sequence whereby the young
could hold on to the knowledge that the old
has gained, what men the world could know! What things
the sequence could bring out, what promise there
would be for those that are unborn! The heights
that could be reached are things to dream about!
But if this could be brought to pass would those
to come keep building on the already known?
Or would the chance of genius outdo itself
in careless, dissipated ways?

Zylpha Albritton Berlier

MRS ZYLPHA BERLIER, 3840 Carmona Avenue, Los Angeles 56, California. Born January 12, 1912 in Arkansas. Married. Has a son, Randall (8). Homemaker. Is a registered nurse, not active at present. Has had three poems in anthologies and several in small poetry magazines. Stamp collecting is her hobby.

HELEN M STARK, 3436 Chestnut, Kansas City 3, Missouri. Born October 13, 1910 in Randolph County, Missouri. Single. Is a hair-stylist. Has had poems in the Kansas City Star. Loves to travel and collects antique glass and china. She spent 32 months in the U. S. Coast Guard during the last war, mostly on Cape Cod.

BEVERLEY L BAILEY, P O Box C, China, Maine. Born July 28, 1927 in St. Albans, Maine. Married and has a son, Jimmie (5) and a daughter Carol (2). Is a home-maker. Spends her extra time writing poetry and on a novel half-finished.

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#182

WHO ?

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Grace S. Moss, Editor

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

Number Sixteen September 1952



TO AN OLD FRIEND

I have forgotten almost all
The things I studied while in school.
The poems learned I can't recall,
Nor any punctuation rule
Or proposition I defined
(And looked upon as so much cheese).
There's just one bird I call to mind;
That dear old Greek Isosceles.

I can remember how I thrilled
To hear the legend as it ran
Of how he toiled with fingers skilled
To give his triangle to man.
I loved its lines outlined so clear
And marked so well with A-B-C's -
And so I sing this song of cheer
To my old pal, Isosceles.

Garth Bentley

GARTH BENTLEY, 1450 North Dayton Street, Chicago 22, Illinois. Born July 5, 1903 in Pittsfield, Ill. Married and has a son (21). Is an editor and advertising manager. He writes:"Am not quite sure that I am eligible for the U.A.P.A. as I'm more of a professional than an amateur writer and am a member of the Headline Club, Press Club and Furniture Writers Association. Also Sigma Delta Chi, the professional journalistic fraternity and Industrial Editors Association. Also I've written (for pay) four books (non-fiction), a bunch of short stories, several hundred trade paper articles, a syndicated column and innumerable book reviews for newspapers. As far as poetry is concerned, I guess I've kept my amateur status O.K. Although I've had more than 1200 poems published,the cash returns on these haven't been enough to pay for the postage used and most of them have been donated."

WILLIAM D ALLEMAN, 364 Robinson Street, North Tonowanda, New York. Born January 14, 1902 in Buffalo, New York, Married. Two children 20 and 21; one in the Army and the other in the Air Force. Is a Railroad conductor. Belongs to Regular Veterans Association, Army and Navy Union, Auxiliary Police for North Tonowanda, Blue Lodge Masons, Navy Club and I.O.O.F. Is a stamp collector. Likes auto trips, picnics and occasional fishing trips to Rice Lake, Canada.

#184



WHO?

Grace S. Moss, Editor
994 Ocean Avenue
Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

PUBLISHED FOR
THE UNITED
AMATEUR
PRESS
ASSOCIATION

Number Seventeen October 1952

THIS BOOKLET

Cheer and good will to spread
Is my one great desire,
So when this booklet you have read
Pass it on--Don't throw it in the fire!
Asa P. Colby

MRS MADELON V. BARKHURST, Route #1, Bulger, Pennsylvania. Born May 29,1922 in Robinson Township. Married. Her hobbies are horses and out door activities. She writes: I was a dental hygienist before I married and the work was interesting, pleasant and lots times it was great fun; was also manager of a large service station during the war and enjoyed it immensely, meeting people, doing things for others, and corresponded with over a hundred service men during the war."

MRS BELLA BEDOAUL, C/o I.O.O.F. Hospital, Mason City, Iowa. Born July 8, 1888 in Blairsburg, Iowa. Married. Has four sons, Carroll (35), Bryant (32), Philip (30) and Clark (19) and a married daughter Beula (27). Is a licensed practical nurse. Has had 88 poems in 24 poetry magazines, 27 poems in 8 newspapers and brochures. In collaboration with her son Clark, a song "Lullaby". Seven of her poems have been read over the radio. Trained as a teacher and taught school for ten years. Home-steaded in a bleak part of South Dakota where gray wolves were common, passing by the lonely place. Has also done china painting. Is earning a livelihood due to her husband's illness.

MRS AMABEL L. BOLT, 74 Stone Road, Belmont 78, Massachusetts. Born January 8, 1890 in Milwaukee, Wis. Married. Has two daughters. Has had poems in Boston Herald, Christian Science Monitor and Dumb Animals. Her hobbies: poetry, stamp collecting, religion and Boston history.

MRS OLIVE W. ROBERTS, 9508 East 13th Street, Independence, Missouri. Born July 9, 1899 in Atoka, Oklahoma. Married and has three children aged 31, 30 and 25 and also helped raise five others. Is a Civil Service employee. Her novel "And It Came To Pass" will be published in October. She writes: "Having read a good book--I've a great desire to tell about it--and so I have given reviews for the past twenty years in Kansas City and surrounding territory. Of late good books are scarce, so I wrote what I hope is a good book. Ego?"



WHO?

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Grace S. Moss, Editor

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

Number Nineteen November 1952

(Number 18 was the printed edition of WHO AND WHAT mailed last month)

LOCK THE GATE

Many have eyes but some never see
The friends they should value most tenderly;
Many have ears but some never hear
The music of friendships that hold the most cheer;
Many can speak but wait till too late,
The friends in their garden have gone out the gate.

Mary O'Connor

John O. Hetherington, Box 2013, Vance Air Force Base, Oklahoma. Born August 24, 1934 in Lynn, Mass. Single. Interested in athletics, music, reading, writing and social organizations. One of the teenagers who helped to make the 1951 Boston convention such an outstanding success. Now in the service of Uncle Sam.

Audrey Jane Bratz, 214 West Concordia Avenue, Milwaukee 12, Wisconsin. Born June 11, 1927 in Milwaukee. Single. Is an office worker. Her hobby is collecting figurines of oriental nations. Co-editor of DUET which has been missed from recent Bundles.

Donald L. Kergel, 1292 Martha Washington Drive, Milwaukee 13, Wisconsin. Born August 22, 1925 in Milwaukee. Married. Is a patrolman of the Wauwatosa Police Department. Hobbies: Model railroading and amateur Journalism. Has not published anything since the war. Due to his job and its hours does not have the time to devote to his hobbies but expects to in the near future.

Marlene Sue Miller, R R #1, McComb, Ohio. Born February 26, 1934 in McComb. Single. Graduated from high school last May and worked as a typist during the summer. Wrote the lyrics for a school song which was published in the McComb Herald and on band concert programs. Her main interests are writing, music and psychology.

John J. Quigley, 69 Faye Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Born June 25, 1931 in Lynn. Is a newspaper reporter. Besides publishing a neighborhood weekly newspaper has published the U. A. P. A. NEWSLETTER for the bundle. Directed the activities of the Boston convention, one of the best ever held. Also in Uncle Sam's service, stationed at Fort Dix.

5 - JUN 2 - Copy 1955 #186

Seventeenth Collection

ODDS AND ENDS

May 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION CO-OPERATIVE PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor

550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

The Co-operative publishers of this issue are:
Hilda K. Karre, Route 2, Westfield, Wisconsin
Rev. John F. Moebius, Ridgeway, North Carolina
M. E. Ben Ami, 711 F D R Drive, New York 9, New York
Leslie A. Shaw, 122 East Avenue 45, Los Angeles 31, California
Mary R. Nelson, 4550 North 29th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wisconsin
Emanuel C. Schaffer, 3915 Shenandoah Avenue, St. Louis 10, Missouri
Nona D. Spath, 5727 New Hampshire Avenue, Chicago 31, Ill.
Cpl. Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., 39 Marianna Street, East Lynn, Mass.

You too, may become a co-publisher of future issues of ODDS & ENDS. The cost is $2.00 per page or one dollar for half a page. Have your name listed as a co-publisher and make it possible to publish some of the many manuscripts we have on hand. The size and frequency of this publication depends upon your co-operation.

I am exceedingly proud to be able to present to you the name of Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., as OUR candidate for the presidency of the United Amateur Press Association.

A year ago I asked members not to nominate ANY Milwaukeeans to office. I did NOT say that any Milwaukeean would refuse to accept. The presidential nomination was offered to G. Wallace Tibbetts, Belle Mooney, Frances Vaughn, Bill Ellis, Wilfried Myers, Marvin Sanford and others. Not one of them would accept and yet you will find among them our severest critics.

I foresaw much of the damage a member like Quigley could do as President so asked Irma Reitci to accept the nomination. She has never shirked a duty. She, without any active campaign or solicitations for votes, defeated Quigley decisively. I apologize to Irma for having placed her in a position to be the recipient of the constant barrage of vituperation at the hands of two former members which she has been subjected to. And I know whereof I speak because I saw what harm these letters did to her.

I told the members that she would NOT be a candidate. Yet some forty of them asked for her re-election. When I heard from Lawrence Doucette that he wanted to serve the United when he left military service this summer, I asked him to run for the presidency. He accepted. You may not know him if you joined during the past three years while he was serving his country in Germany but he was active as President of the Lynn Club and Chairman of the 1951 Boston convention. Take my word for it, to know him is to love him. More about him in THE MAN SAYS.

PN4827 H187 5 - JUN 2 - Copy 1955

CROSBY CROONINGS

MAY-DAY EDITION, 1955.

Editor & Author, Nina Hard Crosby,
1874 N RAYMOND. PASADENA CALIF.

The Smiling Flowers of May, Enliven all the Day.

"Tripping" up the SanJoaquin Valley. Pron.,-Wau-keen",-Spanish.

April's sunny, mild, Spring-like weayher, lured us out for a trip up-State, to a town just south of Sacramento, the State Capitol.

Our special purpose, though, was to see an old-time friend who is very ill, and to include a visit with two cousins in another near-by city.

It was nearly an 800 -mile,-round trip. Up through the center of the wide long, flat expanse of the Valley,-fabulously fertile, and covered with a great variety of crops, from Cotton to Grapes, and from Olives to Figs and nuts. Far to the east, the High Sierra Mt. Range, was visible, snow-cappedextending around a 100 miles straight north. Mt. Whitney, is in that Range, nr. 14,000 .

On the way home, as we neared the one Mt. Range we had to climb and descend, the morning light fell upon its curved and gently undulating sides, giving the impression of their being coveredwith delicate, pale green velvet.

We ascended the curving Hwy., at a sharp grade, until we reached the summit of 4000 ft. altitude, then descended more gradually, the southern side. As we turned eastward, toward Pasadena, the Mts. followed us along our northern side. A rather notable small incident was mine , inthe town ahwer wovisited my friend. I saw several large, delicato pink, flowering bushes, unlike anything I had ever seen, and I wanted to find out what they were.

I rapped at the door of a pretty home, and a Japanese young woman answered my knock. In response to my question, she said they were" Japanese Cherries" And the same as are so noted in Washington D.C and she gave me a small branch.

The petals of each flower arere slender and pointed, and the flowers arethickly clustered together along each branch, giving a full, rich effect.

. . . . . .

The Boston Globe, commenting on the destruction of Hurricane Carol,- "Many will be interested to see whether the Old North Church Steeple or the TV tower will be rebuilt first."

"If the Indians had adopted more stringent immigration laws, this country would not be in the mess it is,-oh?

Gov. Jn. Lodge, of Connecticut,-"If we become increasingly afraid to vote for men and women who stand for something, then we shall have an increasing number of men and women in office who will stand for anything".

"If living ones religion means "parading ones religion, then let's have more 'parading'". The Devil has always been doing his best to get folks to be very quiot, unobtrusive and secret about their religion.....Would anybody like to? "Like to what?" Like to hear this Lady Editor air her knowledge and ideas on such subjects as these?"That'Critter' Capitalism";"Hidden Handicaps"; "Just Who are the Common People?"? Stories about "My Girls". Anecdotes. ??? "Jacaranda Blues" ?

More People are wound up, than are run down".

The skirts of Prejudice are so tight, they shorten the steps of progress" .

. . . . . .

"You can get along with a wooden leg,-but-you can't get along with a wodden head. Itis the brain that counts. But in order to keep the brain clear the body must be well and fit. That can't be done, if one drinks liquor."

Dr. Chas. Mayo.

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#138



EVANSVILLE ON PARADE

oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo- The -oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo-oOo
Vol I No. 2 May 1955 Wisconsin Press A UAPA Publication
Helen C. Smith Dorothy C. Schrader

WRITING ON ASSIGNMENT

IF YOU have no paying sponsor, switch from dreaming up fanciful plots, and give yourself a daily short article assignment. Or a filler. Write about what you know. There are many human interest stories waiting to be told. If you enjoy handcrafts, write "how-to-do" fillers and articles for the hobby magazines. To make them salable, make them practical. Put over your material in simple language. IT'S A SHORT STEP from filler, to article, to feature!

-oOo-

$$ MARKETS $$

Family Circle, "Kitchen Aids", 25 W. 45th. St., N. Y. 36, N. Y.

Living for Young Homemakers, "Our File Box", 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

Home Town, "Housekeepers' Clinic", 3480 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, 52, Calif.

Grit, "Household Hints", "Woman's Exchange", and "How to Do It", Grit Publishers, Williamsport, Pa.

This Day, "How To", "Wife Savers", and "Be Your Own Decorator", 3558 So. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis 18, Missouri.

Chicago Daily Tribune, "Favorite Recipes", Chicago, Illinois.

The filler markets are open to every writer and the rate per word is high. Try it! It takes very little time to write household helps, hints, handyman ideas, recipes, kinks, fillers, shorticles, and human interest features.

-oOo-

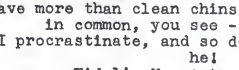
GREETINGS TO ALL, from Helen C. Smith, Smithacres' Scribbler.

THAT SPRING FEELING

A robin sits on the plum tree limb,
And I think as I watch I am much like him.
He wipes his bill on a slender stem;
I touch my lips with my napkin's hem.
He was there yesterday; thought of building a nest -
I should write a short short, but I lack the zest.
We have more than clean chins in common, you see -
For I procrastinate, and so does he!

--Fidelia Van Antwerp.

-oOo-



-oOo-

Still give to us our visions,
Whatever pangs they bring;
Our summer dreams of autumn,
Our winter dreams of spring.

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#189

The bright flowers of Spring can teach us a lesson.

GREEN MOUNTAIN CRIER



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION
VOLUME II MAY 1955 NUMBER 5

MARTHA LOOMIS WILLIAMS EDITOR, WEST WIND FARM.
WOODSTOCK - VERMONT

SPRING GREETINGS to all!

WELCOME

Welcome sweet month of May!
With merry songsters bring
Soothing completeness away
From winer's frosty sting

Dressed in canopy of blue
Skies tempting an artist eye
Garnished all day through
Raptured blessings multiply.

Mortals look, listen give heed
To earth's ever insistent joy;
Drowning Nations warlike greed,
PEACE would each soul employ.

M.L.W.

More to be appreciated, has the long wait for Spring to really stay. Repeated snow storms have turned back the green-thumb urge to be making ready our house started annuals for their summer beds. While our bulbs insisted on blooming with snow-banks only two feet away, look on in silent calm.

New and interesting books and magazines pour in each day. Among them CONNECTICUT LITERARY REVIEW from POETRY DIGEST Editor. Well worth reading. Our member Truda McCoy's poem THE DREAMERS PASS is one of her best.

The April BUNDLE was indeed one of the very best. To quote the President in her CHATTERBOX "far from run of the mill poetry," may I apply the same to the whole contribution of thought and time given for our enjoyment?

Among new Editors who are warmly welcomed, comes Very Jenkins, from Bucks England; IN THE DAWN OF GLOWING WONDER told the Easter story within a beautiful cover of lillies in their rightful surroundings.

HONEY WOOD, from Clara Ballard brought poems of Easter thought and Greetings.

Gorgene Alice Chamberlain, A BIRD IN A NETTED CAGE told us a most delightful story of her hobbies and way of life and proves her assertion "Well, I just love people."

We are glad to hear from Maud Curtis and Geneva Davis again. The breath of Spring breathed through their two pages of beautil poems.

And Welcome, AMBASSADOR, Frank Albright. DEAR TO OUR HEARTS is in our hearts each day of these uncertain, troublous times.

FROM THE HEART, Wilma Adams Busch Editor, expresses in heart understanding poems the story of the DIVINE TRAGEDY.

EVANSVILLE ON PARADE, Helen C. Smith and Dorothy Schrader Editors. Having received a delightful letter from Helen Smith announcing her intention to contribute to the BUNDLE, brought the fulfillment with fine poems and inspiring thoughts to linger each day with their readers.

THE UNITED AMATEUR, Spring Number, Edited by Marvin Sanford comes

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#190



UAPA COMMENTS



from the editor's uneasy seat by Wilfried Myers,
69 Walnut Street, Struthers, Ohio, U. S. A.

If you wish to reply, or to agree by commenting on these lines yourself, do it in your own paper - or - ODDS AND ENDS, now! Later we may throw these columns open to your comments. However, for now -

Volume I May 1955 Number 8

THERE IS ONE ITEM ON WHICH I HAVE BEEN WISHING to comment for over a year. I know it is a touchy subject which is why I have been procrastinating. But, the time is now here when I MUST write on the subject or the readers (Wonder if we have any? Oh, yes, we received several comments when we suggested a rise in dues!) will think I am talking about THIS YEAR'S election when I am not!

In one of our sister ajay organizations, I have made the statement (time and time again) that I will vote for the Candidate who publishes (preferably), or promises to publish, an ajay paper each month - no matter how tiny or manoth.

ANYONE WHO HAS BEEN IN ORGANIZED AJAY LONG knows of what I am writing - not only UAPA but EVERY ajay organization is plagued (And, I mean PLAGUED!) with this type of member.

But, Ajay seems to be plagued with a larger proportion of members interested SOLELY in politics than any other type of organization. You are familiar with the member who does not write or publish but strives to, runs for and does hold office, ONLY!

OH, I KNOW AS WELL AS ANYONE THAT WE NEED OFFICERS. We couldn't have a live organization without officers - but, couldn't we "do away with" the ajay politician who is interested solely in "office holding" to the detriment of UAPA and the hobby in general?

You are familiar with the individual who (as I have stated) neither writes or publishes for eleven months. Then, when election time comes around they file for office and immediately start flooding the remainder of us with postcards and circulars championing their personal cause. For why?

IT COSTS ABOUT $3.75 TO PUBLISH A MIMEOGRAPHED 2-PAGER similar to UAPA COMMENTS. Our candidate friend (?) has never published such a paper. They can't afford to publish. (They say!) They haven't the time. They - oh, you know the arguments!

BUT - now it is election time and they can afford (find the time etc.) to send postcards to all members (According to my arithmetic 400 x 2¢ equals $8.00 or enough to publish twice!) maybe even printed with their photographs. (Halftones cost at least $1.50 and printers have a minimum charge of $8.75 for up to 1000 postcards.) This new combination of printing and postage costs would have enabled friend candidate (?) to publish approximately five times the preceding year.

ON TOP OF THIS, "FRIEND UAPA CANDIDATE" may make another mailing or two, may get ONE paper in the Bundle (finally) and altogether make ONE BIG SPLASH. Now he can afford to publish. Now he can find the time. Now - you can answer his other

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UTAHMAN from VIRGINIA

Vol. 1 No. 5 Salt Lake City, Utah April 1955

VIRGINIA MEETS DENVERITES

I'm polishing up my bells so they'll be ready to don when I arrive in Denver on Saturday morning, July 3. I want the Mile High City gang to know I'm there, ready 'n' rarin' for the fun they're planning.

I had a sample at the January meeting of the Columbine APC and aim to be on hand for the main event.

In the days of the Utah APC, we had visitors, and I was always properly impressed with the ayjays from afar. Alas, when I went over the mountain to meet the Denverites, I saw nary a glimmer of the awe with which I used to greet ayjays. Columbiners treated me just as they would any other giggly female.

Oh, well.

I knew Elaine Peck and Pauline Kerr will have some super things lined up for the convention. That Elaine can talk anyone into anything. I know. While she was in Salt Lake Jan. 2, she phoned to say hello and goodbye, as she was leaving for home in two hours. We talked for half an hour, and darned if she didn't want me around to saying I'd go along with her.

It was agreed that I'd stay a week. That was a Sunday. Wednesday, she had to leave Denver to attend a funeral in Salt Lake, so naturally I had to stay another week so we could have a chance to visit with each other. At the end of that week, we still hadn't had much time to visit, so she talked me into staying over for the CAPC meet the next Tuesday.

One morning while my hostess was at work, I answered the phone to hear a pleasant voice identify itself as Pauline Kerr's. "I had hoped Elaine would be home so we could look over some manuscripts for the next Colorado Roundup!"

"Well, gosh," I said. "You can come over anyway. We can talk amateur journalism and get acquainted even if Elaine isn't here."

Pauline arrived lugging a huge envelope of manuscripts--and we spent the afternoon comparing our little theatre experiences!

A few days later a deep male voice one the phone asked for Elaine, who was not at home that afternoon either.

Taking a wild chance and remembering a letter I had received at home, I asked, "Are you Stan?" He was.

So Stan Oliner came over lugging a box amateur papers. He generously let Elaine and I have the duplicated we needed for our files.

Published for the fun and friendship it affords one Virginia Baker, 1170 Milton avenue, Salt Lake City 5. Distributed to members of the National and American Amateur Press Associations. Notes about the Newark AAPA convention next time.



COLUMBINE AYJAYS

I had a gigglin' good time at the Columbine APC meetin in January.

First person I saw as Elaine and I entered, was Stan Oliner. He's a handsome, curly-black-haired high school senior, and he must be nearly nine feet tall.

Only other member ahead of us was Bob Coppin, who created the woodcut for the cover of Roundup No.2. Another handsome dark-haired (don't they grow any blondes in Colorado?) male, Bob seems to be a walking fountain of knowledge on his hometown of Central City. Stories he told about it fascinated me, so Bob promised to escort me around Central after the convention.

Cornelius V. Gardner was the next member to slip into a chair at the Sky Room. Keeper of the club funds, this white-haired (sigh) handsome philosopher imparts an air of quiet stability and humor.

Vernal C. Patterson is a slender young fellow with light brown--it could be dark blonde--hair. He's still another handsome ayjay and seems to know exactly what he wants and how to get it.

(continued on page 2)

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Little Wonder

November, 1960 Vol. 2, No. 22



Let us pause
For a little Spell
Of fun and Wonder.



Vic Knerr, 17300 Heyden
Detroit 19, Michigan
U. S. of A.



X-PN 4827

A Weaker Griddle

EAST ROCKAWAY, LONG ISLAND — MAY SEVENTH

Conceived, published and printed between eleven p.m. and three or four a.m. in a wild ecstacy of celebration to mark the resurrection of Ferdinand, now heir to the proud title of The Griddle Press

RALPH W. BABCOCK and SHELDON C. WESSON
Resurrectors Extraordinary

Mainly because Helen was dying to find out from this old horse's neck (in person) "what about the phony March *National Amateur* — whodunit?" Wesson grabbed me by the ear this noon and hauled me over to help bang and bolt his old press together.

Mainly because I haven't yet unpacked enough to get more than an arm and a leg into the old Great Neck printshop, his invitation to whip out a paper was accepted with proverbial alacrity.

Mainly because we ran out of wrong ways to put this oversized meccano set together, this meeting

APN 4827

WEAKER MOMENTS

NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN

AJ's most illustrious and inactive active member has truly returned. Latest reports state that the bilious printer of ol' *Masaka*—that meanie from the former Elizabeth bull-pen—will settle down again in the financial department of the New York Times on April 2—working in New York City, that is.

APC members, of course, know that the primary reason for Burton Crane's return to the U.S.A. was to reinstate himself in the APC.

Why else the flight from Tokyo to attend the Wessons' reception and this April 1st meeting of APC fools at Segal's?

The following pages are reprinted from lecture promotion material issued in January. Crane's topic, "Must We Fight Back in Asia?" covered these questions:

How strong is Chiang? How much of the alleged strength of Mao Tze-tung is imaginary? Will Nationalist soldiers fight? Can Chiang strike alone or would he need our help? Why won't American ground forces be necessary? Should we remove the Seventh Fleet from its job of "neutralizing" Formosa? Will the Formosans work with Chiang and his Nationalists? How far and how long can British pressure keep us from defending ourselves in Asia against the spread of Communism?

X-PN 4827

WEAKER MOMENTS

BESIDE THE SCARLET COCKEREL PRESS

No. 30

AFTERMATH

I saw him on a street corner—a little gray, bent, withered man. Waiting for the bell. Tears running down his face.

There had been two of them until yesterday. She was gray and nondescript, too.

Two little gray mice-people.

They were from somewhere in Europe—two from among those bundled, frightened millions who fled blindly down the valleys when the long, shiny coils of war unleashed and lashed out across that ancient hate-torn land.

They were used to war, these two. He had fought in one, somehow gotten back when it was over to the village where she waited.

Then there were two children. The little old man and the little old lady never talked about them. Two children, once; gone now, missing forever, somewhere in one of those dead and empty valleys.

The two of them came to America. That accomplishment, which can be stated in one sentence, would take a long book to tell. Two mice, slipping along from place to place, nibbling a bite when they could find it. Stronger ones might have failed. But there is a persistance about mice.

Here in Los Angeles they had a small shop. Little, like them. Pennies went into it and came out of it, and that is how they lived. A penny means a great deal to one who knows—who remembers—that when you are starving it will buy a mouthful of food. Another penny, another mouthful, and a few more hours of life. And then a new, strange wonderful land where everybody has enough to eat.

The little old lady is dead. She wasn't beautiful. You wouldn't say that. You would have noticed that she and her husband spoke with an accent and that they were tight, even with pennies.

But, somewhere, back in the long ago years, a peasant boy and a girl must have walked down a road at night, when the moon was shining.

X-PN 4827

NUMBER TWENTY-NINE

Weaker Moments

Printed and published for members of
the National Amateur Press Association
and other ajays by Ralph W. Babcock

WHAT ABOUT RECRUITING

Two questions have been directed to me: First, do I think the present method of securing members adequate; second, if not, what are my suggestions for improvement.

The first of these questions is not an easy one to answer. In order to guage the effectiveness of our present recruiting methods we should have to agree to objectives insofar as membership is concerned. Some feel that we should have thousands of members; others are content to see us remain approximately as is.

It is apparent immediately that if we desire a membership of several thousand our recruiting efforts must be expanded. Those who hold this view feel that our present efforts are woefully inadequate.

Personally, I do not feel that adding greatly to our membership would particularly increase my enjoyment of

[illegible] 4827 3 197

Weaker Moments

NUMBER 15 · FEBRUARY 15, 1947

Emanating from the uncraftsmanlike handpress in the chill cellar of The Hatbox, under the guidance of Ruth and Ralph Babcock

Judges OK O.O. Handout

For the second time this year the administration has requested additional NAPA treasury funds (over and above the constitutional allotment of $75 per issue) to finance *The National Amateur*. Not until mid-January, however, were the Executive Judges asked to authorize this second, extra $25—AFTER the expense had been incurred.

Alarmed at this lax policy of incurring excess expense before securing approval, the Judges finally authorized this second extra $25 tho noting that expenditure of over $100 an issue would soon funnel off all association funds without spending a nickel on the other normal miscellaneous expenses. (Approximate income from dues: 1944, $353; 1945, $472; 1946, $402.)

At least two of the Judges agree that, in view of spiralling printing costs and the prospect of further increases, immediate retrenchment is vital if the Association is to remain solvent. "We cannot afford, even at present rates, to continue issuing 16-or-more page issues in the Sept.-Dec. '46 ten point format. Unless some amateur printer turns editor and prints the official organ himself, it looks as tho the heyday of *The National Amateur* is past."

X-PN 4827

WEAKER MOMENTS

Handset and printed spasmodically

in behalf of the National Amateur Press Association

for the amusement of its editor, Ralph Babcock

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE

AMATEUR JOURNALISM as a Training School

by Maurice W. Moe

THE MINIATURE WORLD OF LETTERS dawned for me before I became a teacher, but I had not taught long before I realized what an ideal training school amateur journalism is in essence and how well it can be correlated with school composition. I soon put the knowledge to use by opening up the delights of amateurdom to creative pupils and by using it to the full myself as a training course — for like the average English teacher I was a mere tyro in expression and I found I could teach it effectively only as I mastered its inner subtleties and kept proficient by constant practice. I wish to present the potentialities of amateur journalism as I made use of them during those first teaching years to develop brilliant pupils and to sharpen my own powers of creative expression.

X-PN 4927

WEAKER MOMENTS

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE

An Ex-Prexy Assays Brooklyn

Highlight of the convention, for me, was meeting Alf and finding that I liked him immensely. I wish Alf's publications could reflect more adequately his pleasant personality. Others I enjoyed meeting included Jack Coolidge, A. M. Adams, Beecher Ogden, J. Bernard Lynch, and Thomas Whitbread. Tom has plenty on the ball. He took over conducting the meetings after his election like a veteran. Although young, his feet are firmly on the ground and I doubt we could have made a better selection. Chapeaus were tipped in the direction of Bob Carrier for his splendid job as Mailer. (Bob stated prior to the convention that he would prefer another year in which to publish (as he has not had time to do the past year) and to better acquaint himself with the association before taking on an important office.)

In this gal's book the two most Outstanding Figures at the convention were Charlie Heins and Roy Lindberg, whose spirited feuds (in keeping with all of those in ajaydom) ended peacefully. A third O.F. would be "Shep" Wesson, who repeatedly commanded the floor, and just as frequently was admonished to "Stand up and address the chair," after which "Shep" would slowly unwind

X-PN 1027

IN THE INTERESTS OF THE NATIONAL AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLISHED SPASMODICALLY

Weaker Moments

NUMBER 28 - JULY 10, 1949

RALPH BABCOCK, EDITOR, 1133 HARRISON STREET, TOPEKA, KANSAS

Lament of an Unhappy Devil

There are times, believe it or not, when we envy mimeographers. For instance, this past week while distributing about ten pounds of pied type. When we had company last month Small Fry and playmate were shooed down cellar to "work off steam." They played nicely—for a while, but Fate decreed they must bump against a tray of type-forms!

Sure, our fault; should have fenced off the printshop area long ago! But The Kid had been quite respectful of Daddy's workshop—never really bothered things. This accident made up for lost time: half a dozen pages of undistributed type—ten fonts of type involved, including three kinds of 10 pt.!

So we've spent about four evenings sorting out the mess. With foundry type bringing 28¢ per pound we were sorely tempted to cash in the mess as scrap metal —especially with that "page" of 8 pt. Caslon splinters bottomside up and all undone.

Caslon 8 pt.! [Shudders] Must be we're really getting decrepit. Time was when we could handset pages

#291

Weaker Moments

AT THE HOME OF THE FOLDING RABBITS

—(No. 13)—

From all accounts legal-beagle Jeff Jennings is a pretty smart cookie, yet his latest *Countersign* would scarcely do credit to a third-grader. Possibly the mimeo influence has so immunized the NAPA that the pen-scrawled hen-tracks and hasty make-up of this orphan page (letterhead size, offset-reproduced) could and would be considered an amateur paper. Tho appreciating our Publicity Director's supreme effort towards activity, we feel that *some* care should be taken in the preparation of any publication, and that even mimeographers should strive to produce the very best amateur paper possible.

There have been too many slipshod leaflets permeating mailing bundles in recent years. Amateur Journalism *is* a hobby, but let's play it on a higher-than-kindergarten plane

◆ ◆ ◆

Ed Cole certainly has a knack for purling phrases. Of *Alf's Cats* 38-44 he wrote, "Each number glows with Fossil Babcock's indomitable determination to make himself heard in our midst." Is there a trace of claws in that playful cuff?

The cover illustration of *Alf's Cat* 45 portrays Bro. Alf perfectly: Ever since his failure to get his own way in the last NAPA elections Alfossil has been swinging and caterwauling as tho someone had tied a knot in his tail and he couldn't hit the ball. This 45th *Cat* looked like a hole-in-one

X-PN 4827

P282

THE WAG

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H 203

THE WAG



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#204



are cordially invited to attend the

FIFTY - FIRST ANIVERSARY CONVENTION

of the United Amateur Press Association.

All amateur journalists are invited to attend the UAPA's Fifty-First Aniversary Convention in New York City next fall. The affair will be held jointly with the UAPA Alumni, and if President Albert of the American A.P.A. takes action there is a chance that the association may hold its convention in New York about the same time.

The convention will be held at the HOTEL EMPIRE, 63rd Street and Broadway, New York. Here is the program for the convention:

August 30th-- Registration
August 31st-- UAPA business sessions, daytime.
UAPA Alumni business sessions, daytime.
Joint banquet of the United A. P. A. and Alumni in the Embassy Room of the hotel, at 7 P.M.
September 1-- Visit to the summer home of B. Franklin Moss in Long Island during the day.
September 2-- Checking out.

Willard T. Northrop, Convention Chairman. Morris Gerber, President.
Anthony De Marco, Secretary. Haig Anlian, Official Editor
Neal Peirce, First Vice Pres.

#305

SANDY GETS UP EARLY

Sandy woke very early that April morning to the sound of birdsong. Listening a moment, he abandoned all idea of further sleep and slipped quietly into the open bedroom window. The sun hadn't quite started to get up and the soft morning air was sweet and fresh. Sandy looked at the new green leaves just unfolding, sniffed the fragrant morning air, listened to the riot of birdsong and felt imbued with the spirit of spring. It was a morning to intoxicate any cat! His blood tingling happily, he went to the living room in search of something to do. The family slept on.

The living room didn't seem to offer much on this particular morning. He could of course pick the ribbon off the typewriter or upset Eric's perfectly arranged train, and here was his curled-up negative that they left around because he loved the sound it made when he skittered it over the floor. But those were games in which he'd been indulging all winter. This was a morning that called for something special.

He went back to the bedroom and leaped onto the dresser. That offered endless possibilities for fun. He surveyed himself briefly in the mirror and liked what he saw, then his attention wandered to the various articles on the dresser top. Green eyes widening to black, his amber colored rear swinging from side to side as he gathered his back feet into position for the leap, he saw innocent little bottles and brushes change before his eyes to bitter enemies or enticing game. The piggy bank was suddenly a dog, barking furiously and ready to close in. What had been a bottle of nail polish became a tempting little mouse. Anything at all could be hiding behind the lamp. Sandy sprang. White paws flashing, he gathered everything into a heap and threw himself into the middle of it. Some of the bottles cascaded to the floor with a clatter that delighted him. He pushed a metal box over the side. Little white tablets scattered over the floor. His amber-ringed tail switching, Sandy was about to follow them up when Daddy rose from the bed with an upraised palm and a hissing whisper that only added to Sandy's intoxication. He dove under the bed.

While in hiding he came across his little red wooden ball. Very well, he would play with that. There couldn't possibly be any objection to his playing with his own property. Back and forth under the bed he swept the ball, turning himself end for end, hurling his eleven pounds after it in feverish excitement. So absorbed was he in his game that he failed to see Daddy until he felt himself scooped out and up and carried to the bathroom where he was unceremoniously thrust in. The door closed with a muffled thud. Sandy examined it. That would be a cinch to open. He could open any old door in this place by using just the right technique and his perfectly adequate claws. But he might as well let Daddy settle down, and in the meantime he could keep occupied.

He pulled the towels off the racks and the bath mat into the tub. Combs, toothbrushes and cosmetics he pushed helter skelter into the wash bowl. For a moment he eyed the mirrored cabinet longingly. How he would like to pull stuff out of there! Once he'd found it open and had himself quite a time , but this morning it was tightly closed. That was one door he could not open So he turned to something else. It took but a few moments to shred the roll of tissue until it lay in a lacy carpet over the floor.

X-PN 4827

#286

THE Y AND I
by
Muriel Wood
20 So. Second Ave.
Mount Vernon, New York

I have the somewhat dubious distinction of being a female living at the Y.M.C.A. When we first came here to live I would innocently give my address for deliveries and such as the Y.M.C.A. and would receive such a startled glance or fishy stare that I would hasten to add that my husband was Superintendent there and we lived all by ourselves in an apartment in the building. Then I switched to giving the street address only. That brought forth about the same reaction since most local people seemed to know that was the Y. After just so many encounters with the lifted eyebrow I stopped giving any explanation whatever, except to those few to whom I felt it was due. Supercilious sales clerks can make what they like of it. And I'll bet they do.

We live on the roof in what the Y personnel quaintly refers to as the penthouse. We thought they were being facetious until we got our first gas bill, addressed to Penthouse, fourth floor, which, since gas companies aren't jocular, seemed to make it official. Thus we're on a par with many of the elite Manhattanites some fourteen miles and several million dollars removed from us. I used to think I'd like to meet the whimsical architect who designed the building so that the Superintendent's office is in the basement and his living quarters on the roof. If Bill wants to have another cup of coffee or change his shirt, he has to toil up a hundred odd stairs to do it. His memory is not his strong point and so he is forever finding himself on the ground floor without something essential. Consequently I am always tossing anything from keys to hammers down the stair well or off the roof, depending on the bulk of the article involved, and always keeping in mind my erratic aim.

However, further study into the history of the building has completely exonerated the architect. In its plushier days, the building was owned by the Elks, and boasted a roof garden of quite some splendor. Traces enough remain today to reconstruct it in one's mind, a skeleton framework that held awnings, with discreet lights on each post, and a raised platform in one corner that was the bandstand. One can imagine iron tables and chairs dotting the roofs surface and waiters going to and fro. What is now our apartment was the kitchen and storeroom, and in our kitchen there is still the dumb waiter shaft. Unfortunately it has been converted into closets all down the line. Otherwise, I should be tempted to use it in lieu of an elevator. Two small rooms on the opposite corners of the roof were once the powder room and another room for the gentlemen. The powder room is now our laundry room, and was converted into such years ago by the Y. Although the roof is no longer so splendid, it is most pleasant and completely private. We eat most meals there in warm weather, and sunbathe, play, and rest. It is Sandy's kingdom, invaded occasionally by birds to bring excitement into his day, but never by a dog or any other enemy, so that he feels safe in sleeping soundly for hours in the sunshine or shade.

The Y is the permanent home of about twenty men, the other twenty rooms in the dormatories being used by transients, and there are a dozen or so men and women employees. They have become our good

H 367

X-PR 4827

WESTERN LETTER

WESTERN
LETTER
published by:
ANDREW M.GENZOLI
FERNDALE, CALIF.
--
Published When
Time Permits...
--
WESTERN LETTER
succeeds
Western Breezes

We Make Our Return After These Many Years!

Once upon a time--well maybe not that long ago--but it was a long time ago. Possibly about 1929, when I was pretty much of a kid, and had a yen for journalism I heard about an organization called the United Amateur Press Association, and being interested, I became a member.

It is something, of course, which I never had regretted. I became a first class AJer. I published, wrote, and generally had a lot of fund, and learned a lot about writing, I wouldn't have otherwise.

I found correspondence with other members something enlightening, and the encouragement was always present in those days, as it is now.

When I was in high school I wrote for a weekly and a daily newspaper. Later when I left high school, and went to work for various dailies on the Pacific Coast. A year before the war I published my own weekly in Central California. And of course, along came the war. Being of the age when I would be called, I had to dispose of my paper.

Before I knew it I was in the infantry--and later in the South Pacific. There was a need for enlisted news-men, and I entered Public Relations work--which in the Army happens to be newspapering in O.D. With camera and portable typewriter I ranged from New Caledonia to Guadalcanal, New Hebrides, Green Island, Bougainville, Emirau, to New Guinea, and on up to Manus, to Leyte and finally Manila. In most of my jaunts I traveled by air, water, land, or as the army said it, " by most convenient transportation." I was fortunate to be alone most of the time--a sort of" one man" unit.

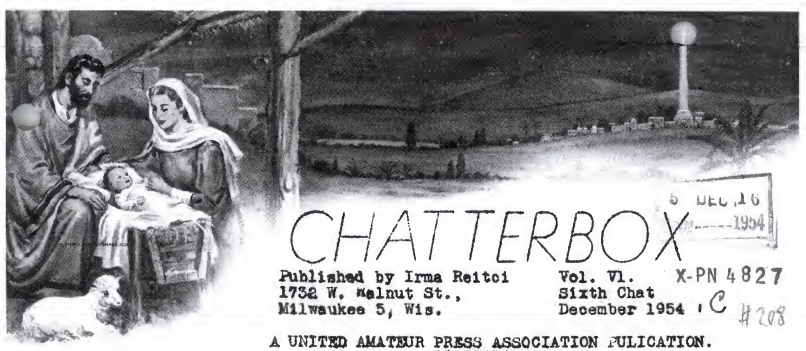
I worked with war correspondents--did their work--and worked at all times to be a good news man. I was proud of my work, for I had a chance to give the enlisted man the credit that was due him. There were many long hours--some rather uncomfortable--some unusual, and some where you were just another doggie with hent-rash, S.O.S., and the G.I.'s. (You ex-GIs know what I mean.)

While all was not velvet, I never missed a chance to go somewhere or see something, for I knew I never would be able to do so on my own. I even learned a little French, "Voulez vouz..etc." and some Kanaka...But better yet, I learned how to evaluate my fellow men, to understand that others had to live in this world too--and if given a break, they would help you live too. "Do unto others.." had at last a true meaning...

It was great pleasure to receive the AJ bundle over there, and because of that I decided that I never would desert UAPA. And I haven't. Now I am going to see what I can do in making a "come-back." This letter is published, when we have the time--and its objective is to encourage bigger and better mimeod A.J. papers. We'll have more to say on this subject later.

While I write, I am no longer with a newspaper. I hope to have a book in publication soon, and plan other writing. And I won't forget the UAPA.

WHY WESTERN LETTER: It is only natural to select such a name--and my publication slogan is--"Out Where The West Meets The Pacific."



5 DEC 16 1954

CHATTERBOX

Published by Irma Reitci
1732 W. Walnut St.,
Milwaukee 5, Wis.

Vol. VI. X-PN 4827
Sixth Chat
December 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PULICATION.

****

First of all, folks, I'd like to wish each and everyone of you a Blessed and Merry Christmas. And may the coming New Year bring fulfillment to all your hopes and dreams.

****

Last month I promised you that I would tell you about some of the people we met at a Chicago Writer's meeting, so here we go:

I had at various times read poetry by Florence Ackerman, but never expected to meet the talented young lady. So, imagine my surprise and delight when I actually did! She's even nicer than her poetry -- nuff said! Just wait until YOU meet her at our July Convention in Chicago!

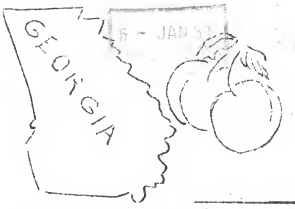
It was a pleasure, too, to meet our own UAPA member, Irma Kaehn again. Meant to have a nice, long chat with her afterwards, but discovered Irma left early. Next time, we'll just kidnap her!

Among the new folks we met, was Dr. Margaret M. Jones, who has since joined our UAPA. Dr. Margaret is a very able writer, and she can take criticism in the spirit it is given! Those nice Chicago people didn't know any better -- so they asked me to criticize some of the stories read at the meeting. And when I criticize - I criticize!(Don't ask me what makes me qualified to do so - I don't know. I just do it to the best of my ability, when I'm asked to do so).Dr. Jones merely smiled and remarked that her own daughter had said exactly the same thing about this particular manuscript. Now there's a Lady!

Nona Spath appeared by "special request" from yours truly. Her beautiful blue dress matched her blue eyes. (Or was it the other way round?) Anyway, the effect was startling! Nona smilingly showed us a book of clippings - poetry of hers which had been published in newspapers. And then she calmly informed us that she had only been writing a short time. I guess Poets must be born that way!

Ralph Bushee may resemble Liberace somewhat, but what I remember about him is his VOICE! Shades of the Barrymores! For my money Ralph could read a grocery list, and I would still be thrilled! Now if I could get Ralph to read my stories to Editors - I bet I'd never get another rejection slip!

More Chicago news, next month. Bye for now.



UAPA Publication #269

Edited: Maud Curtis, 34 Rockyford Road, N.E., Atlanta, Ga.
Geneva Davies; 215 Atlanta Ave., Decatur, Ga.

X-PN 4827
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Vol. 2- #3

December, 1955

Because the time is past for Christmas Greetings, and through no fault of my own, nor Mauds, I thought perhaps we could get out a combination Holiday Greeting and mail it individually to each member of the U.A.P.A. Maud sent her things in in plenty of time so I will use her Christmas poems, greeting, etc.

This is one year that has caught me without recourse. Somewhat like the shoemaker's daughter - no shoes. The work piled in here at the last minute until I found myself with less than one-half of my greetings in the mail at closing time Christmas Eve. Maud was working night and day at Rich's.

To top the confusion we were working short-handed. My youngest daughter, Janet, was on a sort of pre-honeymoon trip visiting her in-laws to be in El Paso, Texas. Another girl was moving and had to be relieved for a couple of days.

From October 30 to December 26th there are seven birthdays, which are all big events in our family. Somehow I managed to write two short stories for the Georgia Writer's year-end contests, but how I'll never know.

Nevertheless, I do want to thank you all for the very nice comments, and special thanks to those who have written individually, and to those who sent poems of mine on the the Waukegan paper. I hope that you will not feel hurt if I do not answer individually. I'm not kidding when I say that sometimes it is four and five months apart between letters home, and I rarely see the children more than once a month, except when they come up to the office or I meet them at the station when we go to fill up the tank. (My husband owns an Amoco Station - nearly twenty years in the same location.) My son, Charles, Jr. works with his daddy.

We all spent Christmas with him and his family, a darling little red-headed wife, named Ellen, and a roly-poly grandson, Mike. Dot, my eldest daughter, who has been associated with me for two and a half years, was there with her husband Bill, and her daughter, Melodie, who is nine. Dot usually has us at her house, but this year is sort of under the weather with preparations for a new edition in March.

And so, please, everybody, excuse me from writing except in the bundle. Some nights I am here nearly all night. In public work, it is difficult to regulate hours, and when I am most tired, and should rest, that is when my mind is most active and I have to write. I've got reams of stories, poems, etc., that I have never had time to get out of notes onto paper.

Someone was asking me about my poetry, if it had been published, why wasn't it published. All of the poems used so far, with the exception of one, have been published somewhere in some of the poetry magazines, and in newspapers in 42 states or inter-nationally in Seydell Quarterly. Winds of the Northland was first published in Talaria under Storm Warning. Most of the poems I have used in the paper are incorporated in my Whence the Wind, now out of print.

I hope before too long to get another book together, but am getting a little defeated about it. It shall be called There Shall be Song. Geneva

X-PN4827

GOD'S ACRE

MAR 10
Copy-----1955

606 Acres; Dedicated to the Cause of Missionary Intrests

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION. R.V. R.E.HOOPER Editor STRATTON, COLORADO.

Feburary-March,1955

THE GOD'S ACRE STORY.

"HELLO" to my many new found Friends. Thanks for the Welcome words from so many. Your fine sentiments, and cuddlesome words,one to another convince me you are a dtstinguished group, well worth coming under the title of "First zone" Friends. I am sure we all have many things in common, so I herewith let you in on this "God's acre", project, just to satisfy a natural curosity.

In this exposition, let me say I don't like pretense, sham,one-man parades, and would prefer to listen to a brass band, than to tect, my own little horn, but but you see the "High points" of this project is a "dow to earth" fact. This I think you are intitled to know... I trust self scrutiny will reduce my self appraisel to a Minimum. .... Here it is.... After about thirty years of Pastor-Evangilist work, and most of that time,matching wits, with enonomical threats, and frustrated Family life, by much coming and going, to and fro upon the earth, my Better half, (I call her that so she won't think she is the whole thing) woke to the fact our age had caught up with us, and health was not suffecient, to permit our matching the requirements of all the ceremonial chores alloted to us.... It's probably true, if God calls men he doesn't uncall them. but some things can force one into premature retirement. Yet who wants to come to a "dead end" to Life's mission...? Depleted nerves would vindicate our change to a suppliment, or some way to preach by proxy.... Crowds can develop unconscious tension, that wear nerves to a frazzle, but quietness and out-door work can be one's best friend and Doctor... Occupational fatigue can tempt one to seek a rocking chair finality, but who want's to accept "defeatism"... We had no Momuntal past,... We could only say, "Hats off to the past,coats off to the future".... Wife and I, were our own "ways and means committee", that decided we would move back to our little western ranch,this little domain where we Homesteaded in 1913.... Out here where, "Western breezes often seek to part the locks, and kiss the cheek of each fair Maiden on her way, to Church or school or out to play",,, God's open range,with it's freedom from conventional schackles, and a popularity rating for song and sentiment..... It seemed to say "Come back old wreck, where a man feels like a boy and a boy feels like a Man"... Yes', after so many tired spots that came so close together, our hearts cried out in sentiment, "Kiss me to sleep,O! Thou winds of the prariesj sooth my soul and body with your exone-laden sweetness".... So back we came to rehabilitate the Ranch, making it Modern, attractive,and comfortable, where we are to perpetuate our Ministry.... We are finding an Evening time ,inner glow of peace at the center.

We are now tilling our Master's soil... Is it anything incredable.?? I asked my self, "Who'se land is it any way"? Just where did I haul the dirst from..... So here we are... Our present rewards, represent much in Commodity comforts... We enjoy Country, products,for our table Viz: Fresh eggs,milk, cream Vegetables etc... If we need something for a sunday dinner, we can go out in the back yard and wring it's neck... When our deep freeze shows "Vacancy" we order a beef butchered.... When we get lonesome, we invite company in for a fireplace weiner roast, popcorn and a home Movie... All and all, It's dignity deluxe.

It just verifies, the Scripture, "All things work together, for good to them who love God; who are called according to his purpose"...

5 Mar 1955
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1954
X-PN 4827

Odd Ends

Fifteenth Collection - March 1955

THE NEW YEAR

Have we made any progress
In nineteen fifty four?
In the stratosphere egress
And on land from shore to shore.

The popularity of the earth's reflex
May bear on the astrological phase,
To return from its high mounted apex
To continue its more normal ways.

- So -

What progress have we really made
In the years just gone by on earth?
Will we enter outer realms of space
To learn something of real worth?

We may enter a new order of things
When we usher in another year,
Let us hope the new year brings
The all of peace and less of fear.

Let us look to this coming year
With a fair view of perspection,
That we will let nothing interfere
On the road to perfection.

We may have an undivided interest
In the new year close at hand;
Nineteen fifty five by all intenet
Will bring whatsoever we demand.

Let us hope the new year brings
Much joy and happiness to you and I;
That we may have much better things
Than we ever had in years gone by.

A. J. Moss

The above is the credential of a new and enthusiastic member from the extreme west coast while the write-up in the next column is an exerpt from The Kearsarge Independent from the east coast which another new member, Dot Davis Adams edits under the title "Dot's Before Your Eyes". Thanks to her for the publicity given UAPA.

Dear Folks: It's nothing short of sin to sit and write the state we're in! Today I should be cleaning house--or drawing hens, ...I'm like the mouse that laid its plans, the same as men, to see them miss nine times in ten!

The sleeping woodchuck in his den could be the envy of THIS hen...No wood to get, no snow to shove, just trusting in the Lord above, as happy as a turtle dove that thinks of nothing but her love; a place to sleep and room to move, (no matter who may disapprove) she's on the beam and in the groove with no'er a bother to behoove..So as I gaze into the grove, all cozy here beside the stove, I feel no urge that I should rove, I'm happy in familiar groove of daily chores and that should prove we do not need to travel far if we are happy where we are...There's really not much trick to it.....you set your goal and stick to is..I only wish the world could see how really easy it can be to find contentment in the grind. It's all in how you train your mind. I bet we mothers of the nation with children home for their vacation will get my meaning with one guess....'twas "Happy New Year and X-mess!.....And here's the "sin" I must confess the house is still in an X-mess! But we were happy as the dove, although we hadn't much but Love! Perhaps, who knows? a year from now we'll be better off, somehow, But, be it man or be it mouse who plans to have a better house, if one must choose twixt Love and Ease..if Fate denies you one of these...as sure as there's a heaven above, I know my heart - I'm choosing Love!

H212

5 - MAR 26 1957
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Irma Schmidt, Editor
2862 - North 79th. St.
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

MARCH 1957

SHORT & SWEET

The successful writer-- writes and writes and WRITES. Do you?

X-PN4827
.S

Dear Friends:

The sun is shining brightly here in Milwaukee today. The promise of Spring is in the air. The sky is very blue and the birds are flying about in a happy circle. Perhaps they are looking for the sunflower seeds with which I have been treating them this winter. After the long sleep of winter, nature begins to stir herself ever so gently. As usual she may decide to take another quick nap but before long the warm sun in her eyes will compel her to arise and be about the business of bedecking the earth in gay colors. Come quickly, then oh beautiful Spring.

** ** ** ** I. Schmidt

CINQUAIN

I know
That love is good
It's wonderful and free
And fine
And it is mine.

I.S.



DIET

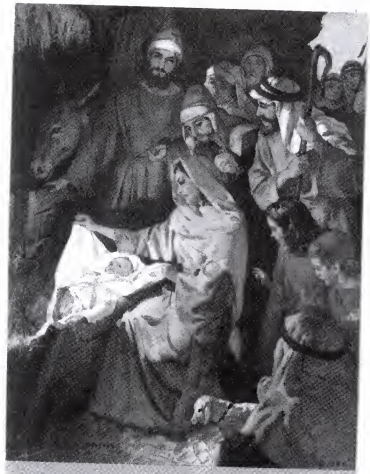
Getting started on a diet is not always the hardest part of the game. It is even exciting to eat in a new and different way for awhile. As the scale shows a definite loss each week we feel elated and are sure that we can continue our diet indefinitely. Then for some reason or other our weight may be maintained at the same level for a week or longer. Perhaps we have not counted calories as conscienciously as we thought we were or our bodies have maintained a higher water content. This is the time for perseverance. This is the time when most of us become discouraged and begin to think what's the use. Then to comfort ourselves we again indulge in the rich foods which make us fat. Tell us about your diet experiences. I've lost seven pounds so far.

Irma Schmidt

(this article starts on reverse of this page. written by Florence Cox

Therefore, reporters have to study doubly hard to furnish material that's authentic enough for others to study. F.M.C.

Florence M. Cox 1332 - South 4th. St. Milwaukee 4, Wisc.



A

Very Merry Christmas

To You

X-PN 4827

#213

X-PN4827
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#214
SOURCE UNKNOWN
AUG 15 1962

VOL. I. NO. 9.

January, 1899.

THE WESTERNER.

An Amateur Monthly.

Published at Sioux City, Iowa.

X-PN4827
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SOURCE UNKNOWN
AUG 15 1962

VOL. I NO. 10 & 11.

FEBRUARY & MARCH.

THE WESTERNER.

AN AMATEUR MONTHLY.

Published at Sioux City, Iowa.

X-PN4827
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AUG 15 1962

VOL. I. NO. 12.

April, 1899.

THE WESTERNER.

AN AMATEUR MONTHLY.

GUY N. PHILLIPS, Publisher.

EUGENE D. BEDAL, Editor.

Published at Sioux City, Iowa.

X-PN4827
SOURCE UNKNOWN W
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Copy
AUG 15 1962

VOL. 2. NO. 1.

May, 1899.

THE WESTERNER.

An Amateur Monthly.

GUY N. PHILLIPS, Publisher.

EUGENE D. BEDAL, Editor.

Published at Sioux City, Iowa.

X-PN4827
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AUG 15 1900
Copy

VOLUME TWO NUMBER TWO

NOVEMBER, 1899

THE WESTERNER

Guy N. Phillips, Editor and Publisher.
Thomas McKee, Co-Editor.
Harry A. Thatcher, Editor Stamp Department.
W. A. Jenkinson, Editor Camera Department.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

X-PN48-1

— LEADING AND FOREMOST BEGINNER WRITERS' MAGAZINE —

The WRITER'S GUIDE

Combined with THE TATLER

Your Guide Into Print

APR 29 1944



BING CROSBY CONNIE BOSWELL

The missing staples have been drafted for war work.

September, 1942 **10c**

Published monthly by

Tatler Publications

E. J. SHARBATZ, Editor

15439 Baylis Detroit, Michigan

X-PN 4827
W

#220



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GRACE S. MOSS, PUBLISHER

994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

February 1952 Number Nine

MY CITADEL OF MEMORIES

My citadel of memories is sacrasanct to me;
And only for invited guests do I insert the key
And fling ajar the portals, so they they may enter where
I store the life-long treasure I have hoarded with such care.
Frances Lois Vaughn

INTRODUCING:

MRS MARION HOWELL SMITH, 5158 N. Berkeley Blvd., Milwaukee 11, Wis. Born August 12, 1906 at Winnebago, Ill. Married. Has a son (19). Formerly a graduate registered nurse. Her hobbies: photography and doing articles of unusual people who have outstanding hobbies, collecting antiques, mostly Meissen and Dresden; raising Dachshunds is her liveliest interest; her main interest is in writing a series of books for children of the foreign countries she lives in while her husband ison over-sea duty with the army. Her first book on Italy, "A Chariot for Beppi" is out and a second one on Germany is ready for the publisher. Short story is more than a pastime for her; it is an ambition of long standing.

ASA P. COLBY, Rumney Depot, New Hampshire. Born January 22, 1895 at Franconia, New Hampshire. Married. Has seven children ages from 16 to 34. Is a merchant and saleman. He writes: "Have had several hobbies including printing but at present am interested in collecting automobile registration plates and have about 250 in my collection including some foreign ones and one from the car of the Postmaster General of the U. S. and a U. S. Senator. Am hoping to start a sort of museum of plates when I can get more of them. Would appreciate any publicity that you can give this so that your members might send me expired plates. Older years are especially desired. Will refund any postage paid by the sender. Incidentally, I find it hard to get Wisconsin plates and would appreciate any you could locate."

MRS NANCY GERDING, Box 484, Roseville, Illinois. Born December 30, 1923 at Roseville. Married. Has a son (4) and two daughters (3 and 2). Hobbies: Science-fiction; belongs to Weird Tales Club, NFFF, TIMA and the Wide World Brotherhood. Taking lessons on saxophone and piano. Bowling; roller skating; corresponding. Had three years nurses' training. Her husband, Philip is editor and printer of the local paper.

X-PN 4827
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

#221

GRACE S. MOSS, PUBLISHER
994 OCEAN AVENUE
BROOKLYN 26, NEW YORK

- *** - *** - *** -

M A R C H 1 9 5 2 NUMBER TEN



- ********** - ********** - ********** - -

AGE OLD

World crises gravely threaten every land,
And prophets shout, "Destruction will come soon!"
But lovers, Whispering, go hand in hand,
And kiss in rapture underneath the moon.

Grace Barker Wilson

INTRODUCING:

MRS GRACE BARKER WILSON, Box 342, Kirtland, New Mexico. Born in 1883 at Moran, Texas. Is a widow. Has one daughter (26) who is a graduate student, University of Kansas. Is retired school superintendent. Over two hundred of her verses have appeared in about twenty newspapers and magazines. She writes: "For twenty-four years I was superintendent of Central Consolidated School at Kirtland. I retired in June 1949. I have always been interested in verse writing, but had no time to devote to it. For two years now, I have been doing just what I want to, and my verse writing has been more than interesting as well as profitable."

PATRICIA HARRIS, P. O. Box 482, Oneida, New York. Born May 17, 1930 Radnor, Penna. Single. Is a school teacher. She writes: "My father is a brain surgeon turned professor and for the past year, he's been in Europe on a good-will tour for the U. N. I enjoy social events and tend to be a social butterfly - when I have the time. As I've stated, I teach seventh and ninth grade and also am an adviser to the school newspaper. The smell of printer's ink overcomes me and I'm gone! My grandfather founded Campbell Soups (John F. Dorrance) and I'm only sorry he didn't live until I was older. I like to do something well if it's to be done at all. I love sports and have traveled extensively."

MRS R. MARGARET HOWELL, 316 Alliance Ave., Rockford, Ill. Birthday, September 2nd. Widow. Two sons and one daughter, all married. The daughter, Marion Howell Smith, is an enthusiastic member of the Milwaukee club. Mrs. Howell writes: "My husband was a practising physician for forty years and the time he spent as a country doctor afforded us many experiences that I aspire to use in short stories. I am interested in art and music as well as creative writing and public speaking but have been slowing up the past year. I have nine wonderful grandchildren that set me quite a pace. I am treasurer of the Rockford Writers' Guild."

MRS LOTTA C. R. DUNHAM, Church Lane, Burlington, Mass. Born May 2,1891 at Burlington. Widow. Daughter age 30. Town Librarian. Her "History of the Church of Christ of Burlington"published in 1932. Main hobby is genealogy and historical data research. Has just finished a manuscript history of the Town of Burlington. Had a few poems published.

X-PN 4827

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#222

PUBLISHED FOR THE UNITED

AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

By

Grace S. Moss

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Twelve May 1952

WHO ?



MAN

When I consider man I have to pause
In wonder at the contrast of his ways.
For, mixed with all the virtues that I praise,
Looms dark brutality - one of his laws.
Although he reaches for a higher cause
And counts a dreamy rosary of days,
His mind becomes a stage where evil plays;
His history contains a bloody clause.
He seems to be half god and yet half beast,
With god and beast at war continually.
But someday soon the beast will lose, and then
This purblind being who knows not the least
Of Heaven's laws, at last will learn to see
Divinity - the destiny of men.

John D. Engle, Jr.

* * * * * *

John D. Engle, Jr., 326 Woodland Avenue, Lexington, Kentucky. Born September 29, 1922 at Yocum, Ky. Married. No children. Is teacher of English and Journalism in high school. Has had feature articles in newspapers and magazines and poems in Judge, Nature, Washington Evening Star, The Oregonian, and Progressive Farmer. He writes: "At present my occupation is teaching and writing my hobby, but eventually I hope to reverse this procedure. I am a native of the hills of Kentucky and own fifty acres of wooded hills. I learned early to appreciate nature; later, human nature. I am a graduate of the University of Kentucky and work on my M. A. in English during the summers."

LENNOX ALLEN, Glenview, Kentucky. Born December 20, 1911 at Glenview. Single. Is an Art Teacher. Has had a book of poems printed, also a book on the Ohio flood. Is an amateur photographer and collector of old newspapers.

THOMAS DICKERSON VAUGHAN, 5425 31st Street N.W, Washington 15, D. C. Born April 27, 1904 at Morristown, N. J. Married. No children. Is Expediter, National Office of Vital Statistics. Has had a volume of verse, "Songs and Imitations" published in 1931. Has had over 1,000 poems in little magazines and newspapers. Hobbies: Hiking, swimming boating, traveling, writing and practical psychology.

K-PR 4827
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#223

WORDS

MARCH 1952

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

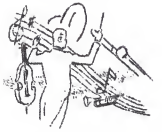
BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR P.O.BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI, U.S.A.

W O R D S
For New Markets.

Hi Poets--here's your chance. The Olivier version of Shakespeare's "Henry" is eloquent reminder that the play is still "good theater" as it was when the original was written and produced. More than this the movie provides a re-enactment of historical events with a realism that could never be approached in the old Globe Theatre on the banks of the Thames. For even old plays religiously observed, the narrow confines of their stage permitted no more elaborate enactment of battle scenes than crossing the stage from right to left of the conquering army pursuing the fleeing enemy that preceded them. Distance and numbers had to be imagined by the audience. Incident was etched for them in immortal lines that will continue to be repeated as long as a thespian covets foot-light glory.

The British loved their theater. They also loved their history--both passed and present. Thrills from both were provided by Shakespeare. Natural wit and wisdom endowed his pen with the initial grace that creates immortal lines. As he was equally skilled in depicting current events and making them theatrical the public always eagerly awaited his latest offering. Hours before curtain time seats were filled with the anxious throng avidly curious to see that latest scandal portrayed for their amusement. For no matter how unsavory the incident this canny playwright had the unpredictable faculty of making racy detail laughable beyond mere detail of spoken words. Falstaff became the symbol of every philanderer whose bungling makes endless hilarity. Similarly all the anecdotes of the time were made into delightful comedy. The stage versions were enjoyed alike by royalty and commoner. The latter paid one penny for admittance to the coveted standing room. Here congregated in a close packed crowd around the seated audience the stevedore and miner, the boatman and chimney sweep, waiting for patient hours to see Master Shakespeare's last play.

X-PW 4827
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#224

WORDS

APRIL 1952

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR P.O.BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

(A SERIES) - WORDS - FOR YOUR SONG-WRITING - (PART 11)

Singing is the natural impulse of the voice. Modulation in pitch is secured by the breath control vibrations on the vocal chords in the throat. The first cry of the newborn is usually high pitched, but each day thereafter developes greater variety of tone and pitch. Nor is the day time alone devoted to this vocalizing. Indeed the cool dark hours succeeding daylight seem often the most cherished time to practice the vocal art. And oft in the stilly night while slumbers chains would so preferably bind them, the family and neighbors hear the efforts of the newest arrival in this world of woe and sorrows to summarize them all.

Some specialists say that even at this early age, the voice can be trained and that all children are easily amenable to the laws of vocal art. Others insist that the childs untrained voice is the loveliest thing in the world and they want nothing more than these flute-like tones for their chorus and ensemble work.

Certain it is that children warble and hum and chant odd little rhythmic tunes that may mark the time for their little games and occupations. And they enliven the day with untutored little melodies which they sing alone or in groups together.

As children mature these little ditties become as much a part of the mores as their clothing and food customs. So grows the folk song in which is preserved the soul of a people with its national characteristics, its hopes and loves and traditions untarnished. And the folk songs of the world preserve the national spirit of the native, carrying it into alien lands wherever the native may roam.

Spanish, French, Italian, Russian, English, Scottish and Irish songs are as truly indicative of the native land as is the tongue in which they are first sung. As the Banks and Braes o' Bonny Dune resound on the banks of our own Ohio so do Heidelberg, Killarney, Oh Dole Mio and the Volga Boat Song grow into the American scene with endearing affection and popularity.

We are too young a nation to have folk songs of our own, say the authorities. But we have already a fine repertory of songs that could not possibly originate anywhere else but in these United States. Dixie is as certainly our own as "God Save the King" is British. And we may quote honestly and believe it to be unsurpassed by any other folk song.

Our old camp meeting songs somewhat resemble the group gatherings of the folkways of British and Dutch and we may also claim our own chanties or work songs.

X-PN 4827
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BELLE S.MOONEY, EDITOR P.O.BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI #225

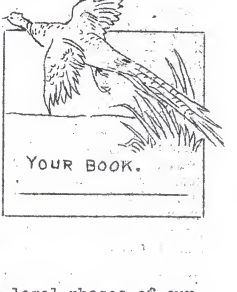
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PART 2 of 2 PARTS
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WORDS

"BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN"

** - **

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



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X-PN 4827
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DECEMBER 1952

BELLE S. MOONEY
EDITOR

P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

WORDS:-"By Them Shall We Judge The Man!"

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION!



WORDS

WORDS - For Your Copyright.

No finer Christmas gift may writers ever covet then the copyright that congress adopted last July. It gives copyright owners exclusive rights for public rendition of their work and also exclusive rights for recording their work. This amendment to the old tried and true copyright law provides additional protection to authors and composers that assures important means of increasing their income.

For on Jan.1st.,1953 the July amendment extends to all copyright owners the exclusive right to public performance for profit for their work and they are also accorded exclusive right to record their own work.

If it appear strange that any amendment be necessary for these obvious-just provisions it may be useful to review the subject briefly.

It was the invention of the printing press that first inspired writers to devise the means of protecting their work from piracy. Prior to the advent of the printing press books were laboriously produced bympen,pencil and brush. The machine made duplicates of this copy made possible as also profitable the rapid reproduction of a book and printers were not slow to seize their opportunity. The enterprising pioneers in this virgin field were not blind and the books they made with such fabulous legibility and speed were sold for their own benefit without pay of any kind to the author of the book.

But among our ancestors were those worthy and upright folk who believed that the author should have at least a share in the profits the printers were making so gratuitously--and so was born the first copyright law. It was in 1720. The avowed purpose of the law as expressed by those hardy protectors of writers' labor was "to secure for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive rights to their respective writings and discoveries."

The "limited times" specified in this first copyright law was fourteen years. This time limit was later extended to twenty-eight years. And at the expiration of this time the author, his heirs or his estate may secure renewal. Whenever application for this renewal is omitted the work passes into "public domain". It may then be used by anyone in whole or in part without infringing on the author's rights and without incrring penalty of the law. Any author or composer may secure for himself his own copyright on any of his own productions. There are thirteen classifications which are clearly defined in the instructions that are freely available from the copyright office, Washington, D.C.

The first step in securing a copyright is to request an application blank, stating clearly what kind is desired--whether it is for a book, poems, music, play, song, lecture, sermon or drawings. The application blank is free. Properly filled out with the description of the work you want to protect against plagiarism or theft the paper with complete copy of the material is sent to Washington with the recording fee. Here it is permanently filed and the author has complete protection of his creation for the twenty-eight years with privilege of renewal at the end of that time.

X-PN 4826
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#227

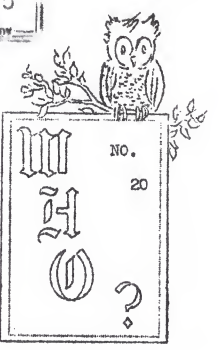
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Editor

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, New York

December 1952 Number Twenty



OUT OF THE DUST

Out of the dust the ancients speak.
Across this wide and alien world
The voice of mellow wisdom rolls
Today, as when defiance hurled
The lie back to the tyrant throng,
While yet man's life on earth was young.
The cry for liberty and peace
Across millenniums is flung.
And who is he who now will dare
To sound aloud this cry again?
And who will make this dream come true:
"Peace on the earth, good will to men"?

Grace Barker Wilson

Mrs Lois Smith Hiers, Canada, Kentucky. Born February 26, 1910 in the same town. A son, Jonathan (12). Is a home-maker. Has had a few poems in local papers. She writes: "There's nothing interesting about me except that I'm a Kentucky mountaineer by birth and inclination and I don't go bare-foot; neither do I live in a log cabin and the only feud I ever heard of happened in a novel. (I'm kidding!)

Orville C. Smith, R R #2, Box 106, Wheatland, Indiana. Born June 8, 1914 in Belmont, Illinois. Married. A son, Richard Dean Smith (15). He and his wife publish The Sunshine Messenger which they send to help shut-ins. Also publish tracts. They send any help and cheer they can to shut-ins.

Mrs Margie M. Croft, Route #4, Lima, Ohio. Born October 28, 1922 in Lima. Married. Children are Teena (12), Ted (10), David (9), Rose (8) and Dixie (5). Has had story and numerous poems in church papers; also in Kentucky newspapers. Her hobbies collecting salt and pepper shakers and novelty candles. Has a mimeograph and a postcard duplicator and prints for others for the price of paper and stencils plus 30 cents per 100 copies.

Edwin B. Whiting, Killam's Point, Branford, Connecticut. Born May 7, 1881 in New Haven, Conn. Married. Former hobbies wre mountain climbing and bicycling. Now - correspondence.

Tad Tekla, 14001 Mayfair Avenue, East Cleveland, Ohio. Born June 13, 1913 in Cleveland. Married. One daughter (4). Is an office worker. Has had economic and political articles in socialist publications, mainly in Montana, Missouri and New York. Traveled extensively in USSR. Has held, and hold, high offices in the Socialist Party. Active in Peacemaker movement.

X-PN 4627 #228
W

Wilfred Myers.

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Comments on

The October 1953 Boys Herald

In this month's bundle you will find a copy of the October, 1953, **Boys Herald.** Here is our big 12-page issue which we have labeled as a "Special Recruiting Number." If you are not preserving a file of **The Boys Herald**—why not use this issue to interest someone in amateur journalism and the club to which you belong?

Might we suggest a plan of battle?

1. Why not write your friends (or, call them on the telephone if they are nearby) and tell them the joys you experience in amateur journalism.

2. Contact them again and tell them more about organized amateur journalism—the bundles, the official organ, the correspondence, the conventions, the friendships.

3. Make up a sample bundle of your own, containing papers that are duplicates or which you no longer desire. Be sure to include the October **Boys Herald** and an application blank.

4. Make still another contact on the basis of "Hope you got the bundle, liked it and joined. If not, why not send in your application today?" At this time it might be wise to emphasize the stability of the hobby as shown by the age of **The Boys Herald,** the various clubs, etc., plus the enthusiasm of the younger members and the younger Volume I, Number 1, publications.

Frankly, I believe if each member would follow this four-course "line of action" that their individual club would experience a 50 per cent gain in membership seemingly overnight. I believe it so thoroughly that I've put a lot of correspondence, time and money in this issue! Will you help me prove that I am right?

Won't you give a friend an opportunity to enjoy the many hours that can be spent in the field of amateur journalism? Today?

Number 1

H229 X-PN4827

The West Ashley News

Vol. 3, No. 4 Charleston 34, S.C., December, 1953 Price: five cents

TELEPHONE EXCHANGE NEARING COMPLETION

The new Southern Bell Telephone Co. Exchange will go into operation at midnight on January 30. Approximately 2,600 subscribers in the suburban areas West of the Ashley will be served by the new exchange.

New equipment which is now being installed will make possible better telephone service for residents of the Parish. Numbers of telephones served by this office will begin with the digit "6," as this office will be known as "Office 6."

The entire project of the telephone exchange will cost about $600,000. The building which was recently completed will cost about $175,000.

B. AND P. W. TO HOLD CHRISTMAS PARTY

The West Ashley Business and Professional Women will hold a Christmas party on Monday night, December 14 at 7 o'clock at the Cavallaro Restaurant. Mrs. Mary G. Motte is in charge of this meeting.

TUBERCULOSIS DRIVE PROGRESSING

The 1953 Christmas Seal Drive is progressing nicely. The Charleston County Tuberculosis Association is very enthusiastic about the numerous replies which have been received and report that to date the returns are considerably above those of last year. However, many letters still have not been answered. All residents who still have their letters on hand should send their contributions in as soon as possible. Much cooperation from the schools and other organizations has been reported. Thousands of persons have seen movies or heard talks on the subject of T. B. and its treatment. The funds which you provide by giving to the seal drive help to teach methods of prevention and help in research of the disease. The greatest danger of spreading T. B. is in the home, and regulary chest x-rays help to prevent its spread.

Remember, this is the only time that the Tuberculosis Association goes to the public for financial assistance. So be sure to answer your seal letter if you have not done so.

BUY CHRISTMAS SEALS!

X-PN 4827
W

Volume 1 Number 30

WHO AND WHAT



September 1953

X-PN 4827
W



WHO ?

Grace S. Moss, Editor
994 Coeur Avenue
Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Twentyfour March 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

MARCH

What better use for winds that surge
Than kites which follow on the urge
Of skyward flinglings? While from earth
Arise the gleeful shouts of mirth.

Effie Shirey

Mrs Margaret Aamodt, Box 82, Joice, Iowa. Born December 14, 1910 in Cuyunna, Minnesota. Married. Two daughters 17 and 15. Had had a few poems and several juvenile stories published. Is editor for the South Central District Women's Missionary Federation News Bulletin. Her hobbies: gardening and writing poetry.

Mrs Dorothy Johnson, Box 153, Foster City, Michigan. Born September 23, 1921 in Metropolitan, Michigan. Married. Children: Dennis (11), Carol (9) and Evelyn (2). She writes: "I like gardening, especially as far as flowers are concerned. I sew most of my daughters' dresses and also many things for my home. I write when in the mood but something every day. Most of my writing is for my own enjoyment and if someone else would like to read it, it is O. K. with me."

Mrs Rosabel Boyd, Athen, Tennessee. Born January 1, 1900 in Madisonville, Tennessee. Married. Has a daughter, Phyllis Boyd Bohannon, a farmerette; John, an electrical engineer, and Allen, an insurance agent. Has had many poems in books, magazines and newspapers; daily column in Athens Daily Post Athenian since 1948. Her song "Swinging On a Rainbow" available now at 25 cents per copy. Is Chairman of local Board of Education, member State School Board Association, member Asobi Court #36 Ladies of the Oriental Burlesque; Honorary member Beta Sigma Phi Sorority. New forthcoming songs, "Whippoorwill Blues", "Prom Time" and "At Christmas Time."

Mrs Gertrude O'Rorke, Bates, Oregon. Born December 2, 1884 in Grand Junction, Colorado. A widow. Two sons. Is a retired postmistress. Had had a play published and three songs. Would like advice on the salability of her stories or on re-writing of them to make them so. Her hobbies: mining and agate hunting.

X-P N 827
W

#232



WHO ?

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Editor

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Twentysix May 1953

MAY

O lovely May, to touch with bloom
The flowered fields, the hills illume
With shrub and tree in tender green
To please the eye with colors seen.

Effie Shorey

Copy

Mrs Frances Lawton, Clermont Harbor, Mississippi. Born September 6, 1914 in New Orleans, La. A widow. Two children: William Russell (13) and Elizabeth (7). She writes: "Thanks to all of you for welcoming me into your club. Although severely handicapped, I shall do my best to be a good member. I cannot walk, can speak with only the greatest effort sometimes, and can use my hands very little - cannot WRITE at all and can only type with two fingers and a specially inked ribbon. However, in spite of the fact that the mere act of writing is such a laborious effort, I do as much as my limited time and abilities allow. For with a son and a daughter and the various school activities I must take part in, my own voluminous reading and correspondence, the fact that I refuse to let a handicap handicap me and do once again most of the things I once did (within reason of course) the days aren't nearly long enough to crowd everything into. Right now, I can manage only an occasional article but I hope to do more as my children grow older."

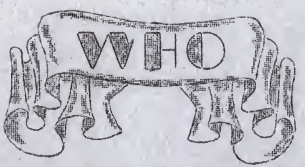
Mrs Eunice Upton, Route 1, Box 196, Anoka, Minnesota. Born January 7, 1919 in Cedar, Minnesota. Married. Has a ten year old daughter. She writes: "Became interested in writing when I won first prize for a joke for "Gristogram" when in grade school; won a Columbia encyclopedia for letter in "Facts Forum"; had a child's story on W. M. I. N. radio in 1949. Loves to make shell jewelry. Analyzes handwriting.

M. E. Ben-Ami, 711 F D R Drive, New York 9, New York. Born March 15, 1907 in Rava-Ruska, Galicia, Poland. Married. Two daughters Myrna (13) and Barbara (6). Is a post-office clerk. His essays and poems have been published in Jewish Post, Our Voice, Our Army, Jewish Forum, St. Louis Tribune, Reflection, and others. In 1920 came to the United States and continued his education here in public and high schools. He was active in the Zionist organization until 1924. Joined the Zionist Revisionists in 1929 and helped organize the American Friends of the Fighters for Freedom of Israel. Was Chairman of this group. Has a book of poems, "Sparklets" published in 1950.

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H 233

Grace S. Moss
Editor
994 Ocean Avenue
Brooklyn 26
New York



Number
Twenty-
seven
June
1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

JUNE

Spring in her gaudiest hues aglow
The purpled lilacs, roses blow
While days are fragrant, sweet and long--
Amidst them all the bridal song.
Effie Shorey

Mrs Elinor Henry Brown, P O Box 3857, Victory Center Station. Mo. Hollywood, Ca.. Born October 5, 1911 at Gold Hill, Oregon. Married to Wilfred H. Brown. One daughter, Rozelle May, born January 26, 1940. She writes: "First poem I tried to sell sold first time out to John Martin's Book, the Child's Magazine, for $10. While at the University Of Oregon School of Journalism, sold verse, articles and photographs, and a little fiction in years since. "The Anchor" takes most of my 'so-called leisure' time now. Have complete dark-room equipment and Rolleicord camera. Have two 3 3/4-speed tape recorders (little Ampro and new Revere T-100) and am a member of Tape-Respondents International, exchanging 'talking letters' with other members with like interests. Verse-writing is perhaps main-interest. Biographical sket h was included in Third Edition of "Who's Who in the West' and 'Who's Who on the Pacific Coast'. Member of Author's Guild and Author's League of America."

RADIO-GUIDED

Thunder of motors and white surge of air
Lift gleaming wings up the highway stair.
The giant ship answers a secret cry,
Climbing a tall wind into the sky.
No man's hand is on the controls.

Costly cargo speeds over the sea;
Terror or splendor, which will it be,
Spilling from hatches at journey's end?
Who will receive it?....Foe or friend?
No man's hand is on the controls.

Saddle the lightning, harness its power
To serve our brothers this fateful hour,
Or a lone voice on a bleeding day
Will rise from a dying world and say:
"No man's hand was on the controls."
Elinor Henry Brown

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WHO

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

November 1953 Number 32

NOVEMBER

November, although dark and drear
Brings to most joyous day of year;
For toward Thanksgiving ever tends
The thoughts of family, kin and friends.
Effie Shorey

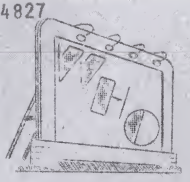
Mrs Juanita H. Nolte, 57 - 22nd Street, Wheeling, West Virginia. Born June 7, 1913 at Akron, Ohio. Married. One daughter, Mrs. Robert L. Hunker (22). Has had poems in the Wheeling News Reporter. Hobbies: needle point rug making, embroidering, singing, violin, amateur theatricals, poetry, raising African violets (but to no avail).

Miss Eva R. Hartley, 120 Washington Avenue, Wheeling, West Virginia. Born in Guernsey, Ohio. Birthday, July 14th. Is secretary to General Agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company. Has had a poem in "Kansas City Poetry Review" and some prose articles published a long time ago. Was first woman to fly in a hydroplane at Atlantic City in 1915. Lots of publicity on that. Was a former school teacher and is active in church work. She writes: "My main object in joining is to improve. I realize I am a real amateur but some of the papers in the Bundle prove that many of the members are not. Mrs. Nolte and I will try to get out a paper sometime in November. By the way, my first card was from John J. Quigley." If you are willing to give her constructive criticism, please contact her.

Mrs Lucille Sahakian, 1519 West Kings Highway, San Antonio, Texas. Born July 1, 1897 in Bloomington, Indiana. Has had two books of poetry published: "War and Romance" and "A Heart Speaks" (Price $1.00); also co-author of "Vivian at College". Is Poet Laureate of Alpha Imicron Alpha Sorority; a member of American Poetry League; Chairman of Literature for Federated Clubs of San Antonio; was Chairman of Poetry for Texas Authors Day in 1952; past President of Composers, Authors and Artists of America, local chapter. Her poems have been read on the air in Indianapolis, Bloomington and San Antonio. Has had poems in Candor, Blue Moon, Widfire and Indianapolis News. Her hobbies are painting and Music.

Rev. John H. Owens, 1478 West 37th Street, Los Angeles, California. Born June 15, 1890 in Chicago, Illinois. Married. Is a real estate broker and light contractor. Has sold six poems and has had others published in the little poetry journals; also social articles. Plays the guitar and saxophone. Likes long walks in the woods or desert, and hunt rabbits. Is an amateur photographer.

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#235

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace D. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

December 1953 Number 33

DECEMBER

From winging snow and darkened skies
The hopes of all our hearts arise:
Christmas - that sacred Child that brings
The power that makes us Heaven's kings.

Effie Chorey

Mrs Aloise Tracy, 447 Chestnut Street, Bridgeport, Illinois. Born November 20, 1914 at Bridgeport. Married. Has had poems in poetry magazines and newspapers. Hobbies: reading, writing poetry, painting and flower growing.

Mrs Margaret Ellis, 76 East Judson Avenue, Youngstown, Ohio. Born in Youngstown. Birthday is March 12th. Married and has five children: Norman, Thelma, William, Harry and Jack. Has published a book of poems "Life's Reflections". Her family is thatrically inclined, her husband a dancing teacher and her daughter a musician and song writer.

I WEEP FOR BEAUTY

When Spring's green door swung wide on singing hinges
And April smiled through tears of silver rain...
I held her offering of fragile blossoms
And ached for loveliness - renewed again.

Once more, I vowed no season held such beauty
At once attuned to music, tears and rhyme;
When intermingled sounds and scents and laughter
Seemed consummate in rhythm and in time.

Now this October day, blue-arched and sunlit
And filigreed with gold of dying leaves...
Flashes in brave, flamboyant splendor
That finds me kneeling as one who retrieves

A precious necklace - scattered, lying broken
As my heart breaks within me when I see
This violent, surging death of autumn's glory
And try in vain to hold it close to me.

I weep for Spring's green promise and desire
But kneel in reverence at October's pyre.

Margaret R. Lohr

There are more than 150 members who have never sent in a biographical sketch. We cannot tell anything about you unless we have the data.

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

THE FIRST ISSUE
NOVEMBER - 1953

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Ave.
Wheeling, West Virginia

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second St.
Wheeling, West Virginia

To My Typewriter

Clickety click, clickety click,
My friend typewriter does the trick,
We type letters right on the line,
Business letters the boss will sign.

Clickety click, clickety click,
Poetry, pleasure and politic.
Stencils are cut with utmost ease,
A beautiful style, and sure to please.

Clickety click, clickety click,
The work we do is clever, chick,
Just sign your name, sir, do not fail,
A postage stamp, it's in the mail.
-- Eva R. Hartley

Celestial Splendor

The sunset is almost complete
The moon is beginning to climb,
Man-made beauty cannot compete
With Mother Nature so sublime.

The evening arrives in splendor
As twilight softly steals away
To its beauty we'll surrender
As we gaze at the Milky Way.

Then the night falls into sunrise
And the earth is blessed by its rays,
We do not have to dramatize
That God is with us in all ways!
-- Juanita H. Nolte

Merry Christmas

Let all our homes at Christmas time,
Be filled with Christmas cheer;
Let all our gifts be gifts of love,
of love sincere;
And may our hearts at Christmas time
With God's love overflow,
And may it seep into the hearts
of folks, and grow.
-- Eva R. Hartley

Determination

While climbing the ladder of life,
As each of us must do
And you're met with a little strife,
Or a heartache, or two,
Chalk it up to experience
And take it on the chin,
Keep climbing with perseverance,
You're sure 'nuff bound to win.
-- Juanita H. Nolte

"Happiness can be thought, sought, caught, given, or exchanged - but not bought."

Thanks for the many greeting cards, notes and helpful suggestions from fellow members, especially the Officers of U.A.P.A. We are enjoying our new friends. I have heard from George Boehme, Edward Daas, Grace Moss, Willametta Kopper and several others from Milwaukee. Oh yes, the first card I received was from John Quigley. And how we read the new Bundles in order to learn more about you!

We are particularly busy just now and may not be able to get off a December letter but will expect to send one in January.

Being a member of the U.A.P.A. brings much pleasure with the anticipation of the Bundle each month, letters and cards from folks a great distance away. Have recently been accepted and am most happy to be one of you.

My marriage is a success, have a lovely young married daughter - and my interests vary: music, amateur theatricals, needlepoint, rug making and many other hobbies, including a feeble attempt at poetry. I believe sincerely in picking what I can from the good tree of life because someday the tree will begin to bare.

Best wishes to each of you.

E.R.H. J. H. N.

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#227

WORDS

JUNE 1953

- A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION -

BELLE S.MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,
MISSOURI

A SERIES
PART 3



W O R D S - FOR YOUR SONG-WRITING

Finding the quest for a publisher unsuccessful as it is discouraging you may decide to publish your song yourself. There is nothing questionable in a self published song--no more than there is in a self published book--when the procedure does not violate the ethics of legitimate publishing. And there is no reason why your song may not be both financially and artistically successful.

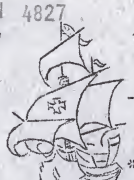
Well written verse is the first essential for assuring this success. Whether you choose iambics, anapest, dactylic or spondee for the feet, the lines must be metrically exact if they are to be singable in a music score. The vast majority of songs are written in iambics. The lines may be long or short but if the phrasing is good enough for the accents to fall into a regular rhythm the tempo of the tune is readily set. Though the song be a sentimental ballad, a religious church song or a comic novelty, the technical structure should be sound. A religious song should be as religiously exact in meter as any other song. If not, the writer's intention of being devout and sublime is too often pathetically puerile. Piety is no substitute for writing technique. No matter how profoundly religious or how consecrated the thought, these qualities are dissipated if the lines are sloppy and if they are marred with contractions, inversions, outmoded cliche and imperfect rhyme. Even comedy songs become twaddle if the verse is technically bad.

The saving grace of all bad verse is that it can be made into good verse if the writer is willing to give it the fine finish that distinguishes all fine art. Both a noble thought and a witty thought deserve the best possible dressing and should never be publicly exposed in anything less. Shoddy garb is inattractive whether it be on a poem or on an inmate of a prison.

The music for your lyric should have the same carefully planned composition that you have expended on your verse. First of all must be in all respects theoretically correct. Then it must be legibly written on the regular music paper with the printed staves. Scratching five lines on the back of an old envelope to jot down a beautiful modulation before it escapes your mind may be as satisfactory as scribbling an enchanting rhyme on the cuff while you think of it. But it is not acceptable song copy to send to a publisher.

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WORDS
-BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN -
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

NOVEMBER 1953
BELLE S.MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,MO.

WORDS
For Your Hobbies

We are united in considering writing the prince of hobbies--all of us who are addicted to the scribbling habit. The advantage of this hobby are so apparent that it automatically recommends itself. Writing employs the mind and pencil at any time and any place. Notes on the cuff may hastily preserve any precious stray thought that might otherwise be lost to the world. And a collection of scribbled note papers demands far less space than many another collection. The assortment of weirdly marked papers that clutter the home scenery may try a wife's endurance. But she patiently resignes herself to the arduous task of keeping them in order or disorder when she thanks her lucky stars and all other constellations that her hobbyist is not devoted to collecting elephants. Collecting fleas is another delight attracting to the nature lover and distracting to companions.

It is obvious that the care and feeding of these collections is more arduous than the care and feeding of a writer's collections.His ulcers or his gout may introduce more arduous duties to the caretaker but even these minor complications are better endured than elephants or fleas. Inanimate things like buttons and bottles are preferred to live stock by those with a passion for orderliness. One of the most unique and valuable of these inanimate collections is the prized property of a recently acquired UAPA member.
Hattie Webster, (1263 N. Cleveland Ave., St.Paul 8, Minn.) was once attracted to a gentleman's card case at a time when neither gentlemen or ladies were accustomed to carrying this stylish dress accessary. Curiosity prompted her to learn the origin of the small item that was social necessity in the time of Queen Victoria. Godey's Lady's Book was the Emily Post of the time. Together with the very rigorous queen this authority decreed that afternoon calls on other ladies must be graced by the card case. Held in the hand it was a measure of good taste similar to an elegant handkerchief and stylish shoe.

Gentlemen, too, were required by the same arbiter to leave cards for the hostess. The case in which the cards were carried varied in beauty and artistic worth even as canes and perfumed wigs of the dandy and became indisputable evidence of social standing. Obsolete now as bustles and periwigs, the small article is rarely seen even in the antique shops. The collection is therefor the more valuable and the Webster collection is rich as it is remarkable. Silver filagree, tortoise shell, sandalwood, mother-of-pearl, tooled leather--all these are conspicuous in these fashionable trifles. The owner has often been gratified by a gift of an old family heirloom salvaged from among attic relics and considered worthless. Old sea captains often brought home such trinkets when their sailing vessels touched foreign ports. So the fine artistry of China and India shares the coveted place beside fine Italian or French art--each land distinct in its art production but united alike in the

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NELLE S. MOONEY, (EDITOR)
P.O. BOX 2170
KANSAS CITY 13,
MISSOURI

WORDS



-BY THEM SHALL MEN SPEAK THEIR MIND-

A UNITED AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

D E C E M B E R 1 9 5 3

For Song-writing.

A broadcast station recently ruled off the air a popular number--they had received many complaints because, said objectors, it was not only bad taste but its bad grammar was bad example for all who tried to use good English.

This is only one incident emphasizing the need for good broadcast material and the listeners growing impatience with radio and T.V. programs. Anyone whose sad duty it is to hear the continuous service of any station is dismayed with the inferior fare offered. The many million of listeners. This poverty of broadcast material should stimulate every writer to produce worthier fare.

A wholesome scorn for the banal and bawdy is not enough. While deploring trashy words and flimsy music the writer must also cultivate the skill that creates better things--and this is not beyond anyone who covets success in song-writing.

Good verse is the first essential for a good song. And good verse is written only with punctilious practice of verse technique. Chemists do not expect success in their experiments unless they know the elements with which they are working. Elements of verse are like elements of chemistry. Practice in their proper use may as readily develop a world beating song as the atom bomb.

Verse construction begins with the meter or measure. Both the foot or syllable count must be correct as well as the stress or accent in each foot. The form or pattern of the verse must be properly constructed and its rhyming is acceptable only when it also is right. The sentiment or the thought to be expressed in the verse may be noble in intent but it is far from noble when ill-chosen words and faulty lines mar its purpose.

Formation of the stanza--the verse pattern--demands mature attention if the writer command respect of the writers world. When these essentials have each received scholarly care the finished work may be analyzed like that of any other poet. Such analysis discloses all faults and virtues in the composition.

Our critics complain--and justly--that one reason why so much modern poetry is poor is because writers are inclined to ignore the honored old magic syllable arrangement that makes meter. They solicit our favor by using some other word-use or accent but resulting production is often sad and sorry instead of praiseworthy.

Meter or measure is the same in poetry that it is in music--it marks the time or the pace. In music the meter distinguishes the waltz time from polka time or march time and in poetry the meter distinguishes the measured beat of the accents.

The number of feet in a line of poetry determines its length and these line lengths are classified accordingly.

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Wilfred Wiens.

#240

Comments No. 3 for November 1954

A Continuation Of No. 2, July 1954

OUR AMERICAN HERITAGE

It seems that July and November are ideal months to pause and think about **Our American Heritage**. As we stated in July, "Our America was founded on liberty—a liberty based on religion itself."

November is another good time for us to pause and meditate in regard to **Our America**. All too often and too easily we forget that our forefathers founded our first American settlements for the Glory of God. Recent years have witnessed a systematic attempt being made to have us either forget or reject our first inspirations.

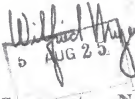
We believe the attacks made upon **Boys Herald** for the publication of Bible Verses, in our masthead, to be part of this general attack. And, worse still, those who tend in the direction of having us forget our founding fathers, are those who show the most zeal in getting into the vital spheres of influence—in civic and club life.

So long as carping critics criticize us for our ideals, that long shall we keep reminding our readers of our American beginnings and our traditions. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." (Psalms 126:1).

On a cold November morning three hundred and thirty-four years ago (1620) the tiny vessel, **Mayflower**, approached what is now Plymouth Harbor. The forty-one men, women and children were more than elated at this first sight of land after a strenuous, stormy voyage.

Before going ashore, however, the men gathered on deck to sign

X-PN4827



Comments - No. 2

LIBERTY AND OUR SCRIPTURE VERSES

Because of the continued criticism of our use of a Scripture verse in each issue (even in one official organ), we believe that no month is better than that of July to reply to our critics because we feel that they are striking not so much at us as they are at the very base, itself, of our American liberty.

Our America was founded on liberty—a liberty based on religion itself. Thomas Jefferson called liberty "the gift of God." Further, he stated that "Religion is the alpha and omega of our moral law."

After signing the Declaration of Independence, 178 years ago, John Adams suggested, "This ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God."

Just after this country got started, De Toqueville, the French scholar, analyzed liberty and stated, "Religion is the first of America's political institutions, and the foundation of its liberty."

Recently, President Eisenhower restated it as, "Free government is soundly based on religious faith."

Historian Richard B. Morris of Columbia University recently explained that among the signers of the Declaration of Independence was prevalent "the idea that God-given natural laws were above the laws of government.

"To break allegiance to the king," he explained, "they appealed to a higher law than the king, that of God. They counted on this higher law to justify revolution."

With this idea in mind, they wrote liberty into the Declaration of Independence in that all men are "endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights."

"All of the Revolutionary leaders had a deep, thoughtful belief in God," Morris writes. "They

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Wave Your Banners

Vol. 1 November 1954 No. 2

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The Big Fish
Legacy of Song



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THANKSGIVING

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WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

H244 X-PN 4827



WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.



-1964

W I N D F A L L

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

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Volume 1 Number 36

WHO AND WHAT



May 1954

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Volume 1 Number 44

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WHO AND WHAT



Fall 1954

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WINTER THE MAIL POUCH

VOL. 7 - NO. 4

JANUARY 1954



GEORGE A. BOEHME
(EDITOR)
2620 NORTH
RICHARDS ST.
MILWAUKEE 12,
WISCONSIN

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSO. PUBLICATION -

SMALLEST IN CANADA (NO. L1)

by

R.S.CRAGGS, 25 McMILLAN AVE., WEST HILL, ONT.,CAN.

The hummingbirds are, of course, the smallest species of birds found in Canada. The kinlets are are next, with one exception: that is the Bush Tit-an extremely rare bird in Canada, having been recorded for only southwestern British Columbia.

The two species which occur in Canada are the Golden-crowned Kinglet (Regulus satrapa), also known as the Golden-crested Wren, and the Ruby-crowned Kinglet (Coerthylio calendula), also known as the Ruby-crowned Wren. Kinglets, of course, are not wrens, though their form is somewhat wrenlike; but as far as habit is concerned they compare with the chickadees.

Each of the two species is only a little over four inches in length. Their general color is olive green fading to whitish below. However, as their name suggests, the two kinds can usually be readily distinguished by the color of their crowns. The crown of the Golden-crowned is golden bordered with black in the male and the female generally has a yellow crown. The Male Ruby-crown has a red spot on top of his head (without a black border) and the female has no spot at all. Another possible aid to identification is the habit that the Ruby-crowned has of fluttering its wings when pausing in flight. However, this is an occasional habit rather than a common one.

Like the chickadees both kinglets enjoy the cold weather, up to a certain point. In the colder parts of our continent the kinglets may be seen, during October and November, winging their way leisurely southward, venturing down from the topmost branches of forest giants, to approach within a few yards of the observer. But kinglets don't go very far south. The Ruby-crowned winters in the southern states and the Golden-crowned as far north as the Canadian border.

As far as I am aware the nest of the red-crowned bird has never been discovered in the Toronto region. Both species nest in the areas north of Toronto, of course. The nest, which is placed in coniferous trees is usually far from the ground. Pensile (semi-pensile in the case of the Ruby-crowned) it usually consists largely, sometimes interwoven with bark strips, and lined with feathers. The eggs are white with brown specks.

BORN-----THORNTON WALDO BURGESS: JAN.14, 1874, NATURALIST (BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES,; "BOY SCOUTS" SERIES).

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DEDICATED
TO
Good
fellowship!

JAN 20 1954
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Copy

#249

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Grace E. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, New York

January 1954

Number Thirtyfour

JANUARY

Ended now the revelry
Begins the year in reality
First to lead the lunar day
Novice in your white spray
Destiny in your downy bed
Lies a charm without dread
Born with blessings from aloft
Strong will grow this year now soft
While the winter tempests blast
Nurtured courage and hopes that last.

Mary Reinhardt Nelson

Mrs Beulah Wolff, 1014 Monterey Road, Glendale 6, California. Born November 19, 1919 in Pasadena, California. Married. Has two boys, Craig (11) and Ronnie (8). Has had a travel article in Sunset and some 250 publicity articles in papers throughout Southern California. Founded the Glendale Writers' Workshop and served three years as its President. Is serving as Publicity Director for the Southern California Women's Press Club and for the Los Angeles Branch of the National League of American Pen Women. She also done publicity work for P.T.A. Lodge, Cub Scouts, Sister Town, Community Relations Council for Los Angeles County, American Cancer Society and the Salvation Army. "Would be glad to write an article for anyone wishing to know more about publicity. It's a wonderful field to make a lot of friends and is also acquaints you with your home town newspaper which is always good for writers." She is just recovering from a second attack of polio and sleeping sickness.

Mrs Helen Loomis Bigham, 54 Audale Avenue, Mansfield, Ohio. Born September 2, 1897 in Mansfield. Married. Two children: Eugene (30) and Virginia (25). Has had poetry in Good Housekeeping, Ideals, the Washington Evening Post, New York Journal American, and many others. She publishes quarterly The Poesy Book, beautifully printed book of poetry. The current number has a very fine picture of our own Mary O'Connor to whom this issue is dedicated. This issue has poems by a dozen of our own poets. If you wish a copy, send her 75 cents for this very fine number.

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WHO FEBRUARY 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Thirtyfive

FEBRUARY

Soft and deep and crystal snow
Glitters in the evening glow;
A fairyland encased in ice
A child's dream of Paradise;
Beauty admired from within
Our hearth fire a haradin.
We do not venture out to be
In February's chilly company.
Snow and ice in layers added,
Surely now the earth is bedded
In sound sleep to rest a while,
Wooing dreams of March beguile.

Mary R. Nelson

* * * * *

William Murray Gray, 143 William Street South, Chatham Ontario. Born July 16, 1891 in Chatham. Scotch parentage. Married to Gladys Mae Elgie, September 15, 1923. Children: Margaret Ellen, Robert William and Ronald Albert. Education: Graduated from Canada Business College and Mechanics Institute (New York). He is President of the Ontario Hospital Association; Treasurer of William Pitt Hotel; Trstee of Public General Hospital. Belongs to Kent Nature Club, Chatham Drama Club, Macauley (debating) Club, Rotary Club, Masonic Lodge and Executive Club. Had the first radio-telephone in Chatham (1918). Was the second person in the County of Kent to drive an automobile (1904). Installed the early Motion Pictures and had an operator's license for such (1910). Built first radio set of the old type, with co-hearer and de-cohearer (1908). The range was limited across the room. While Industrial Commissioner was featured in Liberty, Financial Post, Montreal Stamdard, Marketing, Rotarian Magazine, Globe and Time (1946 to 1950).

Mrs Eva Bowker Bomhoff, 324 East Main Street, Millville, New Jersey. Born June 19, 1880 in Haleyville, N. J. Married. Children: Katherine and Dr. Carl (New Britain, Conn.) Hobbies: Poetry, flowers, crocheting, reading, church, sending boxes overseas and donating clothing to the County Hospital and Trenton State Hospital.

John Greenberg, 103 Buena Vista Street, San Antonio, Texas. Born September 25, 1885 in Romania. Single. Is a dentist. Music is his hobby. Has had articles in The Searchlight.



FOLKS TO CROW ABOUT! WHO?

H251 X-PN4827 W
5 - MAR 29 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Thirtysix March 1954

MARCH

March, Oh March - thou windy rascal
Of seasons pirates thou are admiral,
So unstable and high strung
There is no justice in your tongue.
You lash and whip and scourge and bluff
Until this world has had enough;
And finally you settle down
To claim a pilfered icy crown.
Your work has done without restrain
To clear the path for April reign.
Mary R. Nelson

T-Sgt Martha E. Baker, 22nd WAF Squadron, Offutt Air Force Base, Omaha, Nebraska. Born October 25, 1912 in Des Moines, Iowa. Graduated from the high school at Vila, Illinois? Movedto San Francisco in 1936. In April 1944 became a member of the U. S. Air Corp and remained in the service until March 1946. Reverting to civilian life she took a course in Business Administration and in College Accounting. In April 1951 was recalled to active duty with the U. S. Air Force. Is Chief Clerk of the Comptroller Office. Is on military leave from the California Packing Company. Is President of a bowling league, likes fishing and boating and hikes into the hills away from the crowded highways. Also an ardent lover of good music and plays.

G. Edward Lind, Geneses Hotel, Waukegan, Illinois. Born March 24,1879 in Sweden. Single. Retired fede ral employee. Has contributed for the last 35 years to "Voice of the People" columns of metropolitan newspapers. Hobbies: reading, writing, literature, art, "vox-popping" and encouraging juvenile achievements.

Mrs Dorothy C. Schrader, Route 3, Evansville, Wisconsin. Born March 22, 1905 in rural Rock County, Wisconsin. Married. Children: Phyllis (20) and Rosemarie (13). Has had poems in Prairie Farmer, Wisconsin Agriculturist, Jack and Jill, and the small poetry magazines. Hobbies: reading and growing African violets and tuberous begonias. Is an active member of the Wisconsin Rural Writers Association.

REMEMBER THE CONVENTION DATES - JULY 22, 23, 24 and 25. Be There!

#252 X-PN 4827 .W



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Grace S. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Thirtyseven April 1954

* * * * * * *

APRIL

5 - Ap 27
Copy 1954

April with its splashy rain
Swaggers like a courting swain.
Whispers to the sleeping soil,
Awakens kindly - shrubs uncoil;
Promises more sunny skies
Deepened now with azure dies,
Slowing now the tempests try
To rustler out a lullaby,
Lest the sleeping earth should wake,
Breath of Spring a sharp intake,
Herald often you are called,
May - you usher in unawed!
Mary R. Nelson

Sylvia L. Sprout, Route 1, Drumore, Pennsylvania. Born September 12, 1909 in Pleasant Hill, Md. Married. Children, Dorothy, Wilma and Samuel and one grandson. Had poems in The Quarryville Sun and the Pa. Farm Bureau Mirror. Will celebrate her 25ht wedding anniversary on April 20th. Her hobbies are writing letters to shut-ins and adding a few lines of poetry. Collects advertising pencils and small jugs. Is Historian for the W. T. Sprout family which has its reunion July 4th of each year. Her parents left a family of ten daughters and two sons (all living) and now the family has increased to over one hundred.

Sadie S. Cunning, Box 331, Sheffield, Pennsylvania. Born in Charlestown, Pa. Birthday is January 14th. A widow. Has had poems and articles in Alttona Mirror and Sheffield Observer. Hobbies are gardening, hiking, birds, trees and flowers, art and music. For many years was Girl Scout Leader and taught nature study. Her paper MONARDA is in this month's Bundle. Give her a hearty welcome!

Blanche Carter, Harris, Kansas. Born in Stillwater, Oklahoma. Birthday is May 7th. Married. One son, Elliott (38). Writes a weekly column called "Ramblings" for the Anderson Countian of Garnett, Kas. Helps with the work on a large farm. Collects poetry and reads all kinds of literature.

Hazel M. Coates, 26 South Common Street, Lynn, Massachusetts. Born July 31, 1886 in Lynn. Widow. Children: Albert (40), Mildred (38) and Louis (36). Is on the Visiting Committee of St. Stephen's Church. Visits shut-ins and sick persons.

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#253



WHO ?

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher
994 Ocean Avenue
Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Thirtyeight May 1954

MAY

We now have felt the warming breeze
A kind relief from Winter's freeze;
Snow and ice were winter's trousseau,
May boasts blossoms of the rainbow.
Waiting seemed so long and dull
Until the warmth of Spring would lull
The storms and zero to dispel.
Welcome May - to reign as Belle!
Mary R. Nelson

* * * *

Remelda Nielson Gibson, 439 East Vine Street., Tooele, Utah. Born in Morini, Utah. Birthday is February 2nd. Married. Children, Jack, Ivis, Dorothy Jean, La Ray, Max, Jed and Billy. Four married, one in service, one in college and one in high school. Has had over nine hundred poems published in various journals, magazines, newspapers and anthologies. Has won numerous awards. Several of her poems have been read on radio programs and one on a television show. Has made numerous scrapbooks for hospitals. Five brochures published are Golden Shell, Reflective Garlands, Mother, Poetic Gems for Mother and Utah-The Beautiful. Flower gardening is her special hobby.

Ann S. Wiestling, Pleasant Valley, Wheeling, West Virginia, Birthday September 12th. Single. Is President of Wheeling Poetry Society, Vice-President of West Virginia Poetry Society and Recording Secretary of Wheeling Branch of National League of American Pen Woman. Has had poems in Echoes of West Virginia, Kansas City Poetry Magazine, Candor, Midland Poetry Review, Parish Visitor and in many newspapers. Hobbies are gardening, drawing, collecting figurines and raising cats.

Jennie Beyer, Route 1, Manly, Iowa. Born November 15, 1899 in Manly. Single. Is helping care for her mother on a farm. Hobbies, gardening, collecting coins and stamps, and poetry.

Gus A. Crawford, 2205 Live Oak Street, Waco, Texas. Born February 26, 1912 in Waco. Married. Two children, Kenneth (19) and Linda Lee (14). Is Captain of Waco Fire Department.

APN 4827 #254
5 SEP 22



WHO?



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Fortytwo September 1954

SEPTEMBER

Children glad that school's begun,
Grown-ups too, have had their fun.
Blossoms now are in full bloom,
Lovers stroll by light of moon.
Blessings in the various ways,
Full and hearty are your days,
Abundant crops and fruits command
That harvest time is near at hand.

Mary R. Nelson

A FOLD MEDAL FOR YOUNG AMATEUR WRITERS

One of the greatest honors, and a treasured prize, that can be won in Amateur Journalism can be attained by some boy or girl, still in the 'teen years, who is a member of the United Amateur Press Association. Your Treasurer will again award a B. Franklin Moss Memorial Gold Medal to the young writer, under twenty years old, whose original story (300 words or more) as printed or mimeographed in an amateur publication, is judged the best.

The Rules are few and simple---and while the race is open to young authors in any Amateur Press Association, the President of the United, Irma Reitci, knows that there are several "natural-born" young writers in our group who are under twenty but well over the mark of ability needed to bring this fine medal to a United member this year. (And here is a fine chance to tell other young writers you know, about this prize---how they can join the U.A.P.A. and write a story that may win the gold medal the first year they are Amateur Journalists. It would be an honor for any United member to find and sponsor some boy or girl recruit whose writing might capture this prize.)

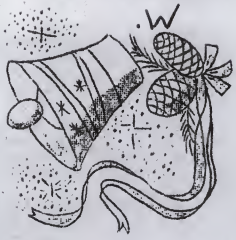
As few as two such published stories will put the United "in the race". If only one young author enters from one of the Amateur Press Associations it will not "count", and that Association is out of the contest; one who won a Moss Gold Medal before can enter again if in his teens. There must be at least four contestants to assure an award. The United, alone, can surely enter enough to make real competition. Any story published during the twelve months preceding June 1, 1955 has a chance. Send a copy of the paper showing your story to Grace S. Moss before June 1, 1955, who will give them to a set of careful Judges, and send the famous Moss Gold Medal to the winner.

Edward F. Daas

H255

X-PN 4827





W H O



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace S. Moss, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Fortyfive December 1954

DECEMBER

6 DEC 16
Copy 1954

Favored month of all the year
Bringing tidings of Good Cheer;
Honored by the Savior's Birth,
Joyous with the Childrens' mirth.
Double duty is your lot,
Rightly called a polyglot,
Proud usher into eternity
The old year with solemnity;
Herald of the New Year's Birth,
Messenger of "Peace on Earth".

Mary R. Nelson



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W
H236
JAN 2 0 1954

WORDS JANUARY 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BELLE S. MOONEY
(EDITOR)
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

Victory

WORDS
For Your Rhyming

Having familiarized yourself with meter and feet as defined in the last paper, you have undoubtedly practiced enough to dash off a dactylic heptometer or an iambic octometer, an anapestic dimeter at a moments notice. This is all excellent ground work for the study of verse construction.

After meter and feet are thoroughly understood, the next step in verse writing is rhyming.

In its broadest sense rhyming is simply similarity in sound; and strange as it may seem to those for whom poetry's appeal is only in its rhymes, these are not at all essential.

Rhyme is pleasing to the ear when deftly done. Without doubt it lends a grace to well made lines, but much of our finest poetry is entirely unrhymed. Indeed some great masters regard it as literary weakness. Milton said "Rhyme is the recourse of weak minded writers who use it as a cover-up for unsound construction."

However the Miltonic sonnet set an unexcelled model for that verse in which the rhyme scheme is still the classic form.

RHYMING is similarity in sound and is not affected by spelling. A rhyme is made by repetition of similar vowel sounds or phrases with out reference to the words spelling (flies - size, heap - sheep, flight - bright)

TRUE RHYME is often made with similar sounding words but different spelling (sane-Seine, cough - off, deign - Dane)

FALSE RHYME is that in which terminal sound of the words differ in our natural pronunciation and are modulated in accent or pronunciation to make the rhyme (ludicrous becomes lu-dick-rous to rhyme with a quick rush)

EYE RHYMES Words with similar spelling which would consistently have the same pronunciation but differ in our language use (earth - hearth, though - cough, through - plough)

FORCED RHYME distortion of line construction by inversion, mispronunciation, contraction, misplaced accent, addition of unnecessary syllables in order to make matching sound.

IMPOSSIBLE RHYME Right merrily the poet is often challenged to make a rhyme for a word which has no rhyme in our language. "Month" is the perennial example which the writer is dared to rhyme. One intrepid soul who refused to be daunted, produced this gem:

H257 X-PN 4827

WORDS -- BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN!

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O. BOX 2174, KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - FEBRUARY 1954 - 9

4-MAR 3
Copy

WORDS
For Your Rhyming.

The pursuit of rhyme leads the chase into many secluded and unsuspected by-paths of language which the poet finds both provocative and fascinating. For it is never completely satisfied until there is found the one essential word needed to make the perfect line. How neatly its true rhythm and accent conform to pattern is always the more conspicuous when the rhyme is musically satisfying to the ear.

The natural bent for rhyming, together with the easy convenience of too many like-sounding English words, leads too readily into the trite and commonplace. Because June is a perfect rhyme for moon it inspires innumerable maudlin ditties--as though June were the only lunar month. Because "charms" rhymes with "arms" the baritone bawls into the microphone his incurable longing to hold in his arms all my charms. Which of my detachable and intangible properties could satisfy his ardor and fill his arms has never been satisfactorily explained.

The folly of rhyming without intelligence is exceeded only by use of the trite and hackneyed old rhymes. Like the cliche, they have been used so much that many a starry-eyed novice writes a re-hash of old love and dove rhyming in the certainty that another million dollar song is made. Like a plague of locusts these nonentities would madden the song publisher with their numbers and similarity did he not use the protective device of refusing to read them.

For the genuinely creative soul the study, time, and labor required for finding the perfect rhyme is never 'loves labor lost', but will eventually enable the writer to produce superior work that fellow workers can respect -- and even some editors.

Song writers, especially, will better themselves by careful study of rhyming as previously defined and classified. The place in the line which best fits the perfect rhyme may be an added attraction. For head rhyme, end rhyme and internal rhyme are all rhythmically and musically useful in modeling the perfect line.

The end rhyme is similar sound of last words in two or more lines, and is so commonly used that it palls if not skilfully used.

The head rhyme consists of using rhymed words for the first words of the line instead of the last words -- exemplified by the arabesque, a lovely verse pattern of eastern origin, offering endless possibilities for beautiful English composition. The following example uses two syllable words for the head rhymes. Each one of the three quatrains consists of one fourteen syllable line and three thirteen syllable lines with alternate masculine and feminine endings. There is neither end rhyme nor internal rhyme in this example.

Arabesque

Sometimes words come fluttering through the ambient ether
In rhymes euphoniously singing like sacred hymns.
Silent they come--floating with a joyous mien making
Advent in darkness or light with touch tenderly dear.

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WORDS - BY THEM SHALL YE JUDGE THE MAN. -

MARCH 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BELLE S. HOOLEY, EDITOR P. O. BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

X-PN 4827

MAR 29 Copy 1954

W O R D S - (For Your Verses)

After all the structural technicalities of verse writing are familiar the verse length may be considered. Line length is not verse length. Line length depends on number of its syllables--verse length on the number of its lines no matter what their meter. A verse was originally a single line. It still is. A one line verse is poetry if it is good enough. Whole chapters of the Bible consist of one line verses and the style is often used in declamatory poems and in dramatic dialogue.

In present day use the verse usually refers to the first part of a song as compared to the additional lines that form the chorus. Succeeding verses vary in wording, but the chorus remains the same as in church hymns. It is usually repeated after each verse in either solo or group singing. The word "stanza" means the same as this modern use of the word "verse"--that is a group of lines formally arranged in a pattern to which each succeeding verse or stanza corresponds. A two line verse is a couplet. The lines may be of any length or meter with or without rhymes. Some of our most pleasing poetry is written in couplets. A three line verse is a tercet or triplet. A four line verse is a quatrain. A five line verse is a quintet, quintuplet or cinquain. A six line verse is a sextet or cinquetun. A seven line verse is a septet or septad. An eight line verse is an octet or double quatrain. Longer stanzas are not often used except for a set form like the sonnet which is always fourteen lines.

Blank verse and free verse are not limited in line length or form. Blank verse is usually printed with uniform left margins. As the lines may vary in length the right margin is not uniformly even as in, prose which is printed with equal left and right margins. Blank verse does not rhyme. But it does have rhythm--the characteristic that distinguishes it from prose. The latter may be beautiful in composition and sentiment but unless it has definite rhythm it is not correctly classes as poetry. Free verse enjoys greater freedom than blank verse as is indicated by its title. It may be rhymed or unrhymed and its lines may be written in any length the writer chooses to use. Right and left margins may both be uneven and there is no limitation in length of the poem.

However the freedom from form in blank verse and free verse does not include freedom from good language. Many good dialect poems are written in the free verse style. These may use colloquialisms and the speech usage of the group in which good grammar is unknown. With these exceptions good language usage is as essential for poetry as for prose. With inversion and contractions and all questionable language use corrected the verse may pass criticism. A split infinitive is equally inacceptable in song or story as are misplaced participles adjects and adverbs.

Facility with the technicalities of verse writing leads the way to words. However perfect the structure of a verse it is essential that it SAY something. And this sentiment--or the sense of the words) is the indispensable element that makes or breaks poetry. Lines that flow rhythmically in perfect euphonious words are easily produced. For English is a language full of beautiful words and phrases that fall gracefully into metrical lines. "A Ballad of Beautiful Words" was written by the late John McCutcheon the famous cartoonist. In his play with words he made the lines as graceful as those of any of his drawings. But they say nothing at all. They are nothing but an endless succession of nice sounding words that rhyme and lend rhythm to the line. They are merely lovely words in which he concludes that "mother home and Heaven" are the most beautiful words in the world.

It is equally fatuous to think that every fine sentiment makes a beautiful poem. The most profound sentiment must have refined wording if it be adequately expressed. And though it be technically correct it loses sense if its wording be ineptly chosen. So many of the popular songs that sully the air are nothing but sentimental slush that had better remain unsung. And there is probably more drivel written about mother

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WORDS

APRIL 1954

-BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN-

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

5 - A - 27 COPY 195

BELL G. HOONEY, EDITOR P.O. BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

WORDS

PART I For Verse Patterns OF TWO PARTS

The pattern of a poem is its form--That is the orderly arrangement of its parts in set line formation, verse length, syllable count, meter, rhyme and rhythm. The pattern--or form--is the specific model whose formation may be duplicated by anyone who follows the specifications just as any other object may be duplicated by those who follow the measurements and shape of the original model. Whether it be a verse, a dress, a flowerpot, a hat or a house, the design or pattern is duplicated by anyone who follows the blueprints.

Song writers will enormously profit by learning to write their lyrics in the faultless pattern that distinguishes the great songs, instead of producing the sloppy lines that betray the careless or ignorant writer. Ingenious poets are inventing new patterns while all the old honored forms retain their incomparable worth. For beauty, humor and novelty may all be expressed in new and original meters and in new rhyme schemes. The unsurpassed versatility of English provides unlimited opportunity for creation of new and lovely patterns for all who are willing to master the art of poetry. Skilled craftsmanship makes effective use of verse technique and models rhyme, rhythm, accent, syllable count, line length and verse length to suit the sentiment. This may be humorous, romantic, religious, heroic or sentimental but it is the pattern that determines classification. The arabesque has already been offered as a model. It consists of three stanzas with alternate masculine and feminine endings for its twelve lines. The first line of each stanza has fourteen syllables, the remaining three lines have thirteen syllables each and all lines are without end rhymes. The rhyme occurs only in the first words and this head rhyme consists of a couplet of two syllable words.

BALLAD.--A very old form used by the minnesingers and troubadours of the old country for singing of gossip from neighboring villages--a kind of free newspaper service. The formal pattern of the ballad is three eight line stanzas followed with refrain of four lines. Rhyming is freely informal and the easy style of the ballad makes it ideal for topical songs with the four line closing for the chorus.

CHANT.--The most ancient form of choral music. It consists of measured recitation of words on a single tone--that is intoning words on a musical pitch in the singing voice instead of the speaking voice. The song writer may use the chant most effectively with religious themes and for very dramatic verse. Alternating with group harmony singing or for use in action lines, the chant is useful in comedy as well as church songs.

CINQUAIN.--A five line stanza originated by Adelaide Crapsey. It is unrhymed and consists of five lines with syllable count 2-4-6-8-2. Its brevity makes the cinquain admirable for either serious or humorous thought.

Winter
makes lovely all
landscape distances that
snow-draped in white are like unto
a bride.

To sit
on upright tack
will never inculcate
serenity needed for good
temper.

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X-PN 4827
.W

WORDS

MAY 1954



-BY THEM SHALL WE JUDGE THE MAN-

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MO.

WORDS

Part 2 For Verse Patterns. of 2 Parts

BLANK VERSE--like the uneven line of free verse, blank verse is more formal with an undeviating straight line on the left hand border of the printed page. The right end line may be uneven but the left line never. Blank verse does not rhyme but it must have rhythm. This differentiates it from prose which has neither rhyme or rhythm. Much of the worlds noblest literature is written in blank verse. Like the Greek Iliad much of Milton's writing is in heroic blank verse.

HOKKU--Of Japanese origin this form is strictly limited to seventeen syllables. The verse is written in three unrhymed lines of five-seven-five syllables--the strict pattern making the hokku peculiarly fitted for beautiful songs

At canyon's rim I
Stand must with awe in seeing
Worlds immensity.

TANKA--another Japanese form which, like the hokku, is definitely designed on syllable count. The hokku is restricted to seventeen syllables. The tanka must have thirty-one--no more and no less. It has no rhyme and the lines are formally restricted to five and seven syllables thus 5-7-5-7-7-

Do swift years passing
Generously sow love and
Tenderness and sweet
Wisdom's fruit, or do they leave
But a barren desert waste?

KYRIELLE--three quatrains of eight syllable lines, each verse concluding with the same words--as in the familiar "Oh Lamb of God I Come." The three stanzas of the kyrielle are written in couplet lines. Many of our hymn book songs are kyrielles as the pattern is popular for religious verse

#211
6 JUN 29 1954
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BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

WORDS!

"By them shall we judge the man."

A United Amateur Press Association Publication - June, 1954

* *

W O R D S
For Verse Patterns

No review of fixed forms is complete without consideration of verse length-- which is not the same as line length. In the freedom of blank verse and free verse the length is non-existent. Indeed whole book-length composition is often made in either style. But in formal verse style the verse length is as precise as other detail. One line was originally called a verse. And one line is still a verse as may be seen in the Bible in which a verse is so often a single sentence in one line. Thus a single line may be poetry if it is good enough.

ONE LINE--Jewels of the soul make more beautiful the bearing than precious stones.

TWO LINE--verse is a couplet. Many famous poems like Barbara Frietsche are written in couplets. And a single couplet may win first prize in a contest as this one did.

Life always wears a brightly colored feather
For those who laugh and love and sing together.

THREE LINE-- may be a tercet, trio, triplet or triad as any one of these words means a verse of three lines. The word "triolet" seems to say the same thing. But the triolet has its own distinctive form as previously noted and is not related to any three line formation--which may or may not be rhymed. Any line length and any meter may be used but the verse may be only three lines in length.

The general said "Oh hell."
That's what the general said
So everything is swell.

FOUR LINE--verse is the quatrain which is so commonly used in so many different rhymes and rhythms that definition is hardly needed here. Many long poems are written in quatrains and a single verse of four lines may be an entire poem if the thought be completed in this limit. Line length and meter and rhyme pattern may vary as the writer wills. The quatrain is a form favored for song or poetry contests. It may win the award--if it is good enough.

Starward an anguished soul was borne
Striving griefs sorrow to disperse.
And lo--in silent agony a song was born
Whose deathless beauty lights the universe.

FIVE LINE--verse is little used though Shelley immortalized the form in "The Skylark."

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know.
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
That the world would listen then as I am listening now.

X-PN4827
W

BELLE S.MOONEY
(EDITOR)
P.O.BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,
MISSOURI

WORDS

- "By them shall we judge the man."

AUGUST
1954



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

W O R D S
For Our Progress.

Now that our 1954 convention has resolved itself into pleasant past history may we not look forward to a still more pleasant year of friendly co-operation? Writing is an art in which every individual may excel without in any way impairing the work or the ambition of another person. In this specific field of creative production there is neither need nor apology for petty bickering or jealous complaints. Still less do sarcastic criticisms add anything to the pursuit of that will-o'-the-wisp that so tantalizingly leads the ambitious over any swamp or hill-top that are on the road to Parnassus.

Freedom of the Press is filled with peril for everyone whose ambition looks afar to the star of success. For the vitriolic pen spills venom as surely as the sweet reasonableness that breeds tolerance. All of us who cherish hope of literary or musical success may well practice that spirit in our own association with fellowmen and refrain from making harder their task with our impatient criticism.

It is the sad fate of human progress that it is made only through endurance of critical comment which the freedom of the press and speech permits us to cultivate and circulate so relentlessly.

The life of Amy Lowell was an endless conflict with both old and new poets. The life of Edna St.Vincent Millay was embittered by unreasonable disapproval of her great art. And though her Euclid sonnet is said to be the greatest sonnet ever written either before or since Milton and Shakespeare, she retired to the life of a recluse and lived in an isolation the world too often forces on its ablest and most brilliant creators.

Better let us throw bouquets to those who work and win the treasured accolade of success. And if we have a neat little store of brick-bats better use them for building our own steps upward instead of throwing them at fellow toilers.

Incomprehensible as may be some poetic lines, it may be the part of wisdom to hold the brick-bats and study the lines. The inspired pen that wove the magic words may express that esoteric exaltation that escaped my simple mind. I had better fire the brick-bat at my own dumb-Belle head and look between the lines for the beauty lying there for all who will read. And instead of the brick-bat I tender my very choicest orchid to the rare work to which I am forever indebted.

A263

5 SEP 22 1954

PN4827 .W



WORDS

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

"By them shall we judge the man."

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION - SEPTEMBER 1954

W O R D S
For Verse Patterns

GLYPH--Archaeologists called them glyphs--the drawings they found on the walls of our ancestors cave dwellings. The pictures consisted of the merest outline, yet it was a completely expressed idea or form. So the poets vied with one another in expressing a complete idea in the fewest possible words and each gem of thoughts is called a glyph.

Skyscraper
A gossamer dream
Woven in steel and stone
Into a silent harmony.

ASSONANCE--As consonance is repetition o consonant sounds so is assonance the repetition of vowel sounds. Rhyme is not intended but similarity of vowel sounds creates the musical illusion of rhyme. In the following example the short "a" in "dances" and "madly" do not make rhyming words. Neither does double "e" of "breezes" and "keeping" in second and fourth lines make a rhyme. But the similarity of sound has been used to construct some of our greatest poetry.

Children sing in merry dances
Light as fairy fingers keeping
Time in rhythmic touch and madly
Making tunes like summer breezes.

TETRADINE--The tetradine is one of the fixed forms and like all other fixed forms is very definite in rhyme, rhythm, line and verse length It was invented by a young Chicago poet, Mary Paulins Richardson. The tetradine is a twelve line stanza built in three tetrads that are not quatrains. It is in iambic meter throughout. The first line is two syllables. Second, third, fourth and fifth lines all increase two syllables each. Sixth, seventh and eighth lines retain both this line length and rhyme. Ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth lines all decrease two syllables each. Thus the last line is identical with the first line in length and it must also rhyme with the first line. The rhyme pattern for the verse is A B C D E E E E D C B A. The tetradine permits greater freedom than the sonnet and forms a beautifully swinging surge of accent rhythm and rhyme. It is a fine from for expressing exaltation and profoundly moving impressions.

#264



WORDS

BELLE S. MOONEY, EDITOR
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13, MISSOURI

"By them shall we judge the man." OCTOBER 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

5 OCT 29 1954 X-PN 4827

WORDS
For your Ballad

No review of poetry would be complete without a study of the ballad. Its origin leads back to an obscure past when the minnesingers and minstrels and troubadors wandered from town to town to entertain with the songs they made up themselves. The subjects of these songs and recitations were largely the gossip and scandal of the countryside. Like Topsy the ballad "just growed". Though of uncertain beginning and parentage, an imposing and prolific progeny attest popularity and virility.

The word first meant a song and dance and its start is attributed to Italy. Caution should warn against accepting the Latin word meaning "dance" and also to avoid confusing the ballad with the tarantelle and passagaclia both of which are Italian dance forms popular in community gatherings and street festivals.

Popular on the continent, the ballad came to England with the conquerors. In the north of England and south of Scotland it became as much a national habit as the haggis and Yorkshire pudding. All the news in English courts came from the wandering minstrels who related countryside events with a skill that increased their popularity of themselves and their gossip.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the wandering troubadors were also popular in France and while the singer chanted his version of love feuds, the French poet refined the verse pattern into the fixed form which it is today, and which Cyrano de Bergerac thus defines

> "The ballad, sir, is formed
> Of three stanzas of eight lines each--and a refrain
> of four."

So it is that our ballads strictly fixed form consists of three stanzas of eight lines each, concluding with a four line envoy. The rhyme scheme is a b a b b c b c and for the envoy b c b c.

With this definite rhyme scheme and its narrative purpose the ballad retains more dignity than the folk song which is a poor relation in style and purpose.

Literature on the subject is very extensive. History of the ballad, analysis of its form, the American adaptation and the development that American poets have made into our own folk songs all make interesting chapters in the poetry world.

Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry in three volumes leaves nothing to the imagination but includes ballads from the earliest

#215 K-PN4827 W



NOVEMBER 1954

WORDS

"By them shall we judge the man."

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

BELLE S. MOONEY
(EDITOR)
P.O. BOX 2174
KANSAS CITY 13,
~~KANSAS~~, U.S.A.

NOV 23 1954

W O R D S - For Your Thanksgiving.

In a world now without war our Thanksgiving acquires a new significance. Peace on earth, Goodwill to Men is the thrilling refrain to which the hearts of all mankind unite as one, with the profound thankfulness that the bitterness of war has not lessened.

This long sought and dearly bought peace emphasizes with startling clarity the fact that the simple things of life are our most precious treasures. All the showmanship of pomp and pageantry passes into the forgotten oblivion of dust-covered Time with no more effect than that of a bursted balloon. Compared to the superficial values of worldly spectacles we know more completely the deep significance of our priceless wealth--the love and devotion of our own, and the homes in which these incomparable precious treasures are nurtured.

Many of our dearest are still on the frontiers in their brave mission of preserving the peace they so nobly fought to establish. But in the farthest and strangest outpost where their patient vigilance brought the dearly sought "Cease Fire" there is not a single lonely heart that does not yearn for the blest family gathering about the old fireside.

And though they cannot share that old fashioned joy except in longing thought, still will they cherish deep in homesick hearts the blest assurance that we will carry on and keep Thanksgiving the dear legend they have known since their first baby days.

We must not fail them. We must keep the faith. We must hold complete and unbroken that hallowed assurance and keep the home that consecrated center that radiates to the farthest camp to illuminate its darkest hour with the undying certainty that the most loved things in life await their tardiest return.

We walk, dear God, the consecrated way
In faith with Thee, on this Thanksgiving Day.
Inspired by trust, in reverence implored
Besooch we with exalted proud accord
Thy blessing on our loved ones and our long
Relentless fight with infamy and wrong.
Make brave our hearts within us 'til we see
The Peace that makes all mankind free,
And sanctify on this Thanksgiving Day
Our worship and our will to hope and pray.

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DECEMBER 1954

WORDS

BELLE S. MOONEY
(EDITOR)

P.O. BOX 2174 KANSAS CITY 13, U.S.A.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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5 DEC 54
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WORDS
For Your Greeting Cards

With the friendly intention of extending a word of sympathy or congratulations or cheer or good wishes was born the greeting card business. Starting with a message of cheer written on a post card that simple idea has grown into a business sturdily rivaling General Motors in extent and income. Observing the number of publishing firms in the United States would indicate an inexhaustible market for the verse writer. This is partially true. The versifier who can put all the old and trite ideas into new and novel expression finds a ready market in any one of the publishers all of whom are competing for the public's favor. Prices paid for acceptable verse are usually a bit better than magazine pay for the same but it must have something out of the ordinary to get the pay. The old standby "Having a fine time--wish you were here" and the stock "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year" are still good sentiment, but the writer must put the sentiment into newer wording. The field is big and not hopeless and if you think a sober sensible publisher could pay anything for the following lines take heart and take your pen in hand--for they can. They do.

Lissen chicken
Don't be kickin'
Cause I'm pickin'
Y O U
While hearts a-tickin'
And pulses quicken
Cause I'm stricken
over
Y O U

Here's wishing you good luck and lots
of hard work--for you know if you
work like Helen B Happy you are
Prosperity's candied date.

Your Birthday

I'm wishing for you glad returns
As is our cheerful custom
Unless you're irked with such returns
Because you've always cussed 'em.

Cupid--little rascal--stole my heart and flew
With it to leave it forever fast to you.
Oh send him back, I pray you (if's only fair you see)
The little thief returning with your dear heart for me

I am so glad I metcha
And after this I betcha
No other guy
So far will fly
For just a chance to petcha

I'm busting out again you see
With merry greetings wild and gay
Old Friends o' Mine--with fervent pl
That Father Time will bless you
every day

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

THE SECOND ISSUE
JANUARY - 1954

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

The New Year

A New Year is dawning,
A gift which we treasure;
Shall we mar it by sinning,
Or fill it with pleasure?

A New Year is dawning,
A time for much learning,
For happiness, labor,
And spiritual yearning.

-- Eva R. Hartley

The Wheeling Poetry Society meets in the homes of members once a month. We have twenty-three members, seventeen are active. Once or twice a year we have dinner meetings. The Program usually consists of original poems, readings of good poetry, papers on lives of poets, or a talk and discussion of a Chapter from our Study Book. We sometimes vary by having an outside speaker, and a dinner meeting. Our Christmas Program was held at the home of Mrs. William R. Hill on Wheeling Island. E.R.H.

"The position in which you are least likely to succeed is the reclining one."-France

"A man who said he wanted to buy something as a birthday for his son was shown fountain pens. 'It's to be a surprise I suppose', said the salesman. 'I'll say it is; said the father, 'he's expecting a convertible coupe.'"

Thanks and appreciation to all who wrote us about the November "Wheeling in the News". Wish we could write each one but that is impossible. The November-December bundles were very interesting. We hope to cover page two of our next publication as we have some new members joining. I want to thank Theda Pobst especially for her kindness in volunteering to help me to write better poetry. I appreciate her advice and will try hard to profit by it.

E.R.H.

Guest Towel

I'm a lonely little guest towel
Don't know the reason why
When ever I am on display
Folks always pass me by.

Mistress removes all other towels
That I may be put to use;
But I see their furtive glances,
Each has a clever ruse.

They alway use the derndest things
How uncustomary;
Why - in preference to me they use
The bathroom stationery.

I'm a lonely little guest towel,
Part of the bric-a-brac;
Guess you know I'll still be here
Just hangin' on the rack.

-- Juanita H. Nolte

Oglebay Park

Oglebay Park is one of Wheeling's lovely attractions. A vast area of beautifully kept grounds surround the Oglebay Mansion and Carriage House. Golfers enjoy the fine course and the large swimming pool is a delight. The Pine Room is used for banquets, dances, etc. During the summer months one evening of each week is "Waltz Night". The Pine Room with its lovely colored lights and the folks formally attired make it a magnificent sight. Tourists from many states lease the rustic log cabins which are reserved far in advance. Symphonies, concerts are held at the huge Amphitheatre and of course Eleanor Steber, Met Star, Wheeling's own daughter, graces the stage for at least one concert during the summer season. The garden shows held at Oglebay are indeed colorful. During the winter months when snow is plentiful, Oglebay is a haven for skiers. If any of your travels bring you to West Virginia, make it a must to stop at Wheeling's Oglebay Park.

J.H.N.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

THE THIRD ISSUE
FEBRUARY - 1954

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#268
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Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

SNOWFALL

Softly fall, you flimsy flakes
As the hours flit gaily by,
Let a track of snow be spread,
For the children on the sled,
And the winter wind blow high!

Softly fall, you crystal flakes,
Spread your robe of spotless white
Over Nature in her sleep,
And her hidden treasures keep
Through the long, cold winter night.

And when spring shall come again,
Gently as the lapse of time
Quietly you'll melt away,
Greeting yonder brook so gay,
Leaving winter's filth and grime.

--Eva R. Hartley

"Man is the head of the house but woman is the neck that turns the head."

SHARING

There isn't much that I can do. ** But I can share my bread with you. ** And I can share my joy with you. --And sometimes share a sorrow, too,--as on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do. ** But I can sit an hour with you. ** And I can share a joke with you. ** And sometimes share reverses, too,-- as on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do. ** But I can share my songs with you. ** And I can share my mirth with you. ** And sometimes come and laugh with you, -- as on our way we go.

There isn't much that I can do. ** But I can share my friends with you. ** And I can share my life with you. ** And oftimes share a prayer with you, -- as on our way we go. -- Preston

WINTER'S INTERLUDE

Winter is so delightful
Most folks will agree -
Especially the country side,
It is lovely to see.

Down snowy country roads
Just about twilight
You can see the roof tops
A symphony in white.

Jack Frost and all his helpers
Wave a magic wand
So that happy skaters
Can glide across the pond.

Children making snow-men
Laugh in childish glee.
They know that their attempt
Is a droll sight to see.

Winter 'round the country side
Puts one in a mood
When you find such gaiety
With winter's interlude.

--Juanita H. Nolte

Was walking up street the other day and noticed about ten paces ahead of me a lady who was hurrying on her way. Her step was firm, energetic, yet an air of feminininity pervaded. Her manner of dress was fashionable yet quite sensible. Silvery hair peeked out from under a gay little hat and as she paused at a large Department Store window, I noticed her face contained youth and alertness that only someone who loves living would possess. She eyed a gay print, size 12, and I knew instinctively she felt "That's for me". Yes, she entered the Department Store and I went on my way. The thought occurred to me, the lady I silently bade adieu was an exact replica of my friend, Eva.

--Juanita H. Nolte

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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

THE THIRD ISSUE
MARCH - - 1954

MAR 29 1954

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

An egg,
A glass of milk,
A slice of buttered toast,
Supply the needed food for me
Each morn.

***

A child
In need of food
Brings tears to eyes that glow
With pride, to eyes of hate, of love,
Of joy!

--Eva R. Hartley

The Bundle arrived February 26, and we are delighted with it. So glad for the photos in THE UNITED AMATEUR. We were curious to have some pictures after having written to many of you and read after you for the past few months. (Theda, I looked for you in that group.) And the Treasurer was missing, too.
We were thrilled to have cards from several members from whom we had not heard, especially Marie Hand and Kathleen Haley. Their papers are very good this month. Wallace Tibbett sent each a card inviting us to join his contest. He may "faint" but we are really thinking of responding. He seems to want amateurs!!!
I like "Garden Symphony", especially the Nuggets #1 and #5. Very good, Frances. W. W. Ellis surely can write all kinds of poetry. I enjoyed the humorous one with the "Long" name! We thought we were going to have to drop out this month, but our President will do our mimeographing. We certainly appreciate his many kindnesses. Dr. Thompson's "Messenger of Inspiration" is rightly named. It is very enjoyable. We are all anxious to know more about the Author. He has a birthday this month, maybe he will tell us more about himself when that is over. Bye, folks, see you in April.

-- Eva R. Hartley

THE PASTOR

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He walked into his study
On a quiet solemn night,
His day had been a hectic one
Seemed nothing had gone right.
No need to turn the light on
As he sat down at his desk,
The street light gave the room a glow
Somehow - seemed picturesque.
He sat there for a moment
Thinking of the days events,
Of the folks and all their troubles
Their woes and their laments.
His thoughts went on to other
Happy days which came his way.
Then his trials and tribulations
Just seemed to drift away.
And as he left his study
And went slowly up the stairs
He knew that God was testing him
With all these little cares.
His troubled day was ended
And he knew that he had won
Although his prayers were lost to sleep
God said, "Sleep well, my son."

--Juanita H. Nolte

A NEW CITIZEN

One evening not long ago, I was introduced to a young lady, who while in her home country, England, met a young American Serviceman and the inevitable -- marriage. When time permitted, he brought her to the United States, and after a lapse of time another inevitable occurred, a lovely little girl named "Cheri".

While listening to, shall we call her Margaret, extol the virtues of America, and its humorous time-saving devices, luxuries, etc., I noted a tone of wistfulness in her eyes and voice when I asked her several questions concerning her beloved England. At the mere mention of England's Royalty, she readily told of events which we of

(Continued Column 4, page 2)

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

THE FIFTH ISSUE
APRIL - 1954

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Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

SIGNS OF SPRING

Have you seen the earth crack slowly,
In the Spring,
Growing blades and shoots by dozens
Sprouting near their country cousins
Slender things?

Did your heart o'erflow with pleasure
Fill with sing
When the children daily peeping
Woke the crocus from her sleeping
Kitos a spring?

See the redbirds at their nesting
Neighboring!
All the world awakes with rapture
And our saddened heart surings capture,
In the spring! E.R.H.

EXPECTATION

He gazed at her in awe
She didn't make a move.
He couldn't find a flaw,
She was strictly in the groove.

Her hair was like spun gold,
Her eyes a lovely blue,
He vowed he'd be real bold
And say, "Darling, I love you."

He said it but, alas,
Her love he didn't win.
You see this lovely lass
Was just a manikin. J. H. N.

The Editors of WHEELING IN THE NEWS received the bundle in good time - March 26. Haven't read it all. We think THE KIMBERLITE is making fine progress. Irma Schmidt we enjoyed BABY AND THE DAWN. We missed JERSLY JINGLE BELLS very much.

Thanks, Sidney Cohen, G. Edward Lind, Nana Spath, John Quigley and all others. who congratulated us on our paper. George Boehme wrote a fine letter which we liked.

We four are entering the Tibbotts Contest, are you?

We welcome all new members and are proud to present to you one of Wheeling's best writers, Miss Ann S. Wiestling. She is past President of our Wheeling Poetry Society and did a fine job. Estella is our newly elected Vice President; Juanita and I are the Secretaries. If any of you are in Wheeling on the fourth Tuesday of the month, get in touch with us.

Our Society offers prizes to High School students in Wheeling Schools for poems. We are trying to recruit some new members for U. A. P. A. by this means. Juanita is the Chairman this year. We are working now but the Contest is held in the Fall. The children are too busy now.

E. R. H.

THE WINDOW

I have been in the midst of housecleaning as all good and dutiful homemakers are each spring time. It is the custom at the Nolte domicile, to have the window cleaners come each Friday; we take it as a matter of course and merely notice when they do arrive. This one Friday afternoon I had finished cleaning the upstairs and as it was drawing near time for the evening meal, I decided to indulge in a quick, hot bath with loads of Bubble Bath, one of my small extravagances. Prepared my bath and slipped into a tub of delicious warmth and relaxation.

Later, I heard a slight noise, looked in that direction, lo and behold, a pair of laughing eyes were looking at me through the window. Needles to say, I couldn't rise to the occasion, that is, close the venetian blind, so what to do? I did just what you would do too, but assure you, I was equally covered with a substantial amount of Bubble Bath and embarrassment. The window cleaner was a gentleman though, and left, but I have a slight suspicion the window mentioned was the cleanest in the Nolte domicile.

J. H. N.

X-PN 4827
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

THE SIXTH ISSUE
MAY - 1954

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

SPRING FEVER

What's the use o' workin'
When the weather 's pipin' hot?
What's the use perspirin',
I can load as well as not;
Green things ar' a growin' -
Fruit trees ar' in blossom,
Think I'll really rest a spell
And quit playin' possum.

Think I'll stretch out on the grass
Or go fishin' in the stream,
Or just sprawl beneath a tree
And watch the dewdrops gleam;
I don't care to work at all,
I'm not feelin' up to par
Guess I'll sleep in ev'ry mornin'
And just take things as they are.

(With all due apologies to Riley.)

Our April Bundle arrived April 18 and we were glad to see it so early. We have read every paper in it. We missed some this month which we hope to see in May.

Thanks, Margie Croft, Evelyn Ireland, Gladys Hembree for your kind letters.

Hats off to Sadie Stover Cumming, our neighbor, of Sheffield, Pa., for her delightful April-May issue of MONARDA.

This month, I liked "Bluebird" by Lorraine Good in "Chatterbox"; Bonnie Parker's "Footprints in Water". Frances Swanson's two verses dedicated to Marie and Annabell

John Engel's "The Promise You Failed to Keep" is good. I look forward to another entitled, "I Forgive You".

"My House in '54" by Nettie Howard is inviting. I'd like to lift the latch and walk in! If Mary Frame had sent only the picture on her leaflet, it would have been worth a Million - the poem is beautiful.

Just received Martin Sanford's "San Francisco - Evening Lamp" which is very interesting. Thanks for my first copy.

George Boehme, we are anxious to hear that you are o. k. It is surely summer in Wheeling - and today we are having a spring shower every few minutes.

E. R. H.

I went into a restaurant
A friendly "maitre d'"
Showed me to a table
With sincere courtesy.
The waiter took my order,
Assured me "it won't be long",
Glanced about and noted
Three friends among the throng -
Some distance at a table,
Ann, Eva and Estelle -
Busy with the chatter
Of this and that and - well -
This very well-dressed trio,
I really do declare,
Never even noticed
Each patron's friendly stare.
The waiter brought my order
And as I ate my meal,
Thoughts of this nice trio
Had happiness appeal!
Ann's willowy and slender,
As genteel as can be,
Painting is her hobby
Along with poetry;
Her paintings are so lovely,
The beauty she creates
Makes one's life more pleasant
With scenes she captivates.
My thoughts went to Estella,
A Teacher now retired
Children's lives made better
Because she so desired.
She keeps her life quite busy,
No time to sing the blues,
Rallies, drives, etc.,
She ofttimes makes the news.
Thoughts drifted on to Eva,
A hum'rous little "dame",
Thoughtful, kind and winsome,
Enjoys life's endless game.
She, too, has been a teacher,
Her life is so well spent,
Active in Church Circles -
With life, she's quite content.
I finished with my dinner
And hurried on my way,
Had a few appointments
I had to keep that day;
But as I left the restaurant,
I looked in their direction
At this well-known trio,
Sans even their detection.

J. H. N.

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#272

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

THE ELEVENTH ISSUE
OCTOBER - 1954

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

AUTUMN

Grey clouds delay the warmth of summer's
parching sun,
The browning grass lay powdered on the
orchard's floor,
Our bins are filled with red-cheeked
apples, one by one,
Young Autumn claims the wealth of fruit
that summer bore.

Irma, your CHATTERBOX is a good Fall tonic which we all need. We admired the short poem CRITICISM by Lorraine Good. Congratulations, Lorraine!

The Crossbys certainly gave an interesting account of their trip across the continent. You were not in West Virginia long enough to see its beauty. We have real hills and much of interest here.

The poem BRIGHTON CANYON by Remelda N. Gibson contained good thought. It is such fun to look in the Bundle for poets who do not appear very often. And why they do not when they are so good is a mystery.

The Author of GREEN MOUNTAIN CHEER has ably expressed our sentiments in regard to our new Officers and the future of this Association - let's go! Her poem "GIVE OF YOUR BEST" et cetera, is just right. Let's say it to ourselves frequently.

Belle Mooney, we are reading your publication each month and are especially thrilled with the September issue. We hope members who have not written a TEFFALYNE will try it now.

Wheeling UAPA members met at Ann's home last week. We not only had a fine time, an inspirational meeting, but we ate a most delicious dinner. Ann is skilled in writing, yes, but she can also cook and play the part of Hostess. We made some plans for WHEELING IN THE NEWS which may be of benefit to our readers. We hope so. Did your ears burn? We enjoyed comparing notes as to our mental portraits of certain members. — Eva R. Hartley

ULTIMATE

The symphony conducted by a boy /sweet
Had filled the hall with music soft and
It had the quiet listener feeling joy
Until the ending of the final beat.
Humanity loves Life with every breath
Regardless of emotions sweet or sad
It's loathe to yield itself to final death.

The other day I finished reading I'LL CRY TOMORROW. The author .. Lillian Roth.

After laying the book aside, I sat for a while thinking over what I had read. The beginning was average show talk, then it picked up in speed and became a most pulsating drama; spinning, weaving, shaping the destiny of a life into a grotesque, horrible piece of humanity, being trampled on, scourged and left unwanted. Time after time, the subject of this book tried to extricate herself from the inevitable web of insanity which was slowly, but surely taking place, due to her insatiable thirst for alcohol. Laterally getting up on her knees, staggering to normalcy, then the unavoidable - and again down, to nothingness.

For sixteen years, she struggled against her demon of demoralization, coming into contact foggily with those who could not cope with her and her problem; others who deliberately set out to undo each inch of progress she endeavored. She reached a stage where suicide was her seeming answer but a power greater than hers would not give her the strength to make "good". At that point, there was only one way to go --UP. With the help of God and humanity, she has come back to a normal way of life, holding on tight to the second chance she has been given and gives one the feeling, that there is always a way if there is the will. We extend Lillian Roth best wishes for the comeback she has made and ask God quietly to help her "think tall, stand tall! We like her philosophy of not crying today, but "I'll Cry Tomorrow!"-Juanita H. Nolte

NOV 2 0 1954

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

THE TWELFTH ISSUE
NOVEMBER - 1954

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

OURS TO ENJOY

Walnuts, apples pumpkins, pears,
Harvest truly satisfies,
Golden blades of ripened wheat
Under Autumn's starlit skies.

Let the rich man love his wealth,
Let the poor his grief proclaim,
Who sows a seed, or plants a tree,
Brings to God a richer name.

Our Bundles arrived Saturday, the 23d. We will move up our date for making stencils so "The Mailer" will not be delayed in her project.

Some notes from our Wheeling Paper in regard to the flood: "Hurricane Hazel blew up a lot more than just an ordinary storm a week ago. The Ohio River spilled over its banks causing the first flood since 1952 and the bout was on. Exaggerated reports hit the headlines in New York, Chicago and all other big cities.

If you were living in one of the big towns no doubt you were wondering come Monday morning just what had happened to those 19,000 poor souls living on a place called Wheeling Island. But if you were a New Yorker and passed through Wheeling on Monday you would have been in for a real surprise." The crest was 44.7 feet and it was bad enough at places, but it was not as terrible a flood as pictured.

Congratulations to all the new Editors. We enjoyed our Bundle very much. There were also some excellent papers that came out for the first time in several months. ODDS AND ENDS was especially enjoyable this month - larger - and the best of all - 14 members assisted in contributing to its publication.

Worry is like a rocking chair. It will give you something to do, but it won't get you anywhere. - Anonymous.

"A comma is a period curled up and gone to sleep." Bye, bye,

- Eva R. Hartley

THE LIGHT

He wandered around ... lost in a fog
Not caring where he went.
His companion ... a Seeing Eye Dog,
A kind benefactor had sent.

He'd talk to his 'friend' of days gone by
When things had been all right
But lately ... he wanted to die
Since he had lost his sight.

Time has elapsed ... he's gained something new ...
Courage ... Hope ... no more fog.
He accepted fate ... what else could he do
This man ... and his Seeing Eye Dog.

PUPPY LOVE

We went down to the pet shop
To see what we could find.
A playful little puppy
Was what we had in mind.

The owner was quite busy
So we just looked around
And all at once we found him -
Our puppy we had found.

He was a Cocker Spaniel
As cute as he could be.
Brown eyes and floppy ears
And hair like ebony.

We took this little fellow
Into our hearts that day
And he knew so "dog-gored" well
That he was there to stay.

I am happy and honored at being chosen Laureate Recorder and please help me to be a success by sending your entries and let's have a nice response. Okey? You are a goooooooooood group!

"No brain is stronger than its weakest think."

- Juanita H. Nolte

X-PN 4827
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5 DEC 16 1954
#274

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

WHEELING IN THE NEWS
WHEELING, W. VA.

Miss Eva R. Hartley
120 Washington Avenue
Wheeling, West Virginia

THE THIRTEENTH ISSUE
DECEMBER - 1954

Mrs. Juanita H. Nolte
57 Twenty-second Street
Wheeling, West Virginia

AT CHRISTMASTIME

Did we forget the little lad across the
street,
With crippled legs and dimples sweet,
Who seldom has enough to wear
Whose parents never seem to care,
At Christmastime?

Did we forget the aged mother all alone
Her head bowed low - expression gone -
Her husband dead - her son at War
Had we not thought of her before,
At Christmastime?

Did we forget, though well we knew
That serving others kind and true,
Could help to make our spirits gay
And start us on the heavenward way
At Christmastime?

A ROSEBUD

The Christmas gift arrived at ten last night
A lovely rose that wafted perfume rare;
A tiny card was tucked just out of sight
"This priceless treasure I would fondly
share."
Some curt remarks had caused two friends
to part
Some months ago; Roberta kissed the bud -
Then made reply which healed a broken heart.

May the warmth and cheer of Christmas
Fill your heart with joy and peace,
Bring you friendships that are lasting,
Happy days that never cease.
A Merry Christmas to you!

Christmas joy is ours to share,
Wreaths of holly everywhere,
We wish you a Happy Year,
Many friends and much good cheer.

A Merry Christmas to all UAPA friends!
-- Eva R. Hartley

THE MIRACLE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Could it be that she could see --
This small blind girl of seven?
And did she hear the magic bells
That chimed for her from Heaven?
Or did the Christ Child's spirit dwell
Within her little heart
To bless her on that Christmas morn --
Bid blindness to depart?

The miracle had come to pass --
Her vision had returned;
At last she viewed a new-born world
The sight for which she yearned!
"Some other child can have my toys,"
She cried in rapturous glee
"Because my Father's Christmas gift
Gave all the world to me."

Margaret M. Walker, Long Lake, Minnesota

CHRISTMAS EVE

Sitting 'round the fireplace
On a Merry Christmas Eve,
Blazing logs light up your face
As a patterned dream you weave.

Christmas tree lights all aglow
Lends an ethereal air.
Shadows dancing to and fro --
Love is everywhere.

Outside -- small carolers sing
And as they merrily leave --
Thoughts are of the new-born King
On this lovely Christmas Eve.
-- Juanita H. Nolte

Dear UAPA Members:

My wish is that you enjoy the Holida
Season and Santa fills your "socks" wit
the things that would make you happy
like minks and Cadillacs, etc.; but my
deepest wish is that God smiles on each
of you with Gifts of Love, health and
happiness throughout '55. A Merry
Christmas to all.

-- Juanita H. Nolte

#275



WILLAMETTA'S
SEEDLING
Number 2 October 1955

Copy 1955
X-PN 4827
• W

"All beginnings are delightful; the threshhold is the place to pause."

SECOND START

COULD be I agree with Goethe, for I've paused on the threshhold ever since April of 1953 when Number 1 appeared. At that time printing was not yet my passion and I foresaw only one printed publication, growing or changing, whim-blown. Now I know I'll not confine experimenting to a single publication; but before kicking up typographic heels I want to learn how to lay out, set type, and print my papers myself, so *SEEDLING* is my practice paper.

I'd like to design something daring, but these years under the influence of "craftsmen" who favor a dignified style may have conditioned me so

X-PN4827
.W

THE WESTERNER

Number 6 September 1955

AUTUMN PATTERN

Oh, please appoint a time some autumn day
When summer's heated noon has cleared away,
To view against the mauve and azure sky
The yellow taper of a dahlia high.
To ponder beauty of a purple aster's crown
Before the frost has bent her down,
To clutch the badge of one remembered rose
For warmth against impending winter snows,
To weave a yard of glowing autumn hues
Amongst the larkspur's deftly shaded blues,
And capture beauty in a patterned arc
For reassurance when the hour is dark.

— Bessie Barnes

X-PN4827

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Copy

Wave Your Banners

February 1955
Vol. 1 No. 3

Published by MAUDE M. TIBBETTS
Eleven Shelley Road, Wellesley Hills 82, Mass.

A Fable

Hate

New Dimensions

Affiliated with the
National Amateur Press Association

H278
x-PN4827



WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

1955

#279
5 - AUG - 1



X-PN 48?7

WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

X-PN4827
#280

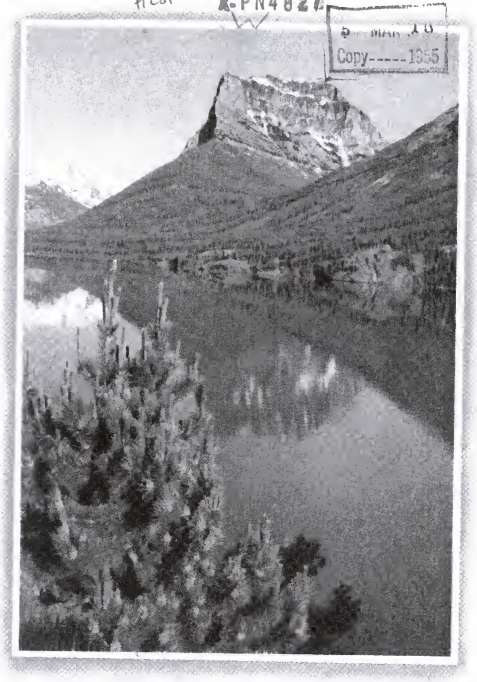


WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

A281 X-PN4827
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WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

#282 X-PN4827



WINDFALL

BY

PAUL E. PROSS, JR.

X-PN4827

Wilfred Whyte
5 - AUG - 1
Copy 1956

Comments - No. 4

for July 1955

OUR AMERICA July again, and supplementing our previous editorials of January, 1952; January, 1953; February, 1953; July, 1954; and November, 1954 we, again, wish to pause and look at the signers of our Declaration of Independence. We feel that, at least, once a year is not too often to examine the foundations of America and its founders lest we stray from the paths that they set for us.

Professor Dumas Malone calls these 56 men "votaries of Independence" and states that these unfamiliar names, except to a few, had one thing in common—they all signed the Declaration of Independence.

The signers were as diversified in background, education and temperament as their ages which spanned the 26 years of Edward Rutledge of South Carolina to the 70 of Benjamin Franklin.

Some of them had urged reconciliation with England almost to the last moment, but when they finally pledged "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor," in 1776, they were determined men and quite aware of the reality which they faced.

"After signing their names," writes Professor Malone "some of them soon drew into relative obscurity, leaving scarcely a trace behind. Most of them continued to render public service as long as they could, and some became major heroes of the Republic.

"It is doubtful, however, if any of these men ever did anything that he took more pride in than signing the Declaration."

Some vital statistics about the Signers: their average age was a little short of 45 when they signed; 51 of the 56 married, 15 of them twice; they had an average of 5.9 children; only two or three of them were childless and some had as many as 15 offspring.

It is difficult to classify them professionally with precision because theirs was not an age of specialization and occupations constantly overlapped. Four signers were physicians, though their attention to medicine was far from exclusive. There were more lawyers than members of any other profession, although many of these —since they were also southern planters—made their living from the land rather than the law.

We're Counting on You!

#284



Mar. 24
Copy-----1955

THE MAN SAYS

X-PN4827

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Edward F. Daas, Editor, 550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin

Ninety-first Talk

March 1955

ARTICLE III, Section 3 of our Constitution reads: "Any member may nominate another member for an office by notifying the Secretary on or before May 1st, naming the candidate and the office. An acceptance from the candidate must be received by the Secretary in order to have his name appear on the official ballot."

The nominations will be for President, First Vice-President, Second Vice-President (must be a woman), Secretary, Treasurer and Official Editor. The Secretary and Treasurer will be elected for two year terms. The present President, Irma Reici, will be the Chairman of the next Executive Board. She will not be a candidate for re-election to the presidency.

Members often take many things for granted. Some years ago a member referred to me as the "perpetual Secretary". At that time there were many things on our program to be carried out. Now after almost eight years of constant endeavors, giving up nearly all of our outside interests to build up the United, we are once more at the cross-roads. We have to decide whether to carry on after the July convention or retire from ALL active participation in UAPA affairs.

The Milwaukee officers who carried the major load of work have been subjected to constant attacks by a few Bay State members. This has resulted in the present illness of George Boehme and has frequently upset Irma Reitci who has been on the sick-list several times since the convention. Although one of these Bay Staters has been expelled and another resigned, they have continued with their ridiculous accusations most of which are deliberate lies. Especially silly is their claim of a large following in the United who want to have the Milwaukee group ousted. While we feel that this is wishful thinking on their part, WE ARE COUNTING ON YOU to affirm or deny this. Are you satisfied with what you have been getting for your dollar? Or do you want a change of guidance next year?

#285 X-PN 40827 W
5-DEC-2 Copy 1955

WELCOME - NEW MEMBERS - GREETINGS!

1063-Mrs Ruth B Catlin, 1744 North Hillside, Wichita, Kansas(Hembree)
1064-Joyce Ruebel, 501 Sherman Street, Belleville, Ill. (Schaffer)
1065-Frank Augustin, 8131 West Auer Avenue, Milwaukee 16,Wis.(Nelson)
1066-Virginia Jacques Thomsen, 1015 S. Coast Blvd.,la Jolla, Cal. (Lind)
1067-June McMiller, 1656 W. Eleventh Place, Los Angeles 15,Cal.(Davis)
1068-Edna Lick, Box 206, Buda, Illinois (Schaffer)
1069-Orella D. Halstead, P O Box 5364, Cleveland 1, Ohio (Daas)
1070-Mrs Nova Ashley, 632 North Erie, Wichita 6, Kansas (Hembree)
1071-Mrs Nelly Rooney Tiller, 923 North Rutan, Wichita 14, Kansas (Hembree)
1072-Al M. Edori, 10165 Bon Oak Drive, St. Louis 21, Mo. (Schaffer)
1073-Lee J, Sorenson, Box 1067, Toledo, Oregon (Morgan)
1074-Carl W. Breihan, 4939 Mattis Road, St. Louis 23, Mo.(Schaffer)
1075-Mrs Cozie Ellen Binderim, 424 N. Delrose St., Wichita 8, Kansas (Hembree)
1076-Mrs John B. Ferguson, Hillcrest Apts., Wichita 8,Kansas "
(All of the following were proposed by Eddie Schaffer:)
1077-Tina Ford, 4215 South Grand, St. Louis, Mo.
1078-Floyd M. Groves, 4014 Lincoln Avenue, East St. Louis, Illinois
1079-Edna Harley, 2620a Ann Avenue, St. Louis 4, Missouri
1080-Clara Harvey, 2330 South 12th Street, St. Louis, Missouri
1081-Dorothy Horstdaniel, Route 3, Box 615, CreveCoeur, Missouri
1082-Mrs Fred Knussman, 2218 Yale, Maplewood 17, Missouri
1083-Ruth Leggans, 517 North 59th Street, East St. Louis, Illinois
1084-Mrs John Picraux, 5820 Garesche, Walnut Park,St. Louis, Mo.
1085-Louis Riemann, 4126a California, St. Louis 18, Missouri
1086-Dr. John Young, 1126 St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

RENEWALS:

Rev. Ray E. Hooper, Clara E. Ballard, Hilda K. Karre, Emma D Babcock, Ruth Cleaves Hazelton, Olive Roberts, Leslie A. Shaw, Frank Watts, Anthony Cama, Eva Bowker Bomhoff, Fred G. Dress, Betty K. Dyckman, Myrtle J. Nash, Nina Phalen, Helen L. Linham, W. C. Briggs, Irma Reitci, Alexander A. Robertson, Julia O. Lengle (2 years), Katharine G. Wadleigh and Ruth Walker.

CHANGES OF ADDRESSES:

46-Edward F. Daas, 545 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin
264-Mrs Margaret D. Larson, 4520 N. Wildwood Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
732-Mrs Caroline Stitle, 3727 S. Meridian Road, Youngstown 11, Ohio
989-Mrs Emma Orres, 38520 North 31st Street, Palmdale, California

Acknowledging with thanks the receipt of a brochure of poems "Morning Call", inscribed: "To the faithful, the tireless (?) and the talented Eddie Daas. Best wishes always." signed, Alice Julian.
Regret to announce the death of Effie M. Fenney.

Add to the membership list in the November UNITED AMATEUR Charles Schindler, Knob Lick, Missouri which was omitted through error. Change the addresses of Annie E. Scurlock to 2106 West 17th Street, Texarkana, Texas and Caroline Stitle as noted above. Add the names of the new members listed above and you will have a membership list as correct as that of the Secretary. You can keep your list up to date by making the additions and corrections as they appear on this page monthly. Thanks to all who have written such friendly letters and cards and thanks to Marvin Sanford for production work on the official organ.

Edward F. Daas

H286
MAR 10
Copy----1955



WHO



X-PN4827
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A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Forty-seven February 1955

THE HIGH CIRCLING BIRDS

A rainy day and the city is still.
Stark are the crosses on a lonely hill -
Three rude crosses, all dyed red,
With carrion birds wheeling overhead;
And a woman weeps in the ancient town,
With bloodstains on her Easter gown;
She may not have heard the seven last words,
But God! she saw the high-circling birds.

A rosy dawn and the city stirs -
Shall the lady wear her milk-white furs?
For the wind on Easter may blow hard
By the time she promenades her boulevard;
And the lady at ease in her cushioned seat
Hears the organ and the choir repeat
The soothing song of the seven last words,
But she never saw the high-circling birds!

Helen C. Smith

Mrs. Helen C. Smith, 409 Lincoln Street, Evansville, Wisconsin, was born in Chicago, Illinois. Married. Children: Glen, DeEtta and George. She wrote poetry at the age of ten and acquired her skill in sketching while working in the biology laboratory at Janesville (Wisconsin) High School. She has been writing and painting as hobbies ever since. She has had published her collected poems, "From the Countryside". This is available at The Story Book Press of Dallas, Texas. She has had poems in Blue Moon, American Poetry Magazine, The Pen Woman, The Country Poet, Ideals, New Verse, Junior Life, The American Girl, and many others. She edits the Article Column forthe Universisity of Wisconsin's rural writers magazine NEWSLETTER, and the Evansville Writers Journal, a monthly magazine which publishes much of the output of this group of writers. Her articles have appeared in various farm magazines. Had oil painting at the Southwestern Rural Art Exhibit and the Gimbel Art Exhibit in Milwaukee.

Convention days are nearing. Remeber the dates: July 7th to 10th and the place, the Graemere Hotel in Chicago, Illinois. You will meet the people you know through the monthly Bundles and have "the time of your life!"

Copy-----1955

#287



W H O

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

PUBLICATION

Grace Moss Weitmen, Publisher

994 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Forty-eight March 1955

X-PN4827

THE SONG OF THE TREES

Have you ever heard the song of the trees?
As varied as Nature, or the moods of the seas.
Pastoral and bacchanal; madrigal and hymn;
On prairie sounding, or in forest dim.
Have you heard the lullabies they softly croon
To the babes asleep neath the summer moon?
Or their matin song in the early morn
When the sun shines warm on the rustling corn?
Anthems grand through the echoes crash
As wind and storm their branches lash.
Have you listened intent to their paeans of praise
As their arms toward Heaven in joy they raise?
Doloroso and flebile is their theme,
When Earth and Sky through raindrops gleam.
Oh hearken well to the songs they sing,
For all of life's harmonies to you they bring.

Alma Weixelbaum

* * * * *

Mrs Mary H. Zimmerman, 3225 North Shepard Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Born in Chicago. Birthday, September 18th. Married and has a daughter, Mimi (10). Housewife. She had short stories, plays, poems and articles published. Also a volume of poetry and in press? "The Magic Flying Carpet". Is interested in everyone who likes to write.

Ella Hilliard, 718 Guadalupe, Lockhart, Texas. Born March 8, 1894 in Lockhart. Single. Retired school teacher. Has had poems in Candor, National Poetry Anthology (1953 and 1954) and one in A.P.L. Anthology (1953). Taught third grade in publich school at Angelo, Texas for twenty years. Hobbies: ceramics, painting, writing poems for children. taking pictures of children, scrap books of Children's poems and pictures.

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THE HUB

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Forty-nine April 1955

APRIL

April is a month of magic,
Though harsh and cold the winds may blow.
Tiny rustlings softly tell us
Life is stirring - is aglow
With the promise of the springtime,
Nature's swiftest pageant show.

April's showers fall as blessing,
As the earth awakes from sleep;
Proves a gentle sweet caressing
To the seedlets buried deep.
Question not the master planning.
Nature does her promise keep.

Sap is bursting from the tree trunks,
Crocus comes with golden hue;
Brown grass slowly turns to greenness,
Where the little snakes creep through.
April is a fickly hoyden, but it's true
She's the eclat of spring's review.

Nona D. Spath

* * * * * *

Wesley H. Fabry, 709 East Juneau Avenue, Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin. Born July 8, 1912 in Milwaukee. Married. Is a Scheduler. Has had articles in Lutheran Magazine, Courage Magazine and The Milwaukee Journal. He says that at one time he had the greatest collection of rejection slips that any one writer (?) could have; 39 alone from the Reader's Digest. Four years ago he found an 1898 camera in a used furniture shop at Fond du Lac, Wis. Out of curiosity he bought it. To his surprise, it contained film that was supposed to have been developed before 1901. He developed the film anyway, and obtained some clear prints of the Fond du Lac scenery of 1900. This incident started him on a hobby of collecting old cameras. He now has 17 authentic "oldies". All of his old cameras are in working condition. In addition he has eight modern cameras for his regular hobby - photography. He is one of only twelve amateur collectors of old cameras in the nation, according to the curator of a camera manufacturer's museum.

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W H O

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Fifty May 1955

COMPLETE LOVE

Ours is a love that's high and wide and deep, dear,
Encompassing so much of everything;
We've followed it through heartache's lonely valley,
And flown with it to where star angels sing.

It stretches, oh, so far; its arms unending
Enfold the sweet, the bitter .. much of each;
It ferrets out an ecstasy unmatched, dear,
In cradles snug with dreams, its fingers reach.

Ah, we have wept and we have clung together,
But always there was courage for defeat,
And afterward, gay laughter, quick to cheer us;
We found the gift supreme -- a love complete.

M. Kathleen Haley

* * * * *

A TREE IN BLOOM

A thing of beauty is a tree in bloom,
As it fills the air with its rare perfume;
And as children play beneath her boughs,
Their laughter rings out clear and loud;
And the petals tossed about by the wind,
Seem to be giving thanks to Him
Who gave to the world a beauty so fair,
That everyone its glory may share.

And as each traveler passes by,
The glorious beauty greets the eye.
They stand to listen and admire,
A bird's symphony and choral choir;
A burden lifted, a heart made light,
A sincere desire to live aright;
And all the sinful past is dead,
Listening to the music overhead.

Margaret Ellis

* * * * *

There are only a FEW weeks left to prepare for your visit to the BIG time of the year, the annual convention of THE UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, July 7th to 10th at the Graemere Hotel in Chicago!

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W H O



Grace Moss Weitman

Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue

Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Fifty-two

July 1955



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

THE ECHOING YEARS by Katie Hallock ----- Awarded Second Prize

When I was young and shy, I seldom spoke,
But gathered many sights and sounds, and stored
Them deep in little cells like honeycomb;
Maturing now, their sad, sweet memories drip.
I hear the mournful tone of turtle-doves --
Time disappears and I am still sixteen.
I feel again the thrill of being one
With my sure-footed pony; racing up
The sandstone canyons, cool with purple shade,
To round up straying steers and head them home.
The blossoms of the manzanita bush
Are sweet again; Along the dusty path
Wild lupine and the tiger lily sway;
The shadows deepen and the dove's soft call
Still echoes back from down the years and fades.
TIME IS... the past recedes, ... and vanishes.

****

LOST LYRICS by Orma McCormick ---------- Honorable Mention

The scarlet thread of whispering sound
sings through the ebon rug of my silence
like a muted harpstring;
Nerves,
tensed for listening,
retauten.
The opalescence of music
hints of ancient volumes
unattainably past,
yet the scarlet rune of promise
is eternal.

IT USED TO BE - Paul Pross
(Honorable Mention)

It used to be
Your heart would feast with mine
While night held us gripped with sleep;
Until one morning
Brought an end to embraced hours,
And found you quietly stumbling
in departure
Down a hope-barren hall.

2-OCT-5
Copy 1955

X-PN 48 27
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September 1955

W.A.P.

Number Fifty-four

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

INTRODUCING THE NEW OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT:
Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., 39 Marianna Street, East Lynn, Massachusetts. Born May 24, 1932 at Lynn where he has live all of his life. A graduate of Lynn English High School. Just completed a tour with the army spending two years in Germany. Has been a member of the United for four years. Has held the following offices: First Vice-President 1951-1952, Chairman of the 1951 Boston convention committee, President of the Greater Lynn Amateur Press Club and is now serving as President. Editor of THE KEYHOLE which received Honorable Mention in the 1952 contest. Main outside interest is the Junior Civic Association of which he is co-founder and first President.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT:
Emanuel C. Schaffer, 3915 Shenandoah Avenue, St. Louis 10, Missouri. Born June 16, 1917 in Cleveland, Ohio. Has been a bus driver for the past seven years; veteran of World War II, formerly private secretary to Lockwood Thompson, former Judge Lower Court of Appeals (Ohio). He is conducting a campaign for the United in St. Louis and has over thirty responses to his letters in the St. Louis newspapers. A meeting for the organization of a St. Louis club has been arranged for September 20th at the Jefferson Hotel.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT:
Mrs Maud Curtis, 34 Rockyford Road N.E., Atlanta, Georgia. Born May 7, 1909 in Carryville, Tennessee. Widow. Two sons, James S. (29) and Newell L. (24). Has had a poem in Midland Poetry Review and a few in Atlanta newspapers. Her hobby is gardening. Belongs to a few clubs and is the founder of the Manuscript Club of Atlanta.

SECRETARY:
Edward F. Daas, 550 North 19th Street, Milwaukee 3, Wisconsin. Born May 30, 1879 in Milwaukee. Attended Marquette College. Was book-keeper, and office manager. Has been in nearly every state of the Union, Cuba, Mexico and Canada. Joined the UAPA during the first year of its existence and was very active in its operation until 1923. Attended many conventions. Was Chairman of the entertainment committee of the Milwaukee Spanish Club and in 1918-1920 of the Washington club. Organized the Milwaukee Amateur Press Club in 1947 and has been its President ever since then. Has attended all the conventions except one since the UAPA was re-organized in 1944. His neglected hobbies: The theatre, concerts, reading, travel and hiking.

H277



5-Oct 26
Copy

October
1955

Number
Fifty-five

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

X-PN 4827
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O C T O B E R

Golden Rod and purple asters
Brooding over sombre sod --
Royal colors dimmed and dying
Where the wizard Autumn trod.

Left his rich embroidered garment,
For the play's great rhythms cease.
All Earth's fullness rolled to climax --
Now the pause and hushed release.

Katharine G. Wadleigh

* * * * *

HISTORIAN:
Ann S. Wiestling, Pleasant Valley, Wheeling, West Virginia. Birthday, September 12th. Studied English, Social Science and Art in West Liberty (West Virginia) State College; School of Applied Art in Battle Creek, Michigan and Pittsburgh University. Hobbies are Tennis, gardening, raising cats and reading. Has taught in public schools and art in a private school for girls. Has had poems in EChoes of West Virginia, Kansas City Poetry Magazine, Candor, Midland Poetry Review, Parish Visitor and in many newspapers.

MAILER:
Mary Reinhardt Nelson, 4550 North 29th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wis. Born January 26, 1906 in Austria Hungary. Husband is salesman at the H. Niedecken Company. Two children: Carl (13) and Paul (10). She writes:"Books have been my hobby. My interest in writing has been keen since childhood. I used to receive the awards for the best short stories and jingles. Now my hobby has been to amuse my children with my stories. They are fertile ground and it has started me to thinking that I might turn this gift of quick, active thinking into money some day. The boys seemed to enjoy every little tale I made up better than the "Read book stories". I have begun to write them down now and have re-read them, and the boys still like them. My hobby is along that line. I also collect old country superstitions and prayers of merit."

4293



WHO

October 1955

Number Fifty-five

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

5-Oct 26
Copy----1955

Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

O C T O B E R

X-PN4827
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Golden Rod and purple asters
Brooding over sombre sod --
Royal colors dimmed and dying
Where the wizard Autumn trod.

Left his rich embroidered garment,
For the play's great rhythms cease.
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Now the pause and hushed release.

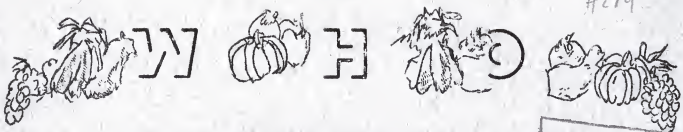
Katharine G. Wadleigh

* * * * *

HISTORIAN:
Ann S. Wiestling, Pleasant Valley, Wheeling, West Virginia. Birthday, September 12th. Studied English, Social Science and Art in West Liberty (West Virginia) State College; School of Applied Art in Battle Creek, Michigan and Pittsburgh University. Hobbies are Tennis, gardening, raising cats and reading. Has taught in public schools and art in a private school for girls. Has had poems in EChoes of West Virginia, Kansas City Poetry Magazine, Candor, Midland Poetry Review, Parish Visitor and in many newspapers.

MAILER:
Mary Reinhardt Nelson, 4550 North 29th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wis. Born January 26, 1906 in Austria Hungary. Husband is salesman at the H. Niedecken Company. Two children: Carl (13) and Paul (10). She writes:"Books have been my hobby. My interest in writing has been keen since childhood. I used to receive the awards for the best short stories and jingles. Now my hobby has been to amuse my children with my stories. They are fertile ground and it has started me to thinking that I might turn this gift of quick, active thinking into money some day. The boys seemed to enjoy every little tale I made up better than the "Read book stories". I have begun to write them down now and have re-read them, and the boys still like them. My hobby is along that line. I also collect old country superstitions and prayers of merit."

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Grace Moss Weitman, Publisher

994 Ocean Avenue Brooklyn 26, New York

Number Fifty-six November 1955

AN INTRODUCTION

To some of the new members of the St. Louis United Amateurs:

Carl Wm. Breihan, 4939 Mattis Road, St. Louis 23, Missouri. Born February 3, 1916 in St. Louis County. Married. Children: Carol Ann (9), Carl, Jr. (6) and Janis Sue (20 months). His book, "Complete and Authentic Life of Jesse James" is published by Frederick Fell Book Publishers, New Uork 16, N. Y. His hobbies: writing poetry of which 40 have been published in various newspapers; writing biographies of noted outlaws and badmen. Collects autographed photos of notables. Interested in the curbing of juvenile delinquency and have written several articles pertaining to same. Is President of Missouri Longstreet Memorial Association and member of the Board of Directors of the Mark Twain Society.

Eva C. Downing, 2830 Endicott Avenue, St. Louis 21, Missouri. Born February 4, 1895 in Moscow Mills, Missouri. Married. No children. Has had poems in American Courier, Candor, Scimitar and Different. She writes: "I consider reading and writing my hobby #1; collecting little pitchers #2; collecting buttons #3, but buttons are scarcer every day - this is the day of the zipper; cutting sprouts on my farm #4. No complaints there. They grow bigger and better every day."

Mary Pershall, 140 Howard Payne Hall, Fayette, Missouri. Born December 30, 1934 in Granite City, Illinois. Single. Is attending Central College at Fayette. Has had articles in Ears and Whiskers (Davenport, Iowa) and The Collegian, her college paper. Her hobbies: phonograph records, history of music, writing continuity for radio programs. Writes and presents radio programs and likes to paint.

Al M. Edori, 10165 Bon Oak Drive, St. Louis 21, Missouri. Born October 17, 1911 in Collinsville, Illinois. Married. Has a daughter aged 18. His only hobby is writing song lyrics and poems, having written them since he was twenty years old. Has the hope of some day writing a book.

THE

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PROPHECY

In the glow of evening shadows
When the sun sets in the west,
There's a message of tomorrow,
A portent for the best.

When the last faint light is fading,
Toilers then lay down their tools,
Ever thankful for the harvest -
They are wise instead of fools.

In the morning of tomorrow
When the dawn creeps into view,
Every wiseman ever watchful
Will his better hopes renew.

Orella D. Halstead

* * *

Orella D. Halstead, P O Box 5364, Cleveland 1, Ohio. Born July 7,1906 in Stony Point, New York. Single. Is a nurse. Has published a book, "Rambling Thoughts". She writes: "My interests have always been interested in public speaking and in writing. I lent my talents to several organizations while living in Chicago. I also sang in choirs for many years. I was a teacher for a few years. Now I am interested in such writing as will make people think on the serious side and take heed."

Jack B. Ferguson, 1979 Estrella Avenue, Los Angeles 7, California. Born February 11, 1916 in Louisville, Kentucky. Single. Hobbies; astrology for the past ten years, Ajaying, writing letters to editors of newspapers and magazines. He writes: "How about having somebody write a history of the UAPA from the beginning. All about it, how it started, who, and so forth. Something about the oldest members and who is still in it from the beginning, if any. Also something on Ajay in general and the other organizations in the country. Put it in THE MAN SAYS or in a special paper for the Bundle. Could it be on the installment plan, a series of articles? How about this? It might be a good idea to put it up in a pamphlet form to give to new members as they join. I know I would like to have such a booklet. It would also be good advertising to send to prospective members."